★ Liberty

FEB. 19, 1944

10c

Book:

THIS IS MY BROTHER

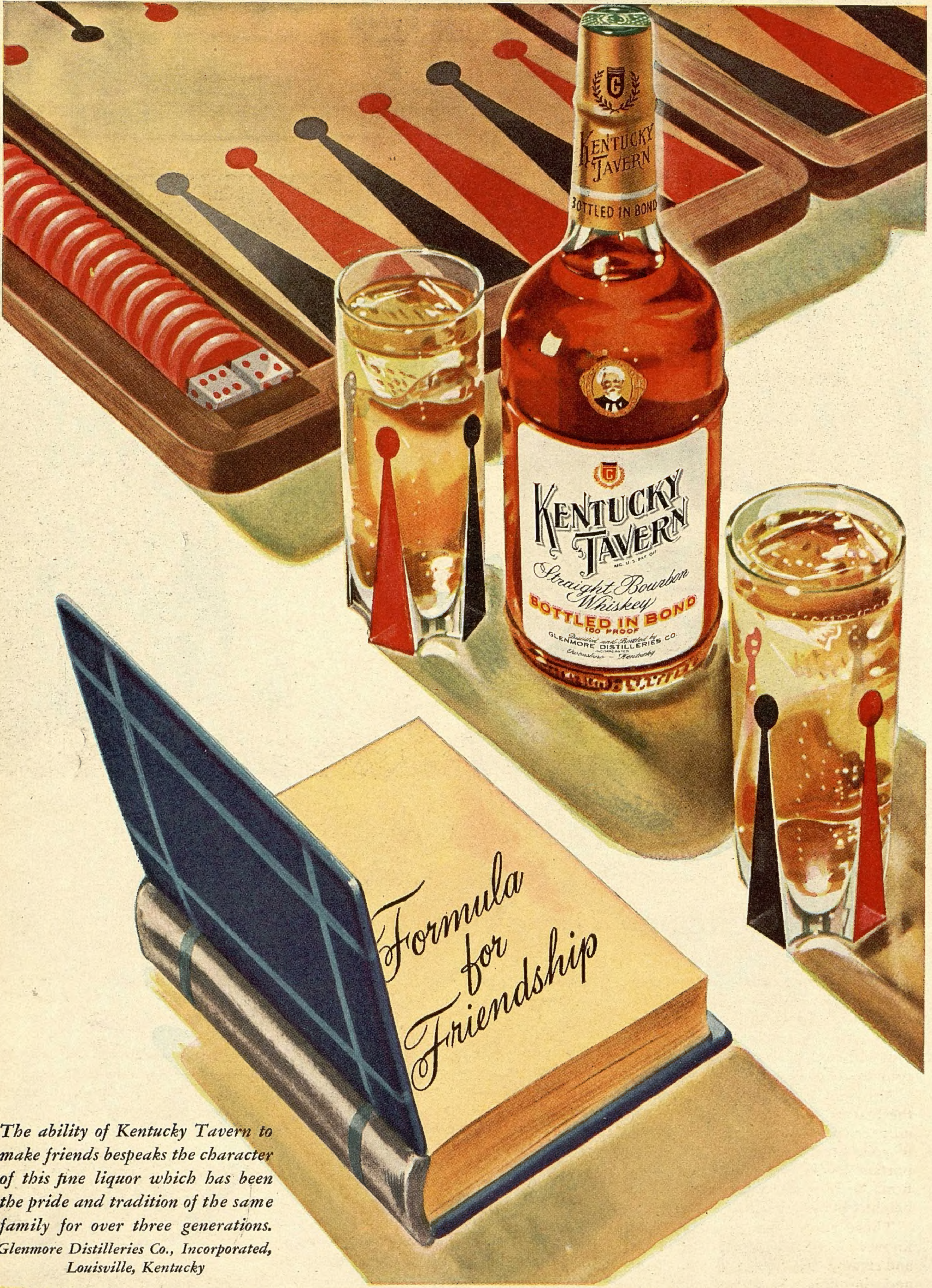
A Story of Jap Cruelty

RUSSIA'S IDEAS HAVE CHANGED

by MAURICE HINDUS

Corporal Smith
Camp Meade
3rd Pl. Co. B
BUY WAR BONDS
US
Corp. Smith
3rd Pl Co. B
Camp
Holcomb

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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On the Universe about Him.
In such Inquisitive Minds
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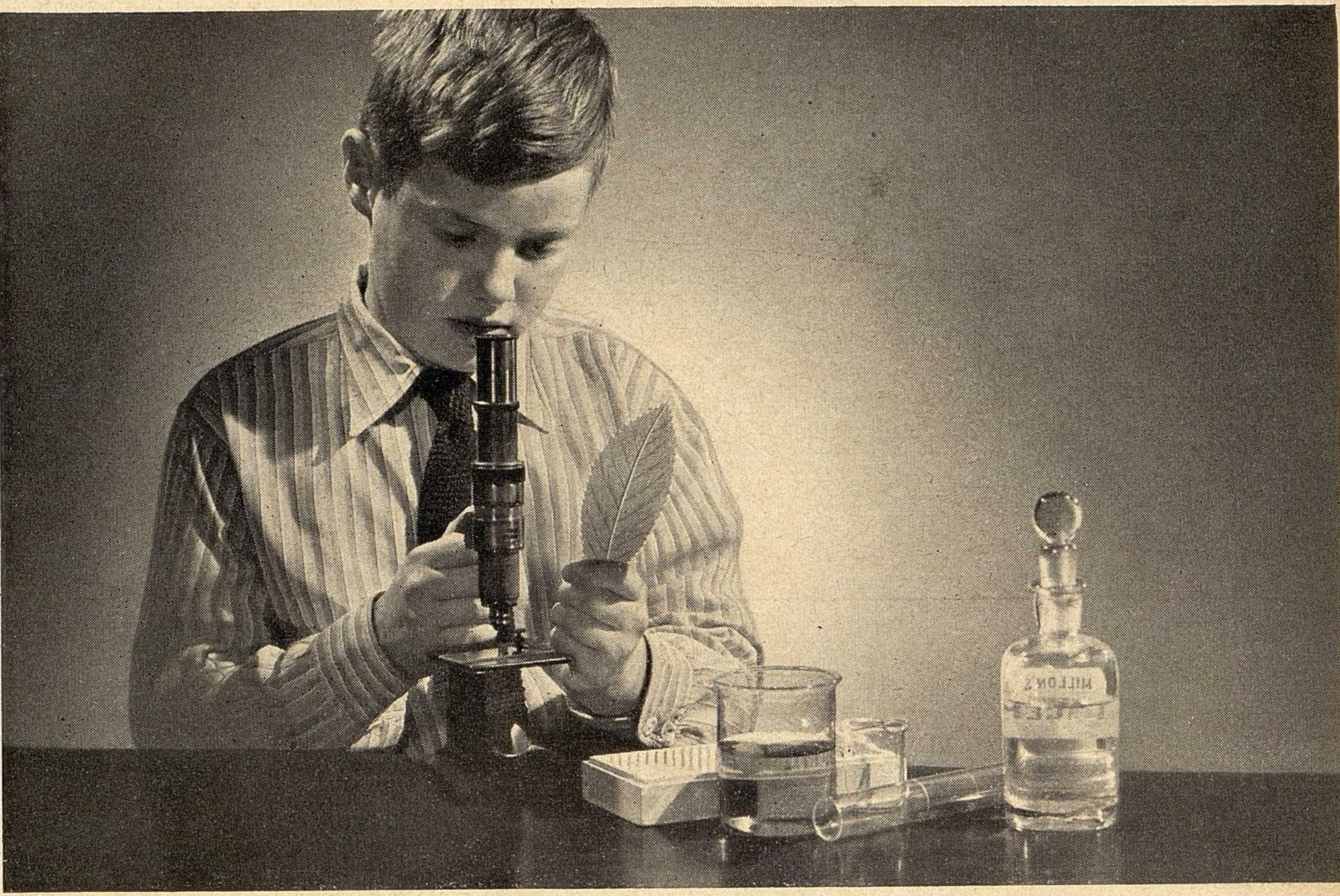


And we see This Boy a Man—Intelligent and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to His Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.

FOLLOW YOUR HOBBY, SON! Discover the secrets and the wonders of nature! Yours are the pliant mind and the questioning spirit of youth—youth that will meet its destiny prepared and confident and *smiling*.

Yes—*smiling!* For even his smile has the best of care. In classrooms today, all over these United States, thousands of youngsters are being taught an important lesson of dental health—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans already know that today's foods are often soft and creamy—deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know that's why our gums tend to become soft and tender—often signal their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

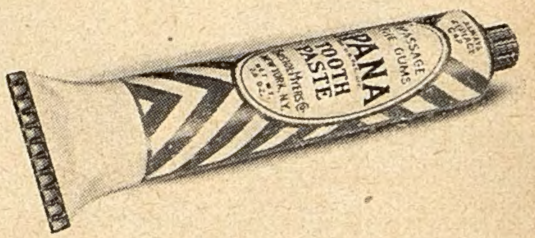
"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning!

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush . . . make a date to *see your dentist right away*. He may simply say that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like so many modern dentists, he may very well suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling brightness but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums as regularly as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—helping the gums to healthier firmness.

So let the regular dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more attractive, sparkling smile.



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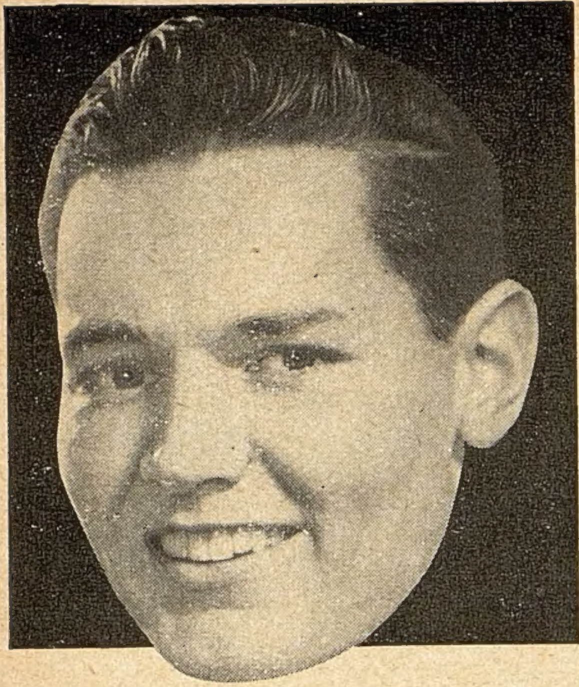

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VOX POP

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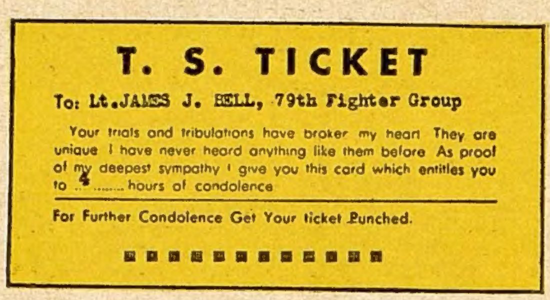
RETORT PROPER

In October 9 Vox Pop, Lieutenant James Bell of the 79th Fighter Group refuted a statement made by Grant Parr in America's Flying Circus (August 7 Liberty)—that the 57th Fighter Group was the only U. S. Army fighter unit in the Desert Air Force during the African campaign.

Lieutenant Bell declared heatedly that the 79th Fighter Group also was a member of the Desert Air Force. Somehow this issue of Liberty winged its way to the 57th Fighter unit. The commanding officer has penned a reply to Lieutenant Bell of the 79th. Here it is:



T. S. TICKET

To: Lt.JAMES J. BELL, 79th Fighter Group

Your trials and tribulations have broken my heart. They are unique. I have never heard anything like them before. As proof of my deepest sympathy I give you this card which entitles you to 4 .... hours of condolence

For Further Condolence Get Your ticket Punched.

WE STAND CORRECTED!

Corpus Christi, Tex.—Being a close follower of your interesting page On the Beam, and also having some knowledge of Japanese aircraft, I could not help but notice a slight error in the January 1 issue under the caption Balance Sheet.

In medium bombers you include the Nakajima 97 (nicknamed Kate) as one of this type. Unless on very special or emergency missions, it is used exclusively as a carrier-based torpedo bomber and therefore cannot be classed along with our B-25 and B-26.—*R. C. Wear, U. S. N. R.*

Thanks to Naval Cadet Wear for sharp eyes. In its report on performance of U. S. combat aircraft issued last October, the Office of War Information listed the Nakajima 97 with medium bombers. As a single-seat, single-engined, carrier-based torpedo bomber, it does not belong in this class, even though it has been used on bombing missions of one kind or another. Kates sank the Repulse, the Prince of Wales, and our own carrier, the Hornet.—Vox Pop Editor.

A FRIEND INDEED!

Woodruff, S. C.—As a constant reader of Liberty, I would like to say that I find it a perfect magazine in every respect. The cover is and always has been the most practical magazine cover on the stands.

Second, the stories, long or short, are the best.

Third, all the articles are in good taste and always deal with current events.

So, please, why are so many people griping because an artist painted the wrong insignia on a plane wing or something? Why quibble over such details?—*Clarence M. Edwards.*

BOOTEE CAMP

Washington, D. C.—Referring to the letter Baby Needs Shoes (January 8 Vox Pop): If mothers would get together and let the government know about it through a petition, I believe it would discontinue the rationing of children's shoes.

I would be willing to be the first to sign, because I have three children, two of school age and one baby three months old. I know it's hard to keep my two girls in shoes, especially when they walk to school on a country road. Why don't mothers who read this write to the government, or start a petition in their neighborhood?—*Josephine Calderaro.*

HEARTWARMER

Pine Bluff, Ark.—Sometime this past November a homesick young cadet picked up a Liberty in Santa Ana, California, and seeing a letter in Vox Pop headed Pine Bluff, he remarked to his companion, "I wonder if I will know who wrote this." Imagine his thrill when he saw his mother's name at the bottom of the letter! It was only a small thing, but important to him, and we thank you for publishing it.—*R. L. Westbrook, Jr.*

MAD AT MARKEY

Richmond, Calif.—With mixed emotions I read the article titled How Far Have We Gone Toward Socialized Medicine? by Morris Markey, in January 8 Liberty.

Now, this article vitally concerns us in the Bay area of California. Being one of the thousands who contribute fifty cents a week to the Permanente Hospital for medical aid, I must take issue with Mr. Markey on some of the statements he made. For instance: "Women approaching the throes of childbirth have had to languish in waiting rooms while the doctor was absent on his incessant round of calls," etc.

"FILL OUT THESE FORMS"

This observation refers to private doctors. Now, does Mr. Markey have any idea how long women who are injured in the shipyards have to wait in reception rooms while receptionists and clerks go through the maze of files and red tape that seem to be the order in every publicly owned enterprise, Permanente Hospital notwithstanding?

I say to Mr. Markey, or to any one else who has an inclination to glamorize this so-called socialized medicine: "Join up" with one of them. It's possible that they will change their minds. I am a marine electrician in one of the Kaiser shipyards here in Richmond, California,

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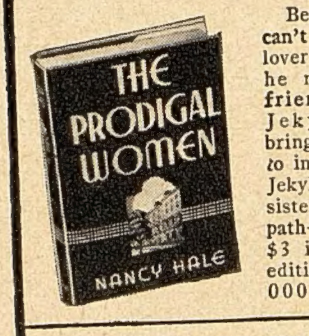
By Nancy Hale



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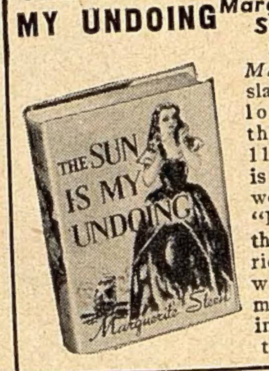
THE SUN IS MY UNDOING

By Marguerite Steen



Enjoy story of *Matthew Flood*, slave-trader, who loves his way through these 1176 pages! There is *Pallas*, the one woman who said "No!" to Matthew! *Sheba*, African beauty for whom Matthew murdered! $3.00 in publisher's edition.

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and I hope and pray that some day private enterprise and private medicine may again become the American way of life.

Thanking you for the good magazine you publish and which I read regularly.—*Theodore Vigan.*

SAYS WE'RE COMMERCIAL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We asked for more portraits of our generals, and now you put them on the cover, in a way that prevents us framing them without showing the word Liberty. Now, I ask you, is that nice? Why be so commercial-minded all the time?—*Joe Honich.*

IN A "RUTT"

QUEENS, N. Y.—Please see what you can do about giving us more stories by Edwin Rutt. My husband laughed as long and as heartily as I did over I'll Never See Brooklyn Again (December 11 Liberty) and we're convinced that it's one of the best pieces of light humor that we've ever read. We're hoping that you'll investigate to see whether Mr. Rutt has some other funny stories up his sleeve.—*Mrs. Ingrid Troppan.*

Watch for a new series by Rutt pretty soon.—VOX POP EDITOR.

ENCORE FOR MARMUR

SPOKANE, WASH.—Congratulations to Jacland Marmur for his very moving story, Sea Duty, in January 15 Liberty. His characterization of the land-bound captain was magnificent. Have been hoping for another one by Marmur ever since The Star of Sarunagi in your October 9 issue. His stories really smack of the sea. Let's have more from the same author.—*Velma Nutt.*

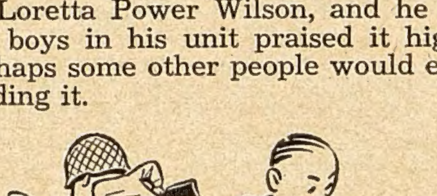
Keep your eyes peeled. There's another Marmur coming up soon.—VOX POP EDITOR.

BOUQUET

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Please add my thanks to the already long list of readers who enjoyed reading Broken River.—*Harold E. Rice, EM1/c.*

PATRIOTIC POETRY

BALTIMORE, MD.—I sent my son (somewhere in Africa) a copy of this poem, by Loretta Power Wilson, and he says the boys in his unit praised it highly. Perhaps some other people would enjoy reading it.



CIVILIANS VS. SERVICEMEN

We are Here,
They are There.
  The difference is immense!
We are safe,
We can relax.
  They're in danger, tense.
At day's end
We come home;
  They can't do this. True?
That's why WE
Must Buy More Bonds.
  Civilians, this means *YOU!*

—*Florence Outland.*

SWOON CORNER

HOUSTON, TEX.—I think that most Sinatra fans are pretty darn fair when it comes to Sinatra-Crosby. Why can't Crosby fans be fair too?

The things that were said in the December 25th issue against Frankie sure told us what Crosby fans think of him. They called him a "mess." Well, they don't know what they are talking about. *Please*, as soon as possible have an article about *Frank Sinatra*. I think your magazine is pretty swell if you would only have an article about Frankie.—*Dorothy Bringolf.*

Swoon fans: Be sure to read **February 12** Liberty. Your wish is coming true!—VOX POP EDITOR.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Looking over Liberty's 1944 calendar, I notice that you have November 23 as Thanksgiving Day. Am I right in thinking that it should be the last Thursday in the month? The last Thursday is the 30th.—*Miss Edith Petrone.*

A law passed by Congress not so long ago set Thanksgiving as the fourth Thursday in November for "federal purposes." Thus Thanksgiving (legally) falls on the 23d of November. However, state laws still differ on the question. Some states may decide to celebrate Thanksgiving on the *last* Thursday in November, which would be the 30th. It is believed that most states will close up shop on the 23d—the legal holiday.—VOX POP EDITOR.

THIS "COVERS" IT!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Please settle a dispute for me. I maintain that Liberty has had a new calendar as a cover for the magazine for the past several years for the first January issue. A friend says it has not, for he has watched for it the past two or three years. Will you please advise when this practice began and if it has not been carried out successively since its origin?—*Mrs. T. H. Dow.*

To the best of our knowledge, Liberty has used a calendar cover ever since it came into existence (nearly twenty years ago). It has always appeared on the issue that would be in our readers' hands a few days before January first.—VOX POP EDITOR.

P.S. ON WAR STORIES

PYOTE, TEX.—I pity the civilians. I can readily understand why they don't like war stories. Neither do we in uniform, but we read them because they are beneficial to us.

We know what it is. They don't want to know what we go through. What's wrong? Are they afraid to know the truth? Keep stories and articles on this war coming! Maybe some of those who aren't helping enough in it will soon wake up and get behind us.

I was home not long ago, and, believe it or not, the only way I knew civilians felt the war was because of rationing, yet every one I met knew how to get hold of plenty of food, gas, etc.

The poor, poor souls! If they only knew what the score is, they would get behind us and co-operate for a change. The war would be won just that much sooner.—*R. L. S.*

You owe it to your Uncle Sam!

He needs manpower—every available person. A hearing deficiency may keep you out of the armed forces . . . but you can do your fighting on the home front . . . in war materiel plants. A good hearing aid enables you to go all out in the war effort. The movement is growing. In our plant today are workers wearing hearing aids and contributing as competently as if their hearing were normal.

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Complete—with Radionic Tubes—
Crystal Microphone and Batteries
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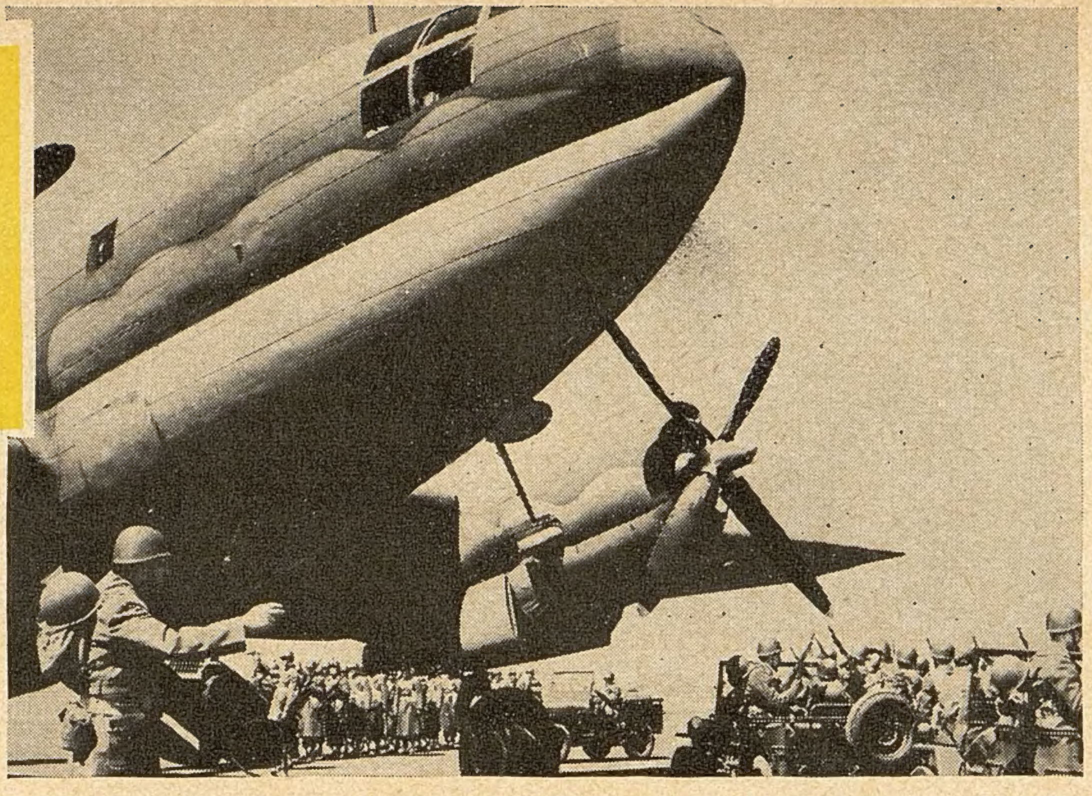
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



The C-46 Commando—the largest twin-engined air liner in the world—is utilized for speeding men and supplies to widely scattered battle zones.

A Brief Summary

When the United States entered the war against the Axis late in 1941, high hopes were raised about our ability to bomb German industry out of existence. When the first U. S. medium bombers made their first aerial assault against Germany on July 4, 1942, it was generally believed that our air war was being launched. As we look back on 1942 and 1943 we can see how much bigger was the job of preparation for an air war than was generally realized—or could be talked about.

The first Flying Fortress arrived in England in July, 1942, a full seven months after we declared war. It wasn't until August 17 of that year that we had enough of these Fortresses (a mere handful) to venture out on the first heavy-bomber raid. Even during the first six months of 1943 the bomber strength in England wasn't anything to boast about, for many of the relatively few "heavies" were flown on to Africa for the Mediterranean campaign, and only a handful remained in England.

Meantime there was pressure on all sides for more bombers for the Pacific, for Alaska, for training purposes, and other theaters. The Eighth Bomber Command in England just had to sit and take it—and use what it had.

In all frankness, the U. S. air war up until the last six months of 1943 was one of experimentation, exploration, and hitting of the most vital targets. By no manner of means was it an adequate demonstration of what all-out air power could do against Germany. The last six months of 1943 showed improvement in quantity of planes available. In 1944 the Eighth Bomber Command—in conjunction with other commands in England and the Mediterranean—is going into high gear. Lacking any real production reserves before war was almost upon us, the "real show" has had to wait. Real all-out air power can wipe Germany's means of production virtually out of existence. Our air strength has been growing month by month.

Activity Behind Aerial Assaults

So far away from us are the bomber bases in England and the Mediterranean area that most of us are inclined to forget or minimize the tremendous construction job necessary before bombing operations can begin. It is one thing to prepare landing strips for fighter planes operating close to combat areas, but another to get ready for methodical scientific aerial heavy-bomber assaults that rank in importance and scope with a ground attack.

For instance, the average bomber station serves as a base for about fifty heavy bombers. No fewer than 2,500 officers and men fly, service, and repair these planes. Out of the fifty, perhaps twenty will be dispatched on each mission, the others being held in reserve. So if there is to be an air attack involving 300 heavy bombers, they must be drawn from fifteen bases, or a 1,000-plane attack must be drawn from fifty bases. Behind the specialized groups of airmen are many thousands of ground Army men doing the supply jobs.

Each base is a big construction job in itself. Enough concrete runways and building foundations are needed to build a modern highway for sixty miles. About 400 separate buildings are needed, enough to constitute a small town. And in England, where materials, equipment, and manpower are short, it isn't easy to construct bases swiftly. So when you read about 500 Flying Fortresses making an aerial attack on a German industrial target, consider the magnitude of the ground organization and facilities needed. It involves the labor and skill of thousands of officers and men. It's truly a big-time operation, all rooted in a network of air bases that makes England look like a big checkerboard.

The New Versatile Helldiver

Now that the Navy's new Helldiver has seen combat action in the South Pacific and has come out of its first actions with flying colors, we can tell you something about this important new addition to our aerial strength. Built by the Curtiss Airplane Division of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, the SB2C, as it is known in the Navy, is powered with a Wright engine and is equipped with a Curtiss electric constant-speed full-feathering propeller.

The Navy is proud as punch of the Helldiver, for it gives it "the speed and reach it has been seeking for its aerial Sunday punch," to use the Navy's own words. The SB2C means that the dive bomber has "come back" into air warfare in a very big way, and it is interesting that the engineer who designed the Helldiver—Raymond C. Blaylock—had worked on the F8C, original Helldiver, the first plane to be built specifically for dive bombing when the Navy was evolving the technique between 1927 and 1930.

The new Helldiver is very versatile. As a scout it will carry a maximum load of fuel for long-range missions. As a bomber it carries a real wallop. Most of all, it has great speed, and, unlike the early Axis dive bombers, it operates from carriers. It has many innovations developed since Pearl Harbor, although the design itself has been under way since 1938. The name Helldiver came from the dabchick, a small bird noted for its quickness in diving, and credit for naming the ship goes to Charles Hathorn, now patent engineer for Curtiss-Wright at Buffalo.

Postwar Plane Conversion

Very often the public reads about the conversion of one type of airplane into another, such as the conversion of a heavy bomber into a transport plane. This may lead to the impression that military airplanes can be converted to peacetime uses. But, generally speaking, the military airplane can no more be converted into a peacetime airplane than one can convert a destroyer into a passenger liner.

It is true that some of the B-24 Liberator bombers were "converted" into the C-87 transports, but these transports are only suitable in wartime, when the economy of operation is an insignificant factor. The only military airplane that can be used for any other purpose (except emergencies) is the trainer, although the many transport planes being produced for the Army and Navy can certainly be converted to commercial use for the reason that they are not strictly military aircraft. The Flying Fortress, for example, has only one use and that is for combat operations. It could never be converted into a commercial airplane. Neither can the medium bombers and fighters, regardless of whatever emergency special missions they may be used for during the war.

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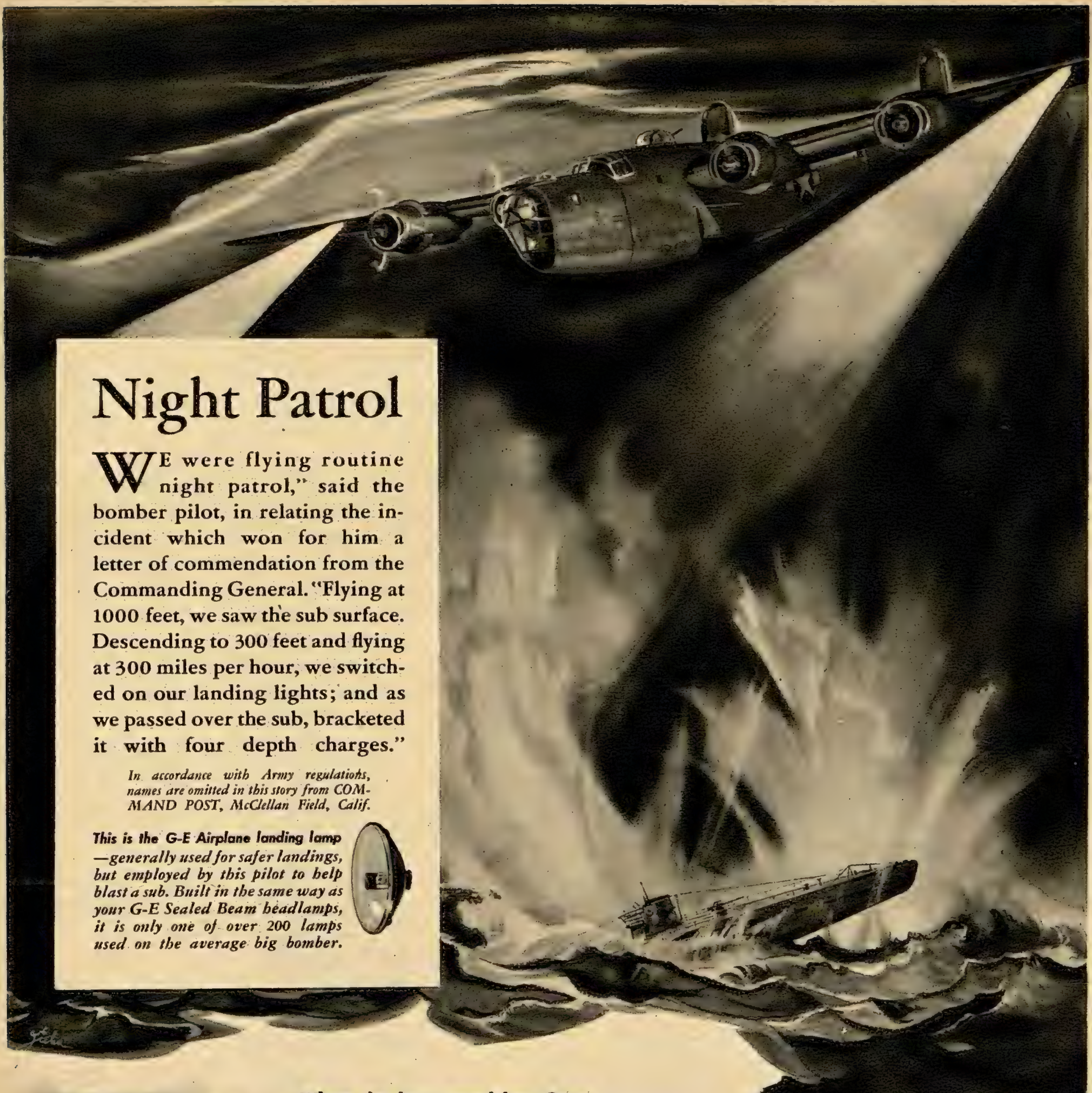

Night Patrol

"WE were flying routine night patrol," said the bomber pilot, in relating the incident which won for him a letter of commendation from the Commanding General. "Flying at 1000 feet, we saw the sub surface. Descending to 300 feet and flying at 300 miles per hour, we switched on our landing lights; and as we passed over the sub, bracketed it with four depth charges."

In accordance with Army regulations, names are omitted in this story from COMMAND POST, McClellan Field, Calif.

This is the G-E Airplane landing lamp *—generally used for safer landings, but employed by this pilot to help blast a sub. Built in the same way as your G-E Sealed Beam headlamps, it is only one of over 200 lamps used on the average big bomber.*

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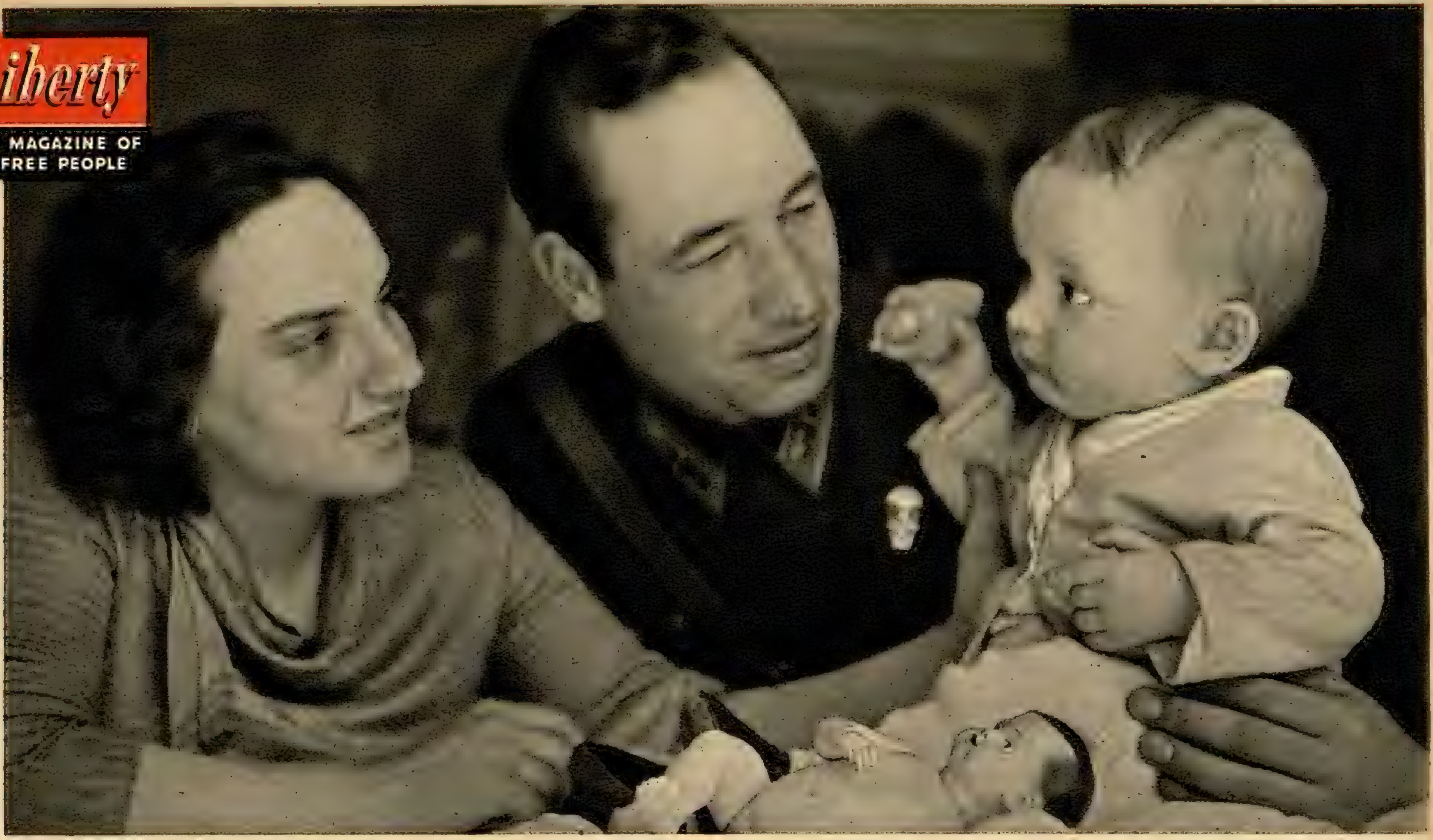


War has restored the family to its place as the basic unit of Russia's social structure.

WAR HAS CHANGED RUSSIAN IDEAS

Russia has put aside world revolution to step forth as a nation proud of its destiny. Here's an on-the-spot picture of an amazing transformation wrought by war

BY MAURICE HINDUS

Moscow (by cable).

I RECENTLY spent several days in a Ukrainian village which had been under German occupation for more than two years. I stayed with a peasant family made up of two women, one a grandmother of sixty-five and the other a mother turning fifty. The four men of the household were away at war.

Evenings we stayed up and talked by the light of a smoky tin lamp. Eagerly the women spoke of their experiences during the German occupation. The Germans took from them without pay their cow, their pig, most of their hens, their grain and their potatoes, and compelled them to work long hours in the fields. Gun in holster, rubber whip in hand, the German overseer strutted around shouting orders and cracking his whip across the face, head, or back of any one who paused for rest or who showed no zeal for growing wheat, rye, and other crops for the German Army or German export. The only compensation the villagers received for days of arduous labor was a half pound of bread baked not from wheat or rye but from yellow millet mixed with an inferior brand of barley.

The Germans hanged seven persons in the village, all men. One of the victims, Chairman Kolhoz, was so heavy that the rope snapped, and he was still alive when he fell to the ground. The Germans lifted him and hanged him on a stouter rope until he, too, was dead.

On retreating, they burned all the public buildings and all the grain they couldn't ship out. They started burning houses, but the Red Army pushed on so swiftly they didn't have time to set the entire village ablaze. "That is how our house was saved," the women said.

Yet what excited them most, as they talked, especially the gray-haired, blue-eyed grandmother, was the behavior of the village priest. "Not once," said the older woman, "did he pray for Hitler. Not once!" She and her daughter-in-law talked with such ardor about the priest that I went to see him. He and his wife were just as eager to talk of themselves and their experiences. Their two sons were at war. One had been wounded and the other they hadn't heard from since the start of the war. This, they said, was a bad omen—very bad. Their daughter Antonina, twenty-three years old and a graduate of Teachers College, had been forcibly deported to Germany. They had had no word from her.

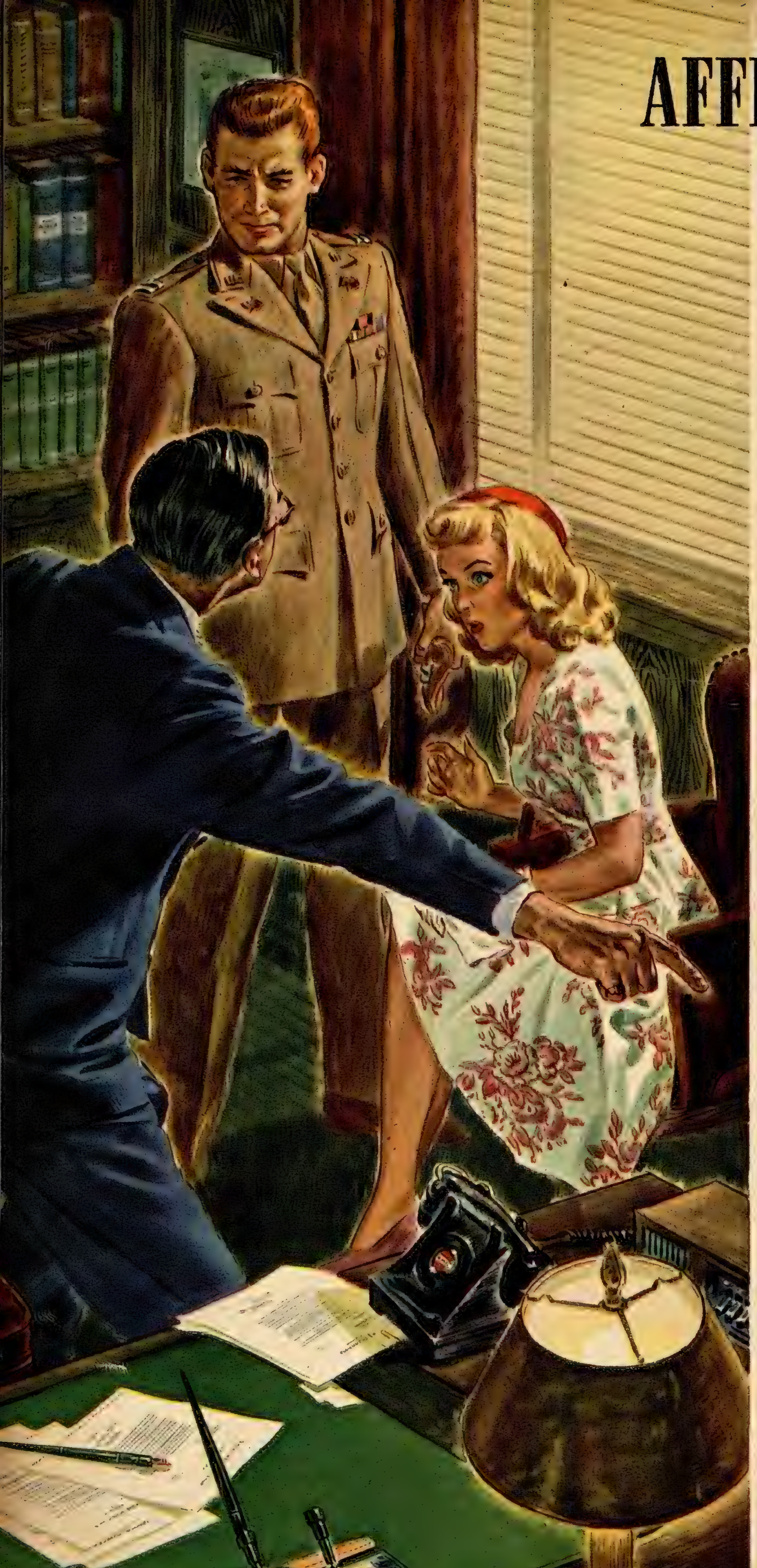
"Do you think I'll ever see her again?" the priest's wife kept asking me. "I hope so," was all I could say, and my words obviously brought no solace to her heavy heart.

Yet she too livened up when she spoke. "Our father," she said, leaning on her husband, "never uttered one word of prayer for Hitler, not one. Nor did he ever traffic with any German. He remained loyal to his country, his people, and his own sturdy Russian heart." Her tone bespoke her pride.

As I listened to the priest and his wife I was impressed by the meaning of the story they were telling me. This priest, sixty years old, probably had suffered through the revolution and the subsequent events when the Bolsheviks had exerted all their power against their enemies, including the Czarist-minded clergy. For more than two decades religion had been actively discouraged. Yet now he was a heroic figure in the village—and not only among folk like those two women, who were devoted members of his parish.

The true Bolshevik theory recognizes neither God nor Church. But at this moment in the battle for personal and national salvation in this mightiest of all the wars Russia has ever fought, what counts most, what drives the highly mechanized German Army from the gateway of Moscow, from the very

(Continued on page 50)



AFFECTIONATELY

THERE were two photographs on the mantel of Adele Summer's apartment in the Wickham, high above New York. One was of a man in uniform, the other of Stanley Featherstone in a blue serge suit. The man in uniform was her father and he had died for his country in the Argonne when Adele was two. Stanley Featherstone was not in uniform because he was 4-F.

This was not his fault. Adele reminded herself of this when she became slightly annoyed at Stanley's continually telling her why he was 4-F. It made her feel guilty because she was engaged to Stanley.

But on the previous night he had not only talked, he had also shown her X-rays.

And because of that, the next morning when she took Fluffy for his morning constitutional among the hydrants, Adele was blue. The X-rays were on her mind, and when she tried to forget them, Fluffy entered her thoughts. Fluffy was a legacy from her mother. He was presumably a dog, and if a lawn mower were run over him several times, this might have been definitely established.

Adele had never poisoned Fluffy because she was a dutiful girl and her mother had entrusted Fluffy to her. Her mother had also established Adele in the Wickham, a residential hotel patronized by women of Civil War vintage. It had a lobby with all the frivolity of an undertaking parlor.

Under the canopy Adele met the mailman, who handed her a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Arnold Summer or Family, and it had been dispatched all over the country before finding its way to the investment-trust offices handling Adele's finances, and forwarded to her from there.

It gave Adele a queer feeling, because she never received letters from any one, but only circulars, laundry bills, and financial reports. Carrying it into the park, Adele sat down on a bench and momentarily forgot both Fluffy and her fiancé.

"For some time now," she read, "I have been carrying around an old canteen from the last war. It has the name Arnold Summer scrawled on it. I didn't think anything about it at first, but now I've been seeing that name so long I'm going nuts wondering what kind of guy Arnold Summer is or was. So if this letter ever finds him, I'd appreciate a note, just so I know who drank out of this the last time. Thanks." The letter was signed, "Timothy Applegate."

Sitting there alone in the park with the letter in her lap, Adele found herself wondering what Timothy Applegate looked like, and then her conscience forced her thoughts away. Timothy Applegate was no concern of hers.

But she thought it would do no harm to write to him. And later on in the day she wrote the letter. She did not in-

"No insanity in your family?" said Tim. "Get out!" returned Stanley.

YOURS

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

clude her address but put down General Delivery and the post-office branch nearest the Wickham.

"Your canteen," the letter stated, "belonged to my father, who died in the last war, and for that reason you may feel that it is bad luck for you to carry it with you. But, although he died when I was two, I think you would have considered him a 'good guy' and he was posthumously awarded the oak-leaf cluster. I am glad to have been able to tell you who Arnold Summer was, and I wish you the best of luck.

"Sincerely,
"Adele Summer."

After Adele had sealed the envelope she turned and looked at her father's portrait on the mantel. He had been a big man with a warm smile in his eyes. Adele felt that she would have been very fond of her father if she had been privileged to know him.

Her mother had told her little about him. Mrs. Summer had never forgiven her husband for enlisting and leaving her alone with a baby daughter. A possessive woman, Mrs. Summer had kept Adele close to her side, planning all of the details of her life right up until the night she had died. But by then Adele's future had been fixed, and Mrs. Summer, after a thorough campaign, had persuaded her daughter that her happiness lay in accepting Stanley Featherstone. Adele, who was rather vague on what happiness was, had given in.

That night Stanley came over and rang the buzzer downstairs. He did not come up to her apartment because it was not proper and would have been severely frowned upon in the Wickham, where the code was maintained.

They were going to a concert within walking distance, and as they strolled along Adele told Stanley about the letter from Timothy Applegate.

"I really don't think you should have answered it," Stanley said. "After all, he's a complete stranger."

"I considered it a patriotic duty," Adele said. "After all, I'm not helping very much. You didn't want me to get in the services, and all I do is roll bandages and things like that."

SHE said no more, but she was slightly pensive that night. And later on, alone in her apartment, instead of going to bed, she stood at the window and looked out over the dimmed-out city. She reminded herself that she had everything to live for. Her mother had undoubtedly been wise in choosing Stanley Featherstone for her. He was well equipped with the world's goods and there were no skeletons in his family closet. He was probably right in postponing their marriage because of the unsettled condition of the world, and he had, after all, given her an engagement ring worth five hundred dollars. What more could a girl want?

She proceeded to forget Timothy Applegate, but a week later, when she was walking Fluffy past the post office anyway, she went in and asked if there was any mail for her. If he had answered, it would be a shame not to read his reply.

There was a letter and Adele scurried back through the park, up to her apartment, and dropped into a chair.

"Thanks," she read, "for giving me the story of the canteen. I'll be able to sleep nights now. You didn't say anything about yourself in the letter, but I take it from the signature that you are single, also that you are probably in your twenties. And you are from New York, where I used to live back in the days when people only worried about a depression. How is the old town? Are the Yankees still in first place? I don't get time to see a paper down here. They are trying to make an officer out of me, and it is very tough on all concerned. I picture you as being a small girl with serious blue eyes. Am I right?

"Sincerely,
"Timothy Applegate."

It was only patriotism that made Adele take on a pen pal, but the acquaintance blossomed in a way she never dreamed to change her whole life

It was particularly hot that afternoon in New York. And at one o'clock the buzzer shrilled and Stanley Featherstone was downstairs, waiting for her.

"I'm really supposed to roll bandages today," Adele said.

"You can forgo that," Stanley said. "I think you're doing your bit."

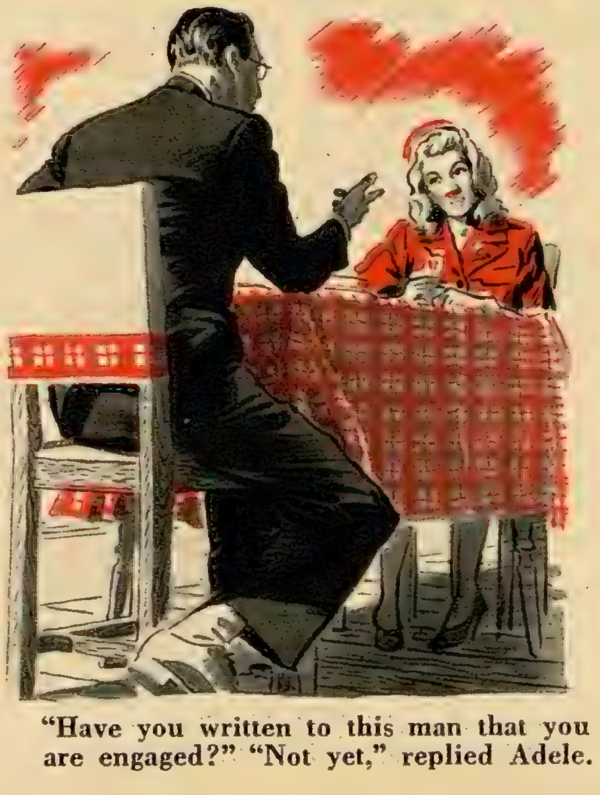
Adele looked doubtfully at him. "I read in the morning paper that the Yankees are playing a double header with the White Sox this afternoon."

"I beg your pardon," said Stanley Featherstone.

"Take me out to the ball game."

"I dislike baseball," Stanley said. "So do you."

"I think, Stanley," Adele said, "that for once we might do something that I want to do. After all, it seems to me that I am entitled—"



"Have you written to this man that you are engaged?" "Not yet," replied Adele.

"Oh, very well," said Stanley.

It was a whim. He would gratify it, because as a rule she was completely malleable. Later on they sat behind third base during a long afternoon. For the most part it was incomprehensible to Adele, but she gathered that the Yankees had won.

That night another letter went down the Wickham mail chute. But before Adele wrote it, she went through a photograph album. She had nothing but snapshots of herself. They were completely undistinguished save one, taken two summers before at a beach resort. The picture showed her in a bathing suit.

She had worn the suit just one afternoon. The following morning her mother had given it to the chambermaid. But a life guard had taken a picture with Adele's camera first. Mrs. Summer had disposed of the life guard, who was rather uncouth and hairy, but Adele had kept the picture. She hesitated, then slipped it into the letter.

AND a few days later a long and lean young man, sitting on the edge of his bunk, scrutinized the photograph, turning it upside down and examining it from every angle. Then very carefully he put it away and turned again to the letter written in a precise feminine hand.

"The Yankees," he read with awe, "were triumphant in both encounters with the White Sox from Chicago. A Mr. Keller, who struck the ball beyond the playing area in both encounters, was largely responsible."

Timothy Applegate held the letter away from him and read it again. He then repeated the phrase reverently: "The Yankees were triumphant in both encounters."

Back in the Wickham, Adele was becoming more and more aware each day that she had a conscience. It seemed to grow heavier after each letter from Timothy Applegate, who told her in successive reports that he liked Bing Crosby, Ernest Hemingway, brown Betty, and had she ever been to Stefani's spaghetti joint on Twelfth Street. After the war he would return to selling paint, and she knew exactly the kind of house he hoped to own some day.

A few nights later, when Stanley was taking Adele out to dinner, she said innocently, "Stanley, have you ever been to Stefani's spaghetti joint on Twelfth Street?"

"Never," said Stanley with a shudder.

"Please," said Adele, "I'd like to go."

In a low-ceilinged room with red-checkered tablecloths, Mr. Stefani himself supervised their dinner. On the pretext that she was going to the ladies' room, Adele accosted Mr. Stefani at the bar.

"Did you ever know a Timothy Applegate?" she asked.

Mr. Stefani beamed. "Mist' Applegate. Sure I know him. Long time no see."

"He's in the Army," Adele explained. "Is he handsome?"

(*Continued on page 47*)

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27

Hollywood thinks nothing of regularly bringing the mountain to Mahomet. This scene, which might be an Army transport loading at a dock, was built on the set of Up in Arms, Samuel Goldwyn's new musical with Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HOLLYWOOD?

BY GRETTA PALMER

HOLLYWOOD is in California. This simple geographical fact is one that many visitors forget in their lush accounts of its practices. As a result, I went to the West Coast prepared for a town which would blend the more garish elements of Gomorrah and those of Newport in the '90s. (That was the period, you remember, when Harry Lehr invited a monkey to dine with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. As for Gomorrah, I refer you to a somewhat earlier source.)

I went to Hollywood expecting vulgarity. Pickfair, for instance, would be a nasty blend of a feudal castle and the Waldorf-Astoria, with a lot of armor of the wrong period and Rembrandts hung in the pantry. That was what I *thought.* But the fact is, Pickfair is a long, low white house set on a hill—the kind of house a Wall Street broker with a good architect and simple tastes might build.

What's the straight dope on Hollywood? What's it trying to hide? A writer turned sleuth finds the answers and smashes a few illusions

I had seen Once in a Lifetime and Boy Meets Girl, so the inaccessibility of the moving-picture producer was one of my most certain beliefs. Why, writers under contract to the studios often sat in outer waiting rooms for five weeks at a stretch trying to get a glimpse of the man who was paying them $4,000 a week. I, a mere reporter, would probably never get to see an office boy. But it took me exactly twenty-four hours from the time I picked up my telephone in the Beverly Hills Hotel to arrange appointments with every moving-picture executive on my list.

There was not, to my mild disappointment, a gold-plated spittoon in any Hollywood drawing room. Nor a mink bedthrow. If there were any wild parties, I wasn't asked to them. Getting a bite to eat at eleven o'clock at night in Beverly Hills proved a major problem. Everybody, you see, has gone to bed by ten, because they have to work tomorrow.

I went on the set where Gaslight is being shot at Metro. "Now I'll see this mad hurly-burly in action," I told myself. "Directors will bark and actors will try to steal scenes, and the author will pace up and down complaining that some pants presser has vulgarized his dialogue." Well, it wasn't like that. The director was as gentle as a lamb. Miss Bergman and Mr. Boyer were obviously the best of friends and filled with admiration for each other's ability. The dialogue was on a high enough level to satisfy a Dumas, *fils*. Smash went another old illusion.

I went to see other pictures being shot—the Gershwin picture, and Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, Gung Ho, and America. I saw authors by the score, and none of the good ones complained that his dialogue had been mangled on its way to the screen; they were mainly worried over whether their dialogue was *good enough* to satisfy the millions of customers who attend the movies every week.

The other clichés—the delightful legends which were going to entertain my friends when I got back to New York—turned out to be just as misleading and libelous. Hollywood does *not* use place cards when four people sit down to dine, as a woman columnist told all her Park Avenue friends. Hollywood young girls do *not*—Ilka Chase or no Ilka Chase—say things like "Jeez, I'm glad to meet you" to elderly dowagers. Hollywood, as I saw it in a crowded and exciting month, is not vulgar or cheap or ignorant. Hollywood is just a part of California.

THAT'S the clue. California was settled, you remember, during a gold rush. Men paid fifty dollars to have their laundry done. Three dollars a copy was the ceiling price on newspapers. Some of that tradition lingers on. Hollywood executives do telephone New York and Washington in a very lavish way. They toss out a $100,000 here, another there, as we in the East would dole out dollar bills. But so do the Hollywood realtors. So—mercy, yes—do the oil millionaires. (There *is* a Van Gogh in a Hollywood home elevator, I found, but it's in the home of an independent oil man.)

A tradition of large spending goes with California and its past history. And it's a good thing for you and me that it does, for if the Hollywood producers had settled in a less large-handed state we shouldn't have the American pictures we have today. Our movies would be "low-budget"; and if you want to know what that would mean, drop in at the nearest art cinema theater and look at the product of some French or British studio. It may be good; it may be imaginative; it may even appeal to a higher I. Q. than the average American picture. But the magnificent technical achievements of the screen won't be evident in it. Only Hollywood—which is in California—dares to spend money on the scale necessary to make the kind of pictures we expect today.

Take a picture like America, which King Vidor is now completing. Mr. Vidor has been working on this for exactly two years. He has traveled to every important airplane factory in the country to get his factory scenes right. He has made a miniature of an assembly line which is correct down to the smallest nut and bolt. He has used the symphony form as a structural pattern. He has drilled his actors with a metronome to get the right speed and rhythm into the dialogue and movements. That kind of thing costs money. Is it worth it? I think so.

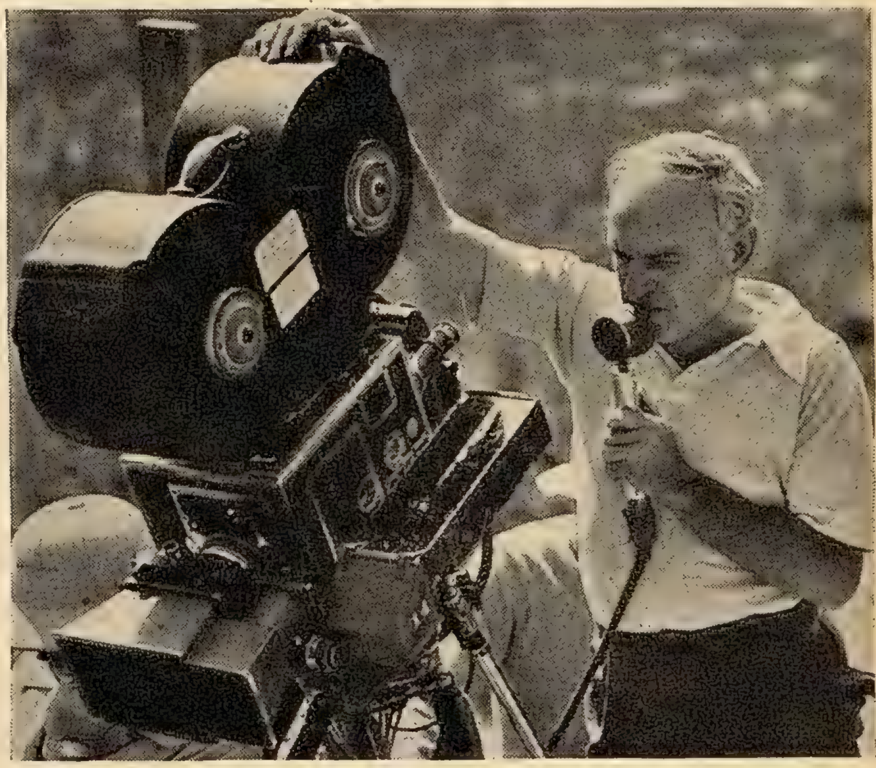
Hollywood spends, but it spends with a fine purpose—the making of the best and most authentic pictures possible. It's a way of work that is essentially American—and Western. It's the extravagant state of mind of the Texan who sinks a fortune in the ground in the hope his shaft may produce oil. It's the attitude of the pioneer who shot the works and pulled up stakes because of his faith that there was a future over the mountains. It's the point of view that's made America.

But "Hollywood talks shop." You bet it does! I suppose that in the fifteenth century in Florence they talked shop, too. Even the philosophers of Athens probably ignored the Persian War when they were laying the foundations of philosophy. When a really exciting advance occurs in the development of human thought, you'll notice that it often happens in a single city and that the residents of that town are pretty limited in their interests. Why not? They're dedicated to doing a very thrilling job which will carry the course of civilization over a new hump. Of course they talk shop.

And what shop! If you're interested in pictures at all, wouldn't you like to hear Samuel Goldwyn explain what it is that he sees in a girl in a screen test—just a girl no one ever heard of—that makes him decide to sign her under contract and turn her into another Lana Turner? Don't you want to know what goes on when men like David Selznick and Arthur Hornblow discuss the (*Continued on page 68*)

KONINKLIJKE
KETVAART MIJ.

For The Story of Dr. Wassell, Paramount has brought Bataan to Hollywood. Cecil B. DeMille and Gary Cooper on the set.



Producer-director Sam Wood, on location, gives directions into the loud-speaker microphone alongside the camera.

M-G-M's America was filmed on location in actual steel mills and industrial plants. Brian Donlevy with King Vidor.

This may look alarming to mature eyes, but the kids are having fun. Jitterbugging is a harmless outlet for youthful exuberance and not a sign of moral deterioration.

YOUTH HAS FLAMED BEFORE

American youth is going to the dogs, the statistics tell us. But is it really? Let's get some perspective before we damn a whole generation

BY EDITH M. STERN

THE president of the Mothers' Club rapped for order, cleared her throat. "And now, ladies," she said, "we shall take up one of the most serious problems of our time—the moral deterioration of our young people. Never before have girls been so sexually promiscuous. Never before have so many mere children indulged in alcohol. The chaotic conditions of wartime loosened age-old restraints and the gravity of the present situation cannot be overemphasized. We all remember the discipline and the high standards prevalent during our own youth. But what, ladies, is going to become of these young folks now in their teens? How can they mature as good citizens? How, above all, can we stop this avalanche of immorality that threatens the very structure of our nation?"

This Mothers' Club meeting was held not last week but some two decades ago. Some of the young matrons who attended it are grandmothers now. Most of the youngsters whose behavior they deplored have settled down in staid middle age and are now worrying about their own adolescent children.

The "alarming rise in juvenile delinquency, particularly among girls," has been hitting the headlines. During the past few months at least a dozen agitated magazine articles have appeared on the subject. J. Edgar Hoover cites shocking percentages in Will There Be a Lost Generation? In the last year 39 per cent more girls were arrested for drunkenness, 64 per cent more for prostitution, 69 per cent more for disorderly conduct, and 124 per cent more for vagrancy. "This country is in deadly peril," he writes, ". . . a creeping rot of moral disintegration is eating into our nation."

From one source or another, you've probably heard one or all of the following: In a Far-Western city two girls, aged twelve and thirteen, were found living with three men in a downtown hotel. Little girls of twelve to fourteen sell themselves to soldiers for dimes, nickels, or even candy. Hundreds of miles from home, fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds were found with soldiers in parked automobiles. Teen-age girls, having made one misstep through youthful infatuation with servicemen, land in brothels when their sweethearts are transferred. "Pick-up" girls as young as twelve and thirteen are pregnant, or infected with venereal disease, or both!

It makes lurid reading, and the press is making the most of any spectacular cases that come to light. The younger the delinquent, the better copy she is. That is why you hear about the minority of little girls in venereal wards rather than about the majority of girls and women, eighteen to twenty-nine, and in many cases married.

Of course, behind the smoke there's fire. Khaki-wacky kids *are* getting into trouble around Army camps. Homes broken by father's absence or mother's working, or both; the eat-today-for-tomorrow-we-may-die attitude that comes with war; the overcrowded homes in war-boom towns that drive youngsters into the streets and cheap recreation centers—all these do aggravate delinquency.

But before we assume that American youth is going to the dogs, let's get some perspective.

Believe it or not, grown-ups dithered similarly right after the Civil War. During the reconstruction period elders condemned the new freedom of their children, who had taken to walking to dances and going on horseback rides unchaperoned. There were even ominous forebodings that the country had escaped the danger of secession only to fall into the greater one of moral degeneracy.

During the first World War there was less tck-tcking than there is today, and probably less of a situation. For one thing, transportation wasn't as easy as it is now and there was less opportunity for girls to follow soldiers. "When *I* was in camp," a World War I veteran remarked with a combination of reproof and jealousy, "no girl came halfway across the country to see *me*." For another thing, only half as many women were working as are working now; consequently there were fewer unsupervised adolescents.

Also, there was no machinery for compiling nation-wide figures to add up to startling totals. Here and there, however, are indications that everything wasn't sweetness and light then, either. In Cincinnati there was a 21-per-cent increase in juvenile delinquency during 1918. In New York the number of young girls on probation increased markedly, "due to greatly increased temptations to young girls about soldiers' camps and to the attraction of the uniform." Then, as now, stories circulated about the carryings-on and pregnancies of women war

(*Continued on page 54*)

LET'S GIVE THE YOUNG PEOPLE A CHANCE

FAR from being surprised at an increase in juvenile delinquency in wartime, we might more appropriately express surprise over the magnificent way so many millions of our boys and girls are standing up to the strains and tensions which war always brings in its train unless communities take special precautions against them.

In saying this, I am not minimizing the tragedy of the fact that more of our youngsters—particularly our girls—are now being brought into court than was the case before the war; nor that more are showing other behavior problems; nor that more cases of sex delinquency are reported. This is the situation, and one that should shock into action every adult with any sense of social responsibility. But this situation could have been avoided, and it can still be corrected if we do less tut-tutting and take more imaginative and sustained action.

To see who can ring the gong of moral alarm the loudest over the waywardness of our youth in wartime may arouse public attention, but if results are to be obtained, it must be followed by rounding up the constructive forces in the community which can minister to the needs of youth in wartime.

Nothing can shake my fundamental belief in the sound moral fiber of our young people when they have a chance to demonstrate it. What is greatly disturbing is the indifference that we adults have shown toward the strains bearing down on many youngsters, and our failure to provide compensating protections and releases. We cannot let this indifference go on if we want our children to develop into the kind of people who can take responsibility in a free society.

KATHARINE F. LENROOT
Chief of U. S. Children's Bureau

THE POOR OLD LADY

You never know what will blow in out of the cold, and the boys in the barroom were all in for a big surprise. A story that will make Damon Runyan fans nostalgic

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY BRIAN KENNEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

PERSONALLY, I am not a guy you could call a lady's man. Understand, I got nothing against the dollies and sometimes I don't mind having them around, but in my book no dame should be allowed inside a barroom. Yet who am I to be arguing about the rights of dames, and where would it get you, anyway—as I am saying to Moody this day when I drop in at his gin mill just to pass the time and maybe make a small touch for a worthy cause I have in mind over at the horse parlor where I am on my way to.

Moody nods his head like he's agreeing with me, but all the time I can see he is giving the up-and-down to a dolly that only now waltzes in and parks her francis at the bar, so I figure that with Moody it is six of one and half a dozen of the other as to what I am saying, and I'll lay you eight to five he would as soon bar this dame from his tavern as go back to setting up every third drink on the house.

In fact, I never see a saloonkeeper take such an interest in the customers the way Moody does with these young dollies who keep tripping in to this pub over on the Avenue ever since it somehow gets printed in a tabloid that the joint is become quaint and is lousy with writers and artists and so forth.

Whether or not this is so is largely a matter of opinion. As for me, I'd as soon some of these writers and artists would take their trade down the block, because the only thing they is adding to the joint, as far as I can see, is a lot of noise and five cents to the price of a straight whisky.

But Moody is a changed man since the joint gets famous. And, as I say, he is all eyes for the dollies, and anything in trousers has to be a pretty free spender to do any fancy ear-bending with the proprietor these days. So I can see my chances of putting the bee on him for a ten-spot is fast getting loused up by this dame who is giving Moody the big glaum and already he is reeling from the punch.

WELL, it is still an hour to the first race as Moody goes into this huddle with the dame, so I figure I got plenty of time and will just hang around and glance over the entries while I am waiting to transact this business. And as I am looking down at the other end of the bar who do I see but Larry Grogan, who is a great man with a racing form and has no other interest in life, so far as anybody knows. So this is how I come to walk over to Larry, and I am asking him about a certain filly going in the second at Hialeah which I am very fond of, when an old lady comes in and she walks very slow over to one of the booths against the wall and she sits down like she is very tired, or maybe it is just because she is so old.

Now I am not what you can call a soft-hearted guy, but I have to admit I am somehow a sucker for old ladies, figuring that when a dame passes sixty it's a safe bet she is almost harmless, and I guess I probably buys more pencils and sewing needles from old ladies out at the track than I can ever use up if I live to be a hundred and fifty, and in this respect I am a soft touch indeed.

But I do not figure this old lady is a professional panhandle, even though she is wrapped up in an old shawl and looks like either Whistler's Mother or a close relation to same. So I find I am feeling sorry for her like nothing I have been in a long time, and knowing that outside the weather is working up to a first-class blizzard and it is the kind of a day when anybody who has a home should ought to be in it, I can't dope what could of brought out this old lady, who is practically in a telephoto finish with the Grim Reaper right now.

So when Jimmy, the waiter, is going over to the booth to see what the old lady wants I am more than a little interested. She says something to him I don't catch, so when Jimmy comes back to the bar to talk to Moody I edge over close and I hear him say:

"The poor old lady would like a cup of hot coffee."

Now this is all as I figure it. She was probally somebody's mother once and is now maybe one of those clean-up women out of a job. But I do not know if Moody will agree with this. As I say, he is a strange man and they say he can spot a panhandle a mile off, so it will take a game guy to dope out what he is going to do to this old lady, because while on one occasion I will see him stake a big meal to a bum I personally will not have in the joint, another time I will see him give the bum's rush to others which I will pass easy as respectable citizens. And on such occasions, it will make no difference to Moody if the panhandle is an old lady or a child of ten. So I am watching Moody give it the double-O and he is squinting across the bar like an old owl, and I am relieved more than somewhat when I hear him say:

"Sure, Jimmy, give the poor old lady a good cup of hot coffee."

Then he leans over the bar to me and he says:

"Look at the poor soul! She is shaking with the cold." And with this I agree.

Now I am glad to hear Moody say these things for two reasons. First, I am glad to see Moody does not case her as a panhandle, for I will say he is a hard man on the professionals. And, second, I am glad I am catching Moody on one of his charitable days, and I now figure it is an even-money bet I will make the touch for the ten-spot, which it is very important I do or else I do not know how I can pay my room rent.

Well, the poor old lady gets her coffee and I notice that even Larry Grogan has looked up from the form sheet and is staring at her. I am about to remark what a fine thing this is that Moody is doing when Grogan interrupts me. And he says:

"There is a very good horse going in the first at Hialeah."

At the time I think this is a strange remark for Grogan to make, but I do not say so. Personally, I guess I have forgot all about horses, but I should know this will be too much to expect of Grogan, so I ask him:

"What is this nag's name?"

"Little Lady," he says, "and I am going to bet five dollars on her to win."

NOW, although Grogan will spend five to ten hours every day with the form sheet, he is a very conservative player and it is seldom I ever hear of him betting more than two dollars to a race, so I figure this Little Lady must be the feed-box special I am waiting for ever since the Fall Meeting at Belmont. And while I am not a hunch-better, I like the name of this horse, and also I take it as a good omen that this poor old lady should have walked into Moody's on just this particular day.

I am still thinking about this when Jimmy, the waiter, again comes up to the bar and calls Moody. He leans over the bar to him and I hear him say:

"The poor old lady would like a bowl of soup."

Now I am watching Moody pretty close as he squints across the bar this time and I think I see the old scowl coming up on his face, but again he says:

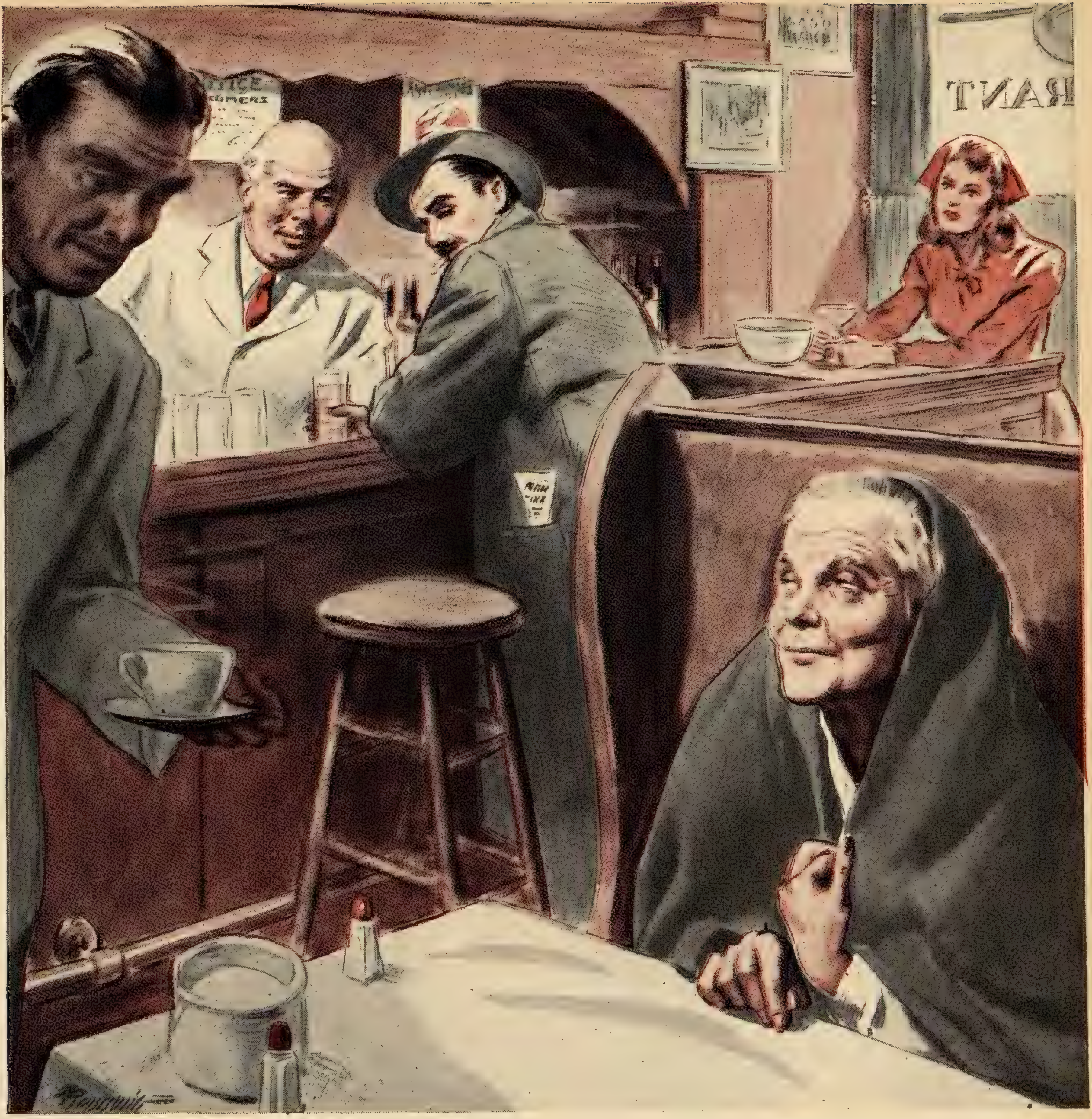
"Sure, Jimmy, give the poor old lady anything she wants. She looks half froze."

"She does indeed," says Jimmy, and he hurries off to the kitchen to get the poor old lady her bowl of soup.

I am now ready to dismiss the whole thing from my mind and get along with the afternoon's business. Moody is going back up the bar to say good-by to the dolly who finally looks like she is about to make an exit, and this is all right with me as it is fifteen minutes to post time and I am getting nervous. But the dolly does go and I am just about to hail Moody when Jimmy again comes up to the bar, and he says:

"The poor old lady would like a glass of brandy."

Now, it looks to me like maybe this is pushing a good thing too far, and I can see Moody is really giving the old



He leans over the bar to me and he says: "Look at the poor soul! She is shaking with the cold."

lady the one-eyed squint this time, but she turns her head and throws him one of the sweetest smiles I ever see, and it does the trick. He reaches for the most expensive brandy in the house. He pours out a glass, and he says:

"Here you are, ma'am, and good luck to you."

Well, she smiles back at him again and Jimmy takes the drink over to her. In fact, we are all smiling, even Grogan. Personally, I have a strong hunch this is going to bring me good luck, which I am badly in need of.

It is now so close to post time I am going to have to phone my bet to the horse parlor, so I'm about to buttonhole Moody and put the old touch on him, when the poor old lady, having finished her brandy, gets up and walks right over to the bar. For some reason I can't figure, I take off my hat, which is something I reserve strictly for The Star-Spangled Banner, and I can see Moody is all smiles and he is looking like the good Samaritan in person. She has that same sweet smile on her face as she fishes around inside her shawl for something, and I am hoping she won't bring out a handful of pencils after all and turn out to be just another panhandle.

WELL, it isn't no pencils but a leather purse with a chain on it. She opens it up and when she takes out this wad of bills that will choke a horse easy, I think from the way Moody is looking he's a cinch to have a stroke of apoplexy right then and there. I can see with my own eyes they is easy several hundred dollars in the old dame's kick, and she peels off a ten-spot. She hands it to Moody and tells him how much she enjoys the lunch and the brandy. Moody goes over to the till and as he hands over her change he is speechless, which is the first time I ever see this happen. Then she gives a half dollar to Jimmy, the waiter, as a tip, and walks out as nice and quiet as you please.

Now Moody is a bad man when he's crossed. And I guess when you're running a pub for twenty-five years a guy will take a pride in the way he can case a panhandle or spot a poor old lady when he sees one with no questions asked. You might think it would please him that the old dame's coffee, soup, and brandy turns out not to be on the cuff after all, but is bought and paid for with spot cash. *But then you don't know Moody.* He is, as I say, a strange man, and I am finding him now in as ugly a humor as I ever see when I ask him for the ten-spot. I do not get it. Not even when I say it is to pay my life insurance. So I don't get on the race, and this is the day Little Lady wins at Hialeah by five lengths, paying ninety-eight forty for two.

THE END

Two days after the raid, Donegan and Peebles, their wounds bandaged, were able to sit up and walk around.

BOMBER OVER WEWAK

BY VERN HAUGLAND

From New Guinea

"THERE was a lot of man in that B-25."

That's the way Joe Carroll put it. Joe was one of five men aboard the medium bomber.

"A lot of man." From the earnest, embarrassed way he said it, you knew he was trying to express the deep feeling he had for his four companions on that wickedly rough return flight from Wewak. Another person might have called them brave or heroic. Joe, inarticulate with emotion, had suddenly found exactly the right phrase.

The "lot of man" in that B-25, one of a large force of medium bombers hitting Japanese airstrips in the Wewak area that day, was a very young lot indeed.

The grandpappy of the crew was the pilot, First Lieutenant John Donegan of Phoenix, Arizona, twenty-six years old, but so boyish-looking you'd swear he hadn't yet reached twenty-one. This handsome, straight-shouldered, black-haired University of Arizona graduate taught mathematics at a Mesa, Arizona, high school before the war—and plans to be a teacher again.

Next in age was the navigator, First Lieutenant Victor Scammel, twenty-four, tall, blond, and, like Donegan, unmarried. Scammel was an assistant electrical tester for the city of Los Angeles before the war, and had been in the housebuilding business at Dallas, Texas.

Curly-haired Second Lieutenant Charles Peebles of Philadelphia, Mississippi, the co-pilot, was a bit the youngest man aboard—and a married man, at that. He went on this particular mission four days before his twenty-first birthday.

The enlisted men of the crew were Staff Sergeant Donald Bybee, twenty-three, of Kansas City, Missouri, tail turret gunner, who worked in a Slater, Missouri, gasoline station in pre-Pearl Harbor days, and Carroll—Staff Sergeant Joseph Carroll, twenty-one, of College Point, Long Island, New York, the radio operator and waist gunner.

Experienced flyers and fighters, these men, despite their youth. They had flown many a mission, together and with other crews. Some of them had encountered trouble before. John Donegan, for instance, had taken part in forty-eight combat missions in a year. But he'd never forget an experience at the outset of his flying in this area. It was on August 14, 1942, when his plane became lost during a routine flight in Australia.

"We were just getting ready to bail out," says Donegan, "when Herb Weiner, a second lieutenant from Lynn, Massachusetts, accidentally pulled his rip cord and his parachute billowed open inside the plane.

"We didn't have an extra chute, and we knew there was no use jumping with the open one. It would either get tangled up with the plane or would fail to umbrella out. The only way out was a double jump.

"So he and I fastened ourselves together with our belts. He locked his arms around my waist, and I hooked my legs around his body.

"Then we jumped—but it didn't work. The sudden opening of the parachute broke our belts and tore us apart. After that one jarring jerk, I was floating down alone."

Searchers found Weiner's body later, and he was buried in Australia. Donegan, who has twice been awarded the Air Medal for taking part in dangerous missions, received the Soldier's Medal for heroism for his unavailing attempt to save his friend's life at the risk of his own.

Now, a year later, Lieutenant Donegan was to undergo another unforgettable experience.

Last August the Japanese had built up a great air base at Wewak, on the north coast of New Guinea, 350 miles northeast of Salamaua and 450 miles from Port Moresby. On four airdromes they had based an air strength comparable with that at mighty Rabaul in New Britain. More than 200 bombers and fighters were poised there, apparently in readiness for a strike at Allied fields.

Wewak had never been hit by American medium bombers or fighters, so the Japs reasoned it was beyond their range. Confidently they parked their planes wing-tip to wing-tip, never bothering about plane shelters or revetments.

Early on August 17, in darkness, Flying Fortresses and Liberators bombed the Wewak strips with devastating effect, and a great force of B-25s, escorted by long-range P-38s, attacked later the same day. Jap planes were caught with their motors warming up for take-off; others were standing idle. A bomb would land on one plane and three would explode, so closely were they parked.

Said Major General Ennis C. Whitehead, Deputy Fifth Air Force Commander in New Guinea:

"Well over 50 per cent of the Japanese airplanes in the Wewak area were destroyed and another 35 per cent badly damaged."

Radio Tokyo subsequently announced that 176 Japanese planes had been destroyed, but that the Americans had lost more than 200. Actually, the American loss was three planes.

DONEGAN and his men took part in this raid, but it was on the next day that they met trouble. On that day, August 18, the heavy bombers—B-24s and B-17s—joined the medium bombers in the greatest daylight assault ever made on Wewak. This time the enemy was sufficiently prepared to send up intercepting planes, but fifty more Japanese planes were destroyed on the ground and twenty-eight of the interceptors were shot down.

During the action Donegan's B-25 had so much of its tail shot away that it was hard to believe it had been able to fly at all. All its rudder controls were shot out and there were 250 holes in its fuselage.

When they returned, four of the five men in the plane were covered with blood. Donegan had three shrapnel wounds in the arm. His co-pilot, Peebles, had been hit in the head, arm, wrist, and chest. Bybee had a slight wound. Most seriously injured was Scammel. Shrapnel had creased his skull and penetrated his body.

Carroll, somehow, hadn't been hurt at all.

Two days after the raid, the three officers occupied adjoining beds in a hospital. Donegan and Peebles, their wounds bandaged, were able to sit up or walk around, Scammel was still confined to his bed, but he was able to talk about his experience. Bybee, already released from his ward, and Carroll were visiting their officers.

It was a sweet target for the Japs—this crippled bomber. They riddled it and they shot up its crew. But they reckoned without "a lot of man"

John Donegan began their story:

"I was flying No. 4 in a diamond formation. We were still four miles from the target when a Zero made a pass at us from the front. The pilot in another plane and I shot at him with our nose guns. Then my plane got hit from the rear.

"The interphone system went out and the gunner couldn't tell me where the Zeros were coming from. I lost most of my elevator control, and when the formation made its run over the target I couldn't turn sharply enough to stay with them. It was up to me to find some other formation that I could join for protection.

"While we were flying alone, out of formation, we had a couple of head-on attacks. I shot a long time at one of the planes."

Peebles broke in: "I'm pretty sure Donegan got that one. I saw him fall into the clouds, smoking a lot. I don't know where the Japs got all those planes after the licking they had just taken, but they had 'em. Those were just about the most persistent Zeros I ever saw."

"There were several other attacks, mostly from the rear and overhead—eight or ten, I'd say," Donegan resumed. "We were flying by ourselves for about five minutes, and it seemed as though all the Japs wanted to take a crack at us personally."

(Donegan's plane proved to be the downfall of a number of Japanese fighters, the flyers learned later. The Japs were unable to resist the allure of a lone target, and their persistence enabled P-38 pilots waiting above to pounce upon one Zero after another and send them crashing.)

"Before we managed to join another formation, one Jap made some hits squarely in the navigator's compartment. Scammel got it badly. When I had a chance to turn around, I saw him crumpled up on the floor. Beside me, Peebles, with a lot of shrapnel in his shoulder and a bad hit on the cheek, was slumped over his wheel.

"FINALLY we got into formation, and I asked the leader to take us to the nearest landing field, because my men needed first aid. We hit a lot of bad weather and went on instruments. After flying blind for fifteen minutes we came out of the clouds—four planes—and found ourselves directly over Wewak.

"Antiaircraft guns had been firing through the clouds at the sound of our engines, and we got a few hits. The other planes turned sharply to avoid the ack-ack. We couldn't turn and follow them, and I thought I saw some more Zeros, so I dove for the ground.

"We flew in clouds for ten minutes. Finally we came out of the weather at 9,000 feet, south of Wewak, and saw a formation of B-25s two miles ahead. I gave the plane everything she had, which was quite a bit in spite of her damage. The hydraulic system was out and the bomb-bay doors kept coming open. There was no one in front to close them after the navigator was hit.

"I had to keep the plane gunned all the time. At low speeds I would have had no control at all. I couldn't get in touch with Carroll and Bybee, with the interphone out.

(*Continued on page 56*)

The most seriously wounded was Scammel.

Refusing to bail out, Carroll and Bybee stuck with their officers and their ship.

HIGH-LINE HERO

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

TOM FOSTER, resting in his hooks fifty feet above ground, didn't need to look at the setting sun to know it was way past quitting time. His cramped weary legs told him that. And they told him if he'd been smart he never would have let his old friend Mike Cassidy talk him into leaving the peaceful retirement of his chicken farm to return to a game he'd quit for good three years ago. Building high line wasn't a job for an old man.

Below, the grunts had the big switch tied into the hand line. "Ready?" Beefy yelled up.

Tom waved a gloved hand. "Shoot her to us."

On the other side of the pole Larry Scott took a galvanized bolt from the canvas bucket hanging at his elbow and grinned. "Tired, old folks?"

Tom was so tired he figured they'd have to bring a ladder and carry him down when the job was finished. But he wasn't going to let Scott know it. The kid had been riding him hard all day, laughing at his slowness and stiffness. The kid was young for a lineman —twenty-one or -two, Tom guessed— and a horse for work; but he evidently hadn't learned yet that this game took something more than a pair of broad shoulders and a strong back.

"I feel fine," Tom lied.

The copper-bladed switch was hanging just below him now. He swung it in toward the crossarms on which it fitted while Scott stood by to snub it off with the bolt.

"Give us another foot," Tom called to the ground crew.

"You've got it all now," Beefy said.

Tom frowned, and, looking up, saw they were dogged-off. The hand line had been tied too low—Scott's mistake, this time, not his own. He wished he had the energy to give the kid the cussing he deserved.

"Lift her up to me," Scott said.

Tom put his shoulder under the switch and heaved. "Higher," Scott said. Tom put all he had into it, feeling the long unused muscles in his back tingle as if punctured with tiny needles. It still wasn't enough.

Scott leaned down and put his own shoulder to it. "Get clear, old folks. You're about as useful to me as a wheel chair."

Tom let him have it. He watched him lift the switch up easily and shove the bolt home. Time was, Tom thought, when he could have done that. A long time ago. Looking at Scott, he was reminded of his own son, Johnny. There was a resemblance, he mused. Same laughing devil-take-it look around the mouth, same sparkle in the eyes, same wavy unruly hair. Only, Johnny's hair was blond as a Swede's, while the kid's here was black as creosote.

Tom wondered how Johnny was liking the Army by now.

Scott gave the last nut a final turn and said sarcastically, "Shall I carry you down to the ground or fetch a ladder?"

Wearily unbuckling his safety, Tom wondered if a good working over with a pair of eight-inch pliers wouldn't teach the kid some respect for his elders. "Some day," he said, "you'll learn that there's a little more to this racket than being strong-backed and weak-minded."

Scott grinned. "And I suppose you'll teach me."

"I ain't got a license to teach in the kindergarten," Tom said, and climbed stiffly down to the ground.

Danger always lies in wait for the men who work on the high line. The old-timer knew it, but the cocky kid had to find out for himself

Mike Cassidy, foreman of the crew, was standing beside one of the trucks, his red Irish face contorted into a squinting grimace as he inspected the newly installed switch. "Good enough," he grunted. "Let's call it a day."

Tom leaned over and unstrapped his hooks. Cassidy grinned at him. "Little different from herding chickens, ain't it, Tom?"

"Between you and me," Tom said, "I'll stick to chickens."

"You're not figuring on quitting me when I need linemen so bad?"

"I said I'd stay till the job was finished."

Tom crawled onto the flat bed of the line truck with the rest of the men. Tenderly scratching the back of his neck as the truck started up, he wondered if there was any more unpleasant combination than creosote burn and mosquito bites. Beside him, Gravitt, a sour-faced lineman, jerked his head at Scott and said, "The kid's kind of fresh, ain't he?"

"He'll learn."

"He better learn. If he pops off around me, I'll show him a use for a wrench that he ain't never thought of."

Tom dropped off at the post office when the truck got to town. He ought to be hearing from Johnny any day now. How long had it been since he had a letter? One month? Two? He couldn't remember for sure, but he knew it had been a long time. Of course, with this new offensive going on in the Southwest Pacific, the kid wouldn't have much time to write. Still, Tom couldn't keep from hoping.

There was no mail in the box. Leaving the post office, he bought a newspaper and glanced over it quickly. The offensive was going according to schedule, the paper said. The marines had made landings on several islands; infantry and artillery reinforcements were being brought up.

That meant Johnny was right in the thick of it. He was a lieutenant in the engineers. Tom didn't know a whole lot about the Army, but the way he understood it was that the engineers were usually out in front, building bridges under fire, destroying enemy land mines on hostile beaches, clearing the way for the men behind.

He couldn't help wondering if Johnny was all right.

The second day's work was worse than the first for Tom, and the days that followed weren't much better. There were times when he gladly would have drawn his check and gone back to the chicken farm if it hadn't been for his promise to Cassidy. Of mornings, he'd wake up so stiff and sore that he'd have to lie in bed and knead the muscles of his legs with his hands for several minutes before they'd loosen up enough to support him.

Mike Cassidy drove the crew at a stiff pace. They were building twenty miles of transmission line—twenty-two-thousand-volt, wood-pole stuff—to a new air base which was soon to be constructed on the plains just south of the river. The river bed was wide and flat, and there wasn't much water in it at this time of year. The high-line right of way, paralleling the river, was low and swampy. Tom had never seen so many mosquitoes in his life.

EVERY evening after work Tom went to the post office for his mail. But there was no word. He wondered if he ought to take that as good or bad news.

An occasional rain broke the blistering heat of late summer. The lowlands along the river became soft and boggy. Time after time the big wire-stringing truck got stuck in the deep gummy mud and the whole crew had to shovel and dig and lift to push it through.

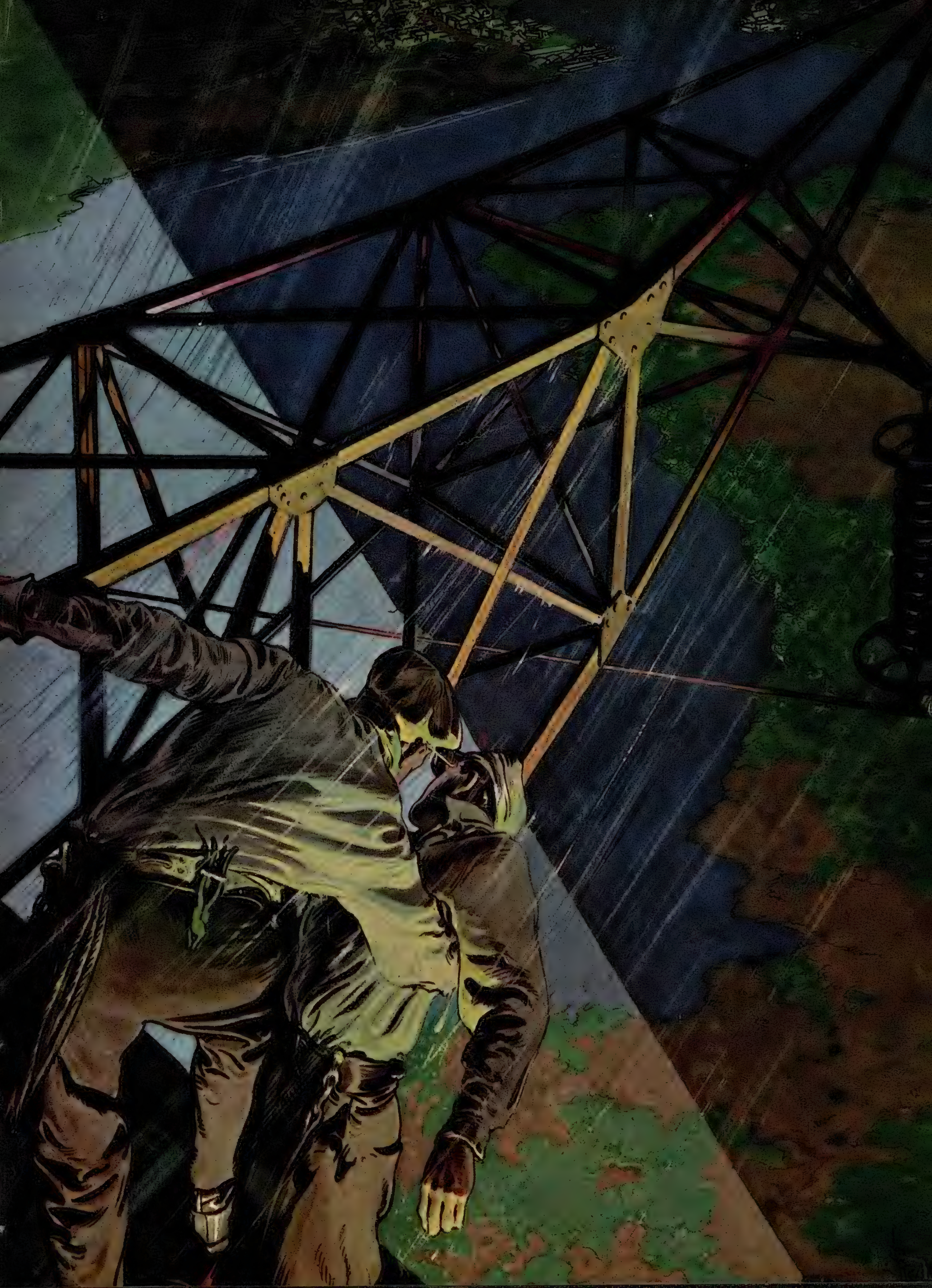
Cassidy went into town one afternoon to check on some material, leaving Tom in charge of the wire-stringing crew. It had rained heavily the night before and toward the middle of the afternoon the truck went down to its axles in a soft mushy hole. Sammy, the driver, got out and looked it over. He shook his head. "Reckon I might as well take a nap. She won't go an inch farther."

Tom looked down the right of way. Where he stood the mud was ankle-deep, and ahead it got worse. Even if they got the truck out of this hole, she'd bog down again. Turning to the crew, he said, "We're going to have to play mule, boys. Tie a rope onto the wire and we'll drag her through by hand."

They tied a half-inch line onto the wire and a dozen men grabbed hold and started trudging down the right of way. Scott took the lead, as if it belonged to him by virtue of his youth and strength, and Tom fell in just behind. The kid wasn't afraid of work,

(*Continued on page 63*)

Tom crawled along the slippery steel braces till he got hold of the kid.



GREASE
1500 CARTRIDGES

S. ARMY PHOTO

Vacuum-packed, like coffee or sardines—to withstand moisture and corrosion, machine-gun bullets are quickly opened by a tug at a pull ring round the top of the can.

Albert W. Luhrs, the packaging expert who has tackled his biggest job—at a dollar a year.

PACKING THE

Here's a little known story of the man who wraps Uncle Sam's bullets, beans, and bombers and of how he revolutionized the art of packing

BY EDWIN DIEHL and CARL BOSTELMANN

WE have to do more than produce to win this war: we've got to deliver the goods. Production can clinch the verdict only if finished goods can get to every fighting front in sufficient quantities, on time, and in good condition. And that's where Albert W. Luhrs fits into the picture. He sees to it that the Yankee punch is *well packed.*

Known as the container co-ordinator, Luhrs has the job of wrapping up Uncle Sam's bullets, beans, and bombers for delivery to fighting fronts everywhere. It is his responsibility to see that vital packages of war, hurried along by expediters up and down the land, get from source to destination in perfect condition.

Until Pearl Harbor, Luhrs was a commercial container consultant, helping to revolutionize the packing and packaging of this country's total output of merchandised commodities. As president of Container Testing Laboratories, Inc., in New York City—with branches in key European cities—he solved shipping problems for the world's largest manufacturers and revised the packing habits of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Finland, and Sweden.

So it was natural that Donald Nelson, chief of the War Production Board, should summon Luhrs to head the committee on container co-ordination when packing this nation's wallop against the Axis became a first item on Nelson's crowded agenda. Nelson gave Luhrs a free hand in exchange for his experienced services.

Luhrs was quick to accept his biggest packing job—at a dollar a year. He wondered, at first, how his direct-action methods would fare in the face of Congressional tradition, Army and Navy procedure, and government red tape; but it didn't take him long to solve that problem. He used the red tape—to wrap up packages.

Millions of items had to be packed for shipment everywhere, and, unhappily, few people knew anything about packing. Today, with manuals of specifications behind him and new problems on his desk daily, Albert Luhrs has proved that containers are major tools in waging modern war.

In directing the shipment of such strategic implements of war as food, guns, munitions, tanks, trucks, and clothing, he has had to keep three primary factors in mind: (1) Get more of it there faster. (2) Get it there in usable condition. (3) Get it there so that it is ready for use immediately upon arrival.

So, in this war, machine-gun bullets are vacuum-packed—like coffee or sardines—to withstand moisture and corrosion. A "pull ring" runs around the top of the can, and the soldier anxious for ammunition just gives it a hard yank and the sealed band flies loose. The cans are opened at the rate of one a second—fast enough to feed the hungriest rapid-fire weapon.

For heavy cases of large-caliber ammunition the committee had to figure on dispensing with tools for unpacking. The advance wave of an invasion force cannot wait for stevedores to uncrate ammunition. So, to replace nails and steel bands, thumbscrews were devised. A few twists of the wrist and the top flies off, and urgently needed supplies are at hand.

You can't overlook anything in planning shipments for overseas armies—not even garbage cans. Luhrs lifted the lid of an outgoing garbage can one day to see what was inside. He was distressed to find it empty. It wasn't long before every garbage can was going across filled to the brim with something—food, clothing, any of a thousand other miscellaneous small items that could be fitted in. And the same with trucks. They don't turn a wheel, but they carry full loads across the seven seas today.

Luhrs has known for years that shipping space is vital, especially in wartime. He took steps to make sure that no cubic inch of stowable space was wasted in the loading of any cargo. It wasn't something to be effected by mere edict. It had to be planned and developed, and the result is one of the miracles of this war. He presided over a series of conferences in Washington from which emerged a *single set of specifications* for overseas shipments, bearing the approval of every federal agency concerned. At a time when bureaucracy was under fire from every side, the Army and the Navy, the War Shipping Administration, Lend-Lease,

PET MILK CO.
PACKED
CR. WT.
CUBE LLB CU. FT.
REQ. Q41
V2
V1

Packages are given a rigid workout in this revolving drum in Luhrs' New York laboratory.

Where formerly sides of beef were refrigerated and shipped whole, the meat is now boned and compressed to half its size in these telescoping cardboard containers.

YANKEE PUNCH

the Department of Agriculture, the Office of Defense Transportation, and others all agreed on the specifications set down by the Container Co-ordinating Committee. That's the Luhrs brand of *co-ordination.*

As a result, commonplace articles have taken on a changed appearance. Toilet paper is squashed—to save up to 40 per cent of shipping space. Milk, meats, eggs, potatoes, all kinds of fruits and vegetables are dehydrated, not to preserve them but to save shipping space. All Army uniforms, instead of being neatly boxed for shipment, are *baled,* just like cotton. It saves more than 50 per cent of shipping space.

Now, to effect still further economies in space and to expedite shipments, the Army has adopted a new wrinkle in the shipping of meats. Whereas it has been the practice to transport uncut meats in refrigerated cars and ships, now only the edible portions of the carcasses are shipped—and in uniform packages. The meat is boned at Chicago at the stockyards, and the bones and fat are diverted to other war uses—explosives, for example.

This development is the result of a newly designed container. A telescoping box, twenty by fifteen inches and five inches deep, is filled with boned meat twice the size of the cubic content of the container. The lid is placed on top, and a compressing machine pushes the package tight; metal clasps secure it. Then the entire box is quick-frozen, and the Army has a solid shipping block of 100 per cent edible food. The choicest meat thus occupies every available cubic foot of shipping space.

Translate these shipping economies—and a thousand others like them—into terms of convoys facing submarine wolf packs, and the significance looms even larger. The lives of our men in the Merchant Marine are not risked for wasted cargo space. Now one ship carries what three used to carry.

Mattresses formerly were shipped overseas in individual boxes. Now four mattresses are bundled together and wrapped in laminated and asphalt-treated paper. This saves handling, space, cost, and container materials. Dehydrated milk was shipped overseas in barrels, and eggs were frozen in 30-pound cans. Now dried milk goes out in 14-pound bags. Eggs are dehydrated and made up in five-ounce packs, ready for individual rations at destination. Soap powder, instead of going in metal drums, travels in sacks of multi-walled paper. Common-sense packaging has come into its own as a war emergency necessity.

IN 1940 airplanes could be stowed only one deep in a ship's hold and in only one position—upright. The crates were of flimsy construction and one would not support another placed on top of it. Then MacArthur asked for planes. China cried for more planes. Britain and Russia pleaded for more.

Luhrs called in representatives of America's aircraft industry, and together they sat down with Army and Navy and War Shipping officials and developed new specifications. The crates were redesigned so that they could be placed in a hold upright, on their sides, or on end; their construction permitted several crates to be stacked, and costs and materials were reduced simultaneously. As a result, stevedores now stow planes to *fill* holds; they stow them between decks, on decks, and elsewhere, and the average freighter carries 160 planes compared with the 60 it used to carry. Gradually the mighty Luftwaffe lost its boasted supremacy in the air over Europe and the Jap Zero began to go the way of the cipher—because more Yank planes got there. It happened largely through revisions in packing.

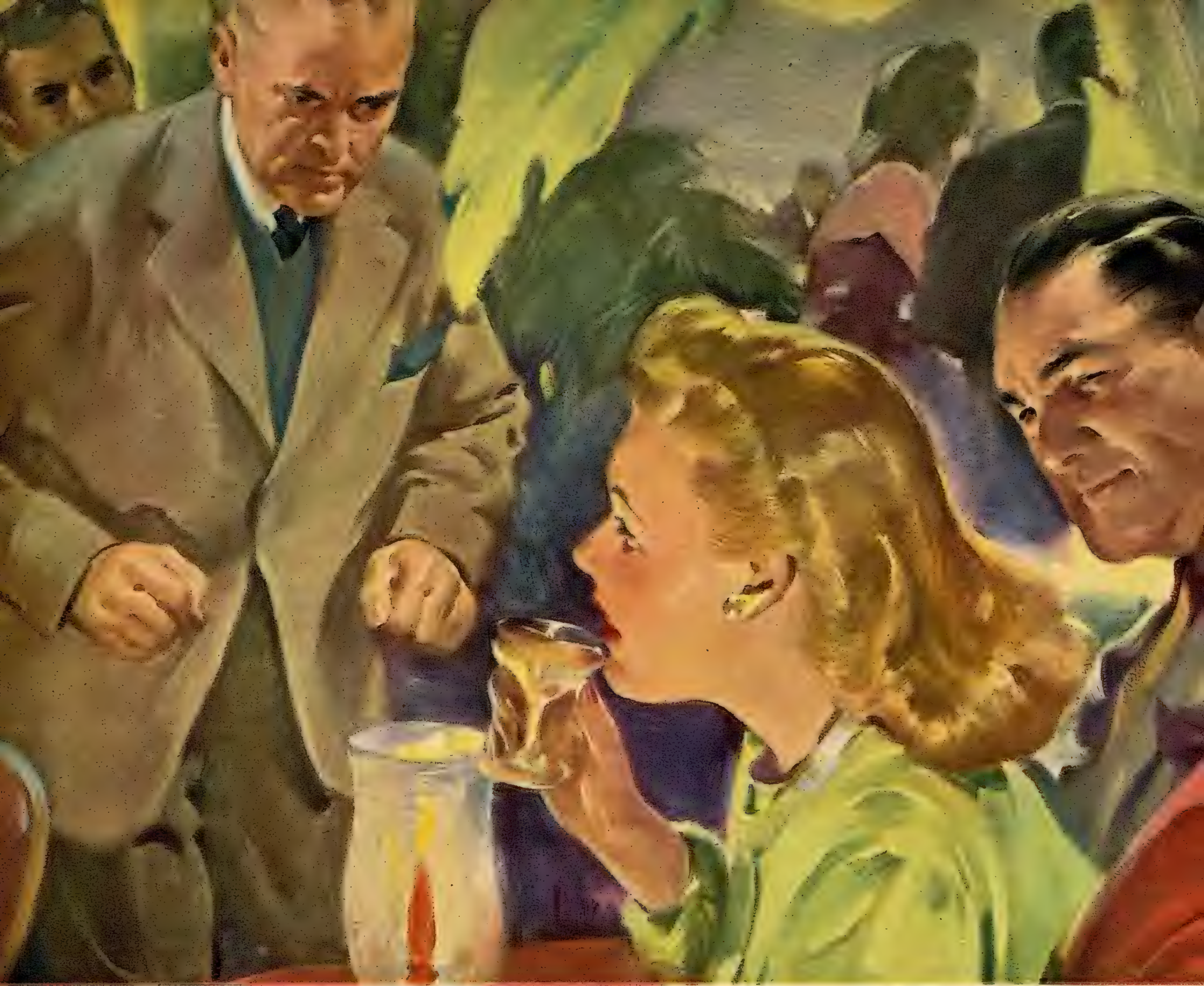
Other aviation techniques have been advanced through packing improvements. Only recently Luhrs was called to Bolling Field for a consultation on the problem of dropping boxes of food and ammunition from planes without parachutes. The committee loaded planes with boxes and packages of every imaginable construction, and dropped them in flight. Wood was eliminated early; regardless of reinforcements and bindings, it splintered.

Subsequent tests showed that the logical box was one constructed of paper! Sisal-fibered kraft paper—ordinary heavy brown wrapping paper—was glued to the inside of a solid fiber box. The box was sealed and bound together with metal strips. When dropped from low altitudes it suffered a minimum of damage. It might crack, but the paper could not tear, because of the sisal fibers running through it. Of a quantity of canned goods, only one or two cans were dented to the point of complete loss of contents. Compared with the cost of a parachute to drop the supplies to an outpost or to a survivor on a lonely island, the waste was negligible. The new box also permits more accurate "bombing with food."

You can appreciate the value of paper conservation in the light of paper's new role as a strategic material. Multi-wall heavy kraft paper is now treated and waterproofed, and matches and cigarettes in fiber boxes can be thrown overboard without loss. The packages float, and when opened on shore, their contents are dry.

The safe packaging and shipment of such new items of war supply as blood plasma presented acute problems to the Army and the packing committee. Research and experience finally solved

(*Continued on page 72*)



Gustafson walked toward them. Lilah lighted up like a Christmas tree. "Gustaf darling!" she cried.

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

BY CHARLES GORDON BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

Hot on the track of the treasure, Johnny matches wits with Gustafson in an attempt to uncover the secret of Teakettle Island

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE freighter Emmaline Quincy of the Gustafson Line had been found abandoned. Johnny Angel was in charge of the salvage crew that brought her into Havana port. He had a special interest in the mystery because the captain of the Quincy was his grandfather, and Johnny was sure that foul play had been done.

Ann Wingate, young New York newspaperwoman, had boarded the ship at Dakar. She had witnessed the mutiny, murder, and abandonment, but did not wish to tell what she knew until she had identified a certain man.

When the ship was docked and the crowd of officials and reporters swarmed aboard, she had mingled with them unnoticed—so she thought.

But Sam Jewell, with his brother Paul the proprietor of the Jewel Box night clubs in Havana and Buenos Aires, knew she had not come aboard with the crowd, and thus Ann was exposed to a danger she knew nothing of.

With the other reporters, she met Johnny Angel. That evening they went to the Jewel Box, where Ann was surprised to meet Lilah Partridge, formerly a singer in a New York night club; now the wife of Gustaf Gustafson and playmate of Sam Jewell, with whom she had just returned from Buenos Aires.

While Ann and Johnny were standing on the terrace of the club, a man in a raincoat shot at them. Johnny pursued him through the streets, but without success. In the meantime Ann was threatened by Isherwood, a Jewell henchman, but made her escape and went to New York.

On her return, she told Johnny the story of the Quincy. The ship had been carrying eight million dollars' worth of gold bullion. Being shorthanded, Mike Flavin, the first mate, had hired four men at Buenos Aires. It was after they left that port that Flavin took the ship. The captain and crew were murdered, though old Captain Angel, with his last strength, had killed Flavin. The bullion was transferred to Jewell's power cruiser, the Hornet, by the men taken aboard at Buenos Aires. Then "George Brown," one of them, shot the others. Ann declared that he was Gustafson. This statement was too fantastic for her newspaper and for Johnny to accept in the face of Gustaf's known fear of the sea, his pusillanimous attitude toward his wife and Jewell, and his weak character in general. Also, as inheritor of the Gustafson shipping interests, his prestige was too great to make Ann's story believable. However, Johnny was finally convinced, and wondered, with Ann, where "Teakettle Island" was, the place mentioned by "Brown" as a cache for the bullion.

Louis Fouché, a waiter at the Jewel Box, phoned Johnny that Ann's life was in danger; and even as Johnny listened he heard the sound of a shot, and Louis Fouché's voice died away.

PART FIVE

PERCHED on the corner of Gustaf's desk, Lilah accepted the cigarette and light which he was offering her. It was fun going after Gustaf. He'd want to touch her, and she wouldn't let him, and his big smooth hands would tremble and a bead of moisture would gather in the cleft in his chin. Sometimes the absurdity of Gustaf left Lilah quite helpless with laughter. . . . But he had seemed different since she'd come back from Buenos Aires: harder, inclined to be truculent about Sam, less easy to rib, even a little disquieting.

"Sam's meeting me here, darling," she told him.

"I decidedly don't like that," he said emphatically.

"Don't be ridiculous! Are you still worrying about Buenos Aires?"

He ignored her question. "I'm here to take you home. Now my father is gone we have responsibilities. And Sam Jewell isn't any part of them."

"Silly!" Lilah made it sound like a caress. "It was such a lovely contract. I simply *couldn't* refuse it. And besides," she continued artlessly, "you wouldn't want me to neglect my talent, would you? What if you were to lose your money and I had to work for both of us?"

A queer look flowed across his face. It lingered in Lilah's mind, a seed of doubt that added to the canker of apprehension already there. From her purse she took a square of platinum with her initials set in diamonds, Gustaf's present on her last birthday, and began to renew her face.

"I've been wondering about the estate, Gustaf," she said. "I've heard the oddest rumors."

"I don't think I understand you."

"If they are true, Gustaf, you do understand."

"Since I don't," he said, "they cannot be."

"Then we haven't anything to worry about. I shouldn't want anything to happen to our marriage, Gustaf."

"Nothing will!" he said vehemently, and her sense of security was restored.

"I shall want a million dollars in my own name," Lilah said.

"That's a lot of money," he told her quickly.

She leaned toward him, exploiting her natural resources. "Too much, Gusty?"

Color surged up under his skin. "Not too much, Lilah." His easy acquiescence left her breathless—and a little annoyed. He's such a pushover, she thought. If he'd club me for a change, I could tolerate him. And then he said something which made her wonder whether he was quite the pushover he had sounded.

"Only, Sam is out of the picture," Gustafson said. "Definitely. From the day you receive your settlement."

THE chill distinctness with which he had spoken was dismaying. It was a tone so entirely new in him that she didn't know how to meet it. He got up and came round the desk toward her. Lilah slid to her feet, slender and warm, perfect as a piece of Dresden, and infinitely less destructible. Her confidence began to return.

"Do you love me, Lilah?" he asked her.

Herself again, she replied, "Do you love me, Gustaf?"

It was always fun to ask him that. She eluded his arms. "Not now, darling. Here's Sam."

The door had opened, revealing Sam Jewell, all brass and dash, immaculate in whites.

"Well, well," he chuckled, coming in, "we just can't have any privacy for our little moments of domestic felicity, can we? Hello, Strawberry Shortcake! How are you, Gusty?"

"Sam darling!" Lilah cried.

"Jewell," said Gustafson, his voice distilled poison.

"I love your shirt, Sam," Lilah said. "Imagine Gusty in a mulberry shirt."

Gustafson suddenly slammed the top of his desk with the flat of his hand. "Will you two get the hell out of here!" His lips were white.

Lilah was startled. She wished Sam weren't laughing. "What a way to talk, Gustaf," she scolded, "when Sam is nice enough to take me out to lunch!"

At the elevator Sam Jewell said, "He's got something on his mind, all right."

"It isn't what you think it is, Sam," said Lilah. "Your information's wrong."

"My information's never wrong—not that kind."

The blue-bright sky of her expectations clouded again. "But he's going to give me a million dollars!"

"I'll give you two," said Jewell easily.

There were moments when his brassy grin annoyed her. Worried, she demanded, "Have you heard something else?"

"I'm crazy about you," he said, humorously evasive.

"You're crazy about yourself, that's all!"

He took her into his arms and pressed his mouth down upon hers. The elevator doors glided open.

Jewell had telephoned for a reservation at the Café Tripoli. The waiter having taken their orders, Lilah said feverishly, "All right. What is it?"

"The old man changed his will the day you and I left for Buenos Aires."

Tears of mortification stung Lilah's eyes. When Sam had first mentioned the rumors about the will she had laughed at him. Her ego was involved. Such a thing just couldn't happen to Lilah Gustafson. She was far too smart, too knowing of the way men ticked. Gustaf, for instance! All she had had to do was lift her little finger, and there he was, ready to accept every condition she laid down: her own friends; come and go as she liked; a cash settlement when old Mr. Gustafson died. To quiet the throb of doubt which Sam had raised in her mind she had just gone to Gustaf about it—and come away almost certain that Sam was wrong. And now with a word Sam had made a shambles of her expectations!

She wanted to weep, beat her fists on the table, throw the silver; but hysteria, she knew, would get her nowhere. You had to be as hard with Sam as Sam was hard.

"Does Gustaf know about the will?" she asked at last.

"He ought to by now."

Lilah killed her cigarette. "He'll be sorry for himself," she said waspishly, "before I'm through with him!" The gall was bitter. "The way he looked at me just now! Yet all the time he was lying!"

"He wasn't exactly lying!" Jewell covered Lilah's hands with his own. "Your Gusty's pulled a fast one."

"What are you talking about?"

"Quincy," he said through his teeth.

She laughed in his face. "Are you crazy? *Gustaf!*"

"No." The word was brass-knuckled with conviction, and Lilah stared at him, breathless with shock and incredulity. A long moment elapsed before either of them spoke, then he said very quietly, "You've been wanting to go down to Varadero. We're going tonight—you and I. And we're going to let Gustaf know we're going. We're going to be nice to Gusty—you are." He laughed, his eyes tight as a driven nail. "We're going to feed him cream, and see what gives."

At length she was able to say, "Sam, exactly what is it that you know?"

"For one thing, that gun Biggsy took away from that Wingate girl—Gusty bought it in New York the last of August."

"Has Ann—told you—what happened—"

"Not yet. But she will." He grinned in a certain way.

Lilah shivered. "We're lovely people, aren't we, Sam?"

MARCO'S was down a cellar, off the Prado. You walked down thirteen worn steps, you ducked your head to avoid the lintel, and there you were. What light there was came from fat candles in squat bottles. The reek of herbs and oils and essences hovered like a benediction.

Sitting there was peculiar, Johnny thought. Only half of him was there, the half swallowing Marco's food without tasting it, kidding with Ann to cover up his nerves, raw with shock, loving the curve of her lips and the way she looked at him every once in a while. The other half was listening to Louis Fouché's agonized whisper, "M'sieu, at the window—" a gun crashing twice, the thud of a falling body, the phone banging down.

Aside from themselves, Marco's was empty. Here she's safe. Here they can't touch her. But outside again it would be something else. His fear lay in the pit of his stomach, hard and cold.

"Johnny," said Ann, "what kind of little boy were you?"

"I was a heck of a little boy," he told her.

"Did you have an island?"

"Every kid has an island," Johnny

said. "With some kids it's Treasure Island or Robinson Crusoe's island. My island was real—in Maine."

"Gustaf must have had an island too," said Ann.

"A real island. And a couple of weeks ago he went back to it. Only I never heard of any Teakettle Island hereabouts. But how could a kid who hated the sea have an island?"

"Perhaps his island wasn't like other boys' islands."

"An island," said Johnny, "is still a piece of land surrounded by water—and the water's got to be deep enough to float Sam Jewell's Hornet."

Ann looked at her watch. "I'm to have tea with Miss Drumm at six," she said.

"This is the pilgrimage season, I understand," said Johnny. "When does Miss Drumm go?"

"Tomorrow. Everybody always goes to a lot of trouble. Old Mr. Gustafson's friend, General Domingo, loans his private car, El Consuelo. Miss Drumm's erratic, of course, and fanatical in her devotion to Gustaf, but she's sweet really. I've no idea how much he's told her." Ann chuckled. "Last night she asked me to go with her."

JOHNNY nibbled at the idea like a cagey trout at a fly. It had possibilities. He let himself warm up to it a little. Ann was looking at him gravely. He shook the worry out of his eyes and nibbled at Miss Drumm some more. It wasn't what he would have ordered, no, but wrapped up in the public whoop-la of the annual pilgrimage Ann ought to be reasonably safe down at Bahia de la Cruz. *If* she would go.

He began cautiously: "Why don't you go, then? Somebody ought to keep tabs on that old lady."

"And I'm elected—to miss all the fun here!"

"Fun, you call it!" *Was it fun, Louis Fouché?*

"Mr. Angel," said Ann gently, "strange as it may sound to you, I'm here to get a story."

"And I'm telling you a place to look for it," he said morosely. "Who got onto Drumm in the first place? Whom did she tell about Gusty visiting her while the Quincy was at sea? Whose hunch was it Drumm mailed Gusty's letters to Lilah for him?"

Ann looked embarrassed. "I guess I'm your Wonder Girl."

"Make me proud of you then," Johnny said. "I can't leave Havana myself, but Drumm's got to be talked to and listened to."

"She won't tell me anything, Johnny."

"You don't know," Johnny said doggedly. "The way Drumm is about Gusty she's got feathers in her tops'ls. Maybe some of them'll blow our way. 'Teakettle' is a nursery name—you said it yourself. Gusty probably made it up when he was a kid. There's a chance Drumm knows something about it. If she does, and you're smart enough, you'll spring it out of her. If you aren't," Johnny said artlessly, "well—you aren't my Wonder Girl."

"Johnny," said Ann gravely, "you're kidding me."

Johnny sighed, discouraged and uneasy; but it seemed well to drop Bahia de la Cruz for the moment. "You win all the time," he said. "Let's go spend my salvage money."

"How much have you got?" Ann wanted to know.

"Five hundred dollars," Johnny said. "But there's more coming. Thousands and thousands."

"Goodness!" said Ann. "Pay the bill, Mr. Angel. What are you going to buy me before the other harpies get at you?"

"A ring with diamonds." He wasn't kidding now.

"Meanwhile," Ann said happily, "a peanut bar will do."

Here she's safe, Johnny told himself, but I can't keep her here.

He followed Ann's good-looking legs up Marco's scalloped steps to the street, where Mr. Celestial waited.

"Drive along the Prado, Mr. Celestial," Ann said.

"What do we do first—the Capitolio?" Johnny asked.

"Your lovely wide-brimmed Ecuadorian panama," Ann said, "to go with your new white suits."

"You mean I have a new white suit somewhere?"

"Two of them. Hundred-twist linen drill. And the hatband will bring out the blue in your eyes."

What good would the blue in his eyes do him if anything happened to her? "You've been out buying clothes for *me?*" he said.

"Mr. Celestial and I," said Ann. "All morning." They had turned into the Prado.

* * *

Harry Brand wanted to send a birthday wire congratulating Gene Tierney on her birthday. Aware of the fact that such telegrams are no longer acceptable by the telegraph companies, Harry wrote out the following message: DEEPLY REGRET ENCROACHMENT OF ANOTHER YEAR UPON YOUR ERSTWHILE YOUTH. ACCEPT SINCERE SYMPATHY AND ASSURANCE OF MY COMMISERATION. The clerk O. K.'d it.

* * *

"You're running yourself into a lifetime job, my girl!"

Her laugh was gay. "I'll risk that," she told him.

Johnny was thinking that her eyes were the color of a lagoon he knew of in South Pacific waters. He noticed some other things, too: the curve of her cheek and the little hollow in her white throat and her red mouth like something that grew on a bush with the dew still on it.

What she may go through unless I do my stuff! he thought. The cops would have Louis Fouché laid out on a slab now. Johnny had phoned them and rung off without giving his name.

Mr. Celestial stopped in front of a men's-wear shop with CASA DE RUDOLFO lettered on its window. A brisk and smiling little man met them.

"Señor," said Mr. Celestial to Johnny, "this is my cousin Rudolfo, whose instinct for the ultimate in gentlemen's apparel is a byword in Havana."

The first drill suit Johnny tried on, made as only the Cubans make them, fitted him perfectly. The Panama hat that Ann had selected was a swanky number with a blue polka-dot scarf. . . . Renovated from head to foot, he stepped out of the fitting room. Ann looked up from the evening paper she was reading, abstracted and grave. She gave her shoulders a little shake then, frowned, and said lightly:

"I like it." Ann's eyes became full of a number of things that she didn't intend to mention. "Turn around." He did so. "Yes, I like it very much. Don't you, Mr. Celestial?"

"The words blow from my lips, señorita!" said Mr. Celestial.

Outside again, Ann began thoughtfully, "I've been thinking over what you said—about Miss Drumm."

"What about her?" Johnny was putting Ann into the cab.

"You may be right."

He had been hoping for something like this, but he was careful to conceal his jubilation. "Somebody ought to watch her," he said offhandedly.

"Do you suppose Gustaf would object?" Ann wondered.

"I don't see why he should. But I'll ask him. I'm going up there now. I thought I'd squeeze him again."

"You'll be careful, won't you, Johnny?"

"Awfully careful," Johnny said; and he added, "Dinner tonight. Don't forget." But his thoughts were elsewhere. He tried to be offhand again. "You're going directly to Miss Drumm and then straight back to the Pico?"

Ann said gently, "What is it, Johnny?"

His face empty, he replied, "What is what?"

Her eyes were grave again, and back of their gravity lay fear. "Louis Fouché—is that it?" He didn't answer. "I just saw it in the evening paper. They found him under the telephone."

"He'd been talking to me," Johnny said brusquely.

"What about, Johnny?"

"You." She waited, holding her breath, her hand clenched on the ledge of the open cab window. "He phoned me to get you out of this town. They gunned him down while he was talking." Ann sat speechless. "He must have been a good guy," Johnny said. "He had a wife and kids. They're still over there." A tear glistened on Ann's eyelashes. Johnny caught it with his new pocket handkerchief. "You'll go with Miss Drumm tomorrow?" he said earnestly.

"I said I would, Johnny."

Their lips met through the open window.

"O. K., Celestial," Johnny said, and the cab pulled away.

THE Gustafson staff had left for the night, but the general office was still open. On his way toward Gustaf Gustafson's quarters, Johnny saw Mr. Summerbell, the auditor who had come down from New York with Gustafson and Miss Drumm, browsing over a ledger. He was a dry-toast little man with a coy smile. Johnny had talked with him that morning. Mr. Summerbell was deeply affected by the Quincy affair.

He looked up from the ledger. "Come in, Johnny," he said.

Johnny closed the door. "Mr. Summerbell," he asked, "what would you do with, say, eight million dollars' worth of gold?"

Mr. Summerbell's eyes were uneasy behind his shining glasses. "My gold, Johnny?"

"The gold that was on the Emmaline Quincy."

"Is this a theoretical question, Johnny?"

"Yes, Mr. Summerbell."

"Well, I wouldn't take it to Uncle Sam," Mr. Summerbell said carefully. "They'd want to know exactly where it was mined, and that might be awkward. I couldn't just say, 'Oh, South America,' or 'California,' because they'd make a test. And were would I be then?"

"You'd be in Leavenworth," Johnny said.

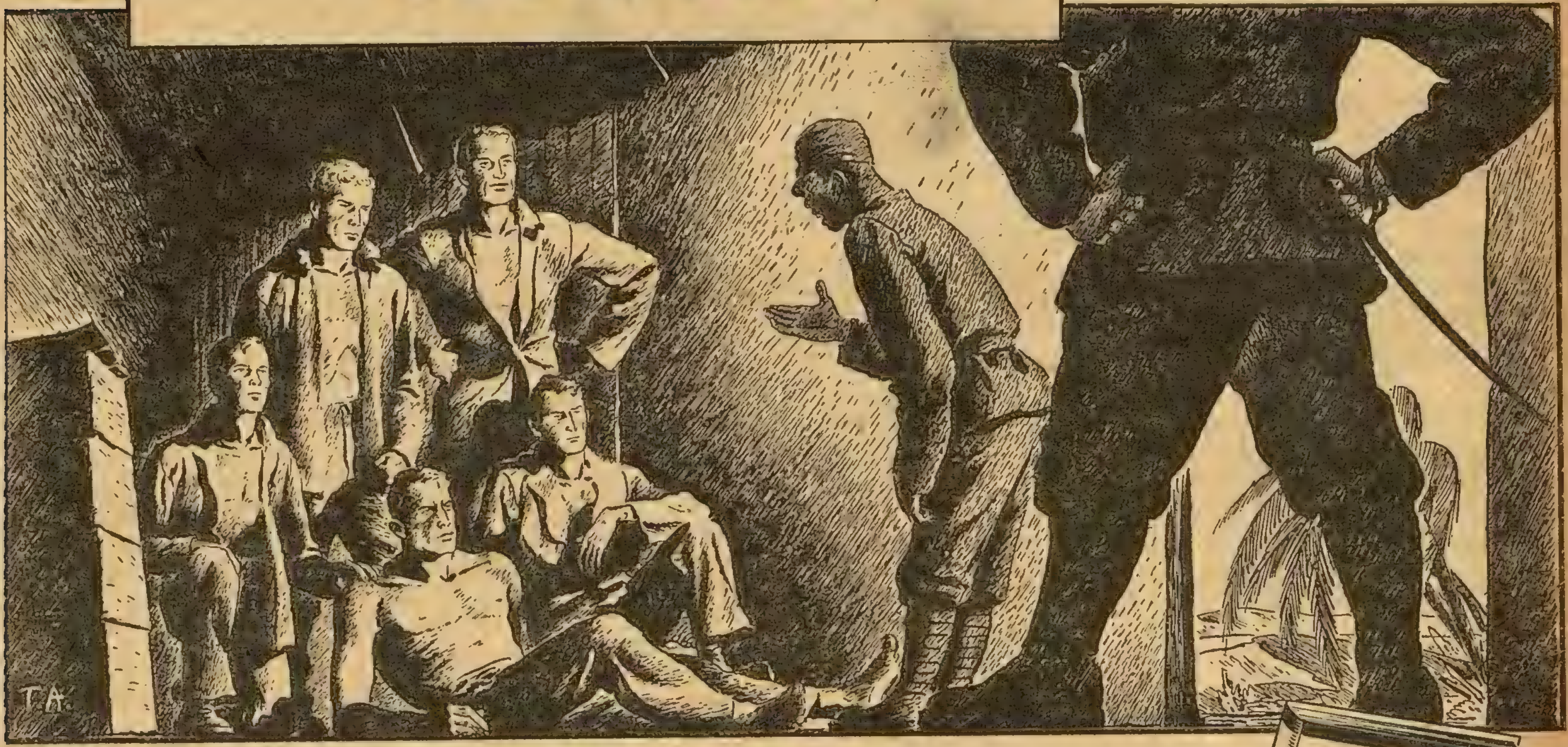
"If I were the sort of person who would have eight million dollars' worth

(*Continued on page 58*)

This Is My Brother

A Condensation of the Novel by

LOUIS PAUL



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

War does not often bring such experiences as this to the men who fight in it. But every soldier must discover, in some way, what Bill Hilton learned. This is one of the grim stories of war—and yet out of it will come inspiration and greater understanding for the men who risk their lives in battle—and comfort for those at home whose concern is with them.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

IT was better for Lenn, I think. My friend Lenn Morrow is dead. For two months we knew it was hopeless. We knew we'd be killed, Lenn and I. The idea wasn't awfully hard to get used to. It's not so difficult to die if one is offered no alternative. Counterattacking hopelessly down that ravine, selling our exhausted lives for a few precious moments' time, battering against an immovable wall of superior numbers and understanding the simple reason why, death entered my friend's body quickly, almost painlessly. A machine-gun bullet made a small blackish hole in his neck. I saw him stumble. Lenn died in maybe a half minute. Another bullet had broken the knuckles of his left hand, and he raised the hand for me to see. The hole in his neck he didn't mind, his eyes seemed to say. But they needn't have mangled his hand. In that half minute he thought only of what seemed senseless, and then he died.

In a few days, in a few weeks, I too shall be dead. We are the prisoners of a barbarous enemy. He has the technical excuse to kill us. We exist without the illusion of a reprieve. And so there stirs within me a need to reason away the senselessness of my dying, to scribble down in this dirty notebook the things Lenn Morrow hadn't time to say. It doesn't at all matter that no one will read these illegible lines. They are written for me and for me alone.

It is hot and uncomfortable. A Japanese sentry walks his post in front of our window, a window too small to crawl through. The tropical sun beats down on the corrugated tin roof of our prison. The heat is a heartless torturer, condemning us to a silent spirit-shattering agony. The sentry is a powerful man, not at all the little shuffling monkey we liked to imagine him back home. He is a short muscular savage warrior, one of an army of powerful and sturdy men. Out here in the jungles we met no Japanese houseboys.

As I watch him I think, as I shall a thousand times, of cold-faced soldiers aiming their rifles at my body. Lenn

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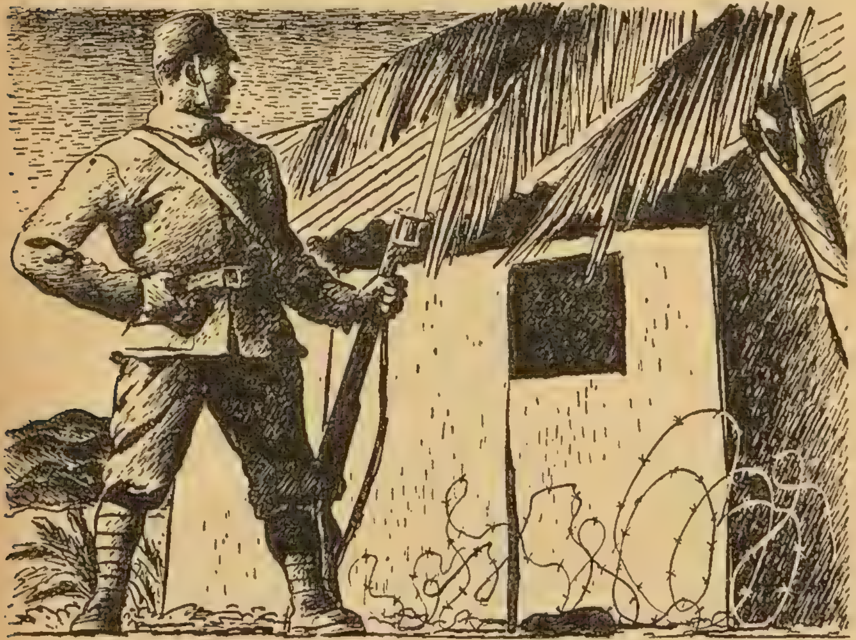
had no time to think. To die in battle is one thing. To be executed deliberately is another. The five of us will suddenly cease to be, for according to the interpretation of the Japanese lieutenant who commands here we are spies.

To tell ourselves that this is silly is pointless. We know it. The Japanese lieutenant humorlessly smiles. I don't understand his language, but his wooden grin tells me it amuses him to think we are to die because of a technicality. We have been badly educated, he says with his smile. We have been taught to abhor injustice, to pity the ill-used, to shelter the feeble, befriend the unfortunate. And now, because of that, and not because we are violators of international law, we are to die. He is perfectly aware that we are not spies and the irony amuses him. His contempt for our Western sentiments is profound.

Will my recollection of these two months of battle matter now? What purpose can the memory serve, keeping in mind the meaning of these notes? Indeed, there are no simple words to evoke my sick sensations when first we knew our cause was lost. The hot bullets cracked about our ears. I thought I had not been made for this.



I remembered driving on a September evening in New York. A cyclist lost his balance; he fell and hit his skull and in that moment ceased to exist. It was my first experience with violent death. The skies were hung with bloody rags of clouds, and this I remembered as we stumbled, battle-deafened, through the tepid jungle. Blood and the incredible confusion of withdrawal, a cyclist dead, a hopeless cause, and all that was left was the waiting to know whenever the rest of us should die. I thought I had not been made for that.

I was Bill Hilton, and somehow I understood I'd been made to write things down for folks to read. There were little things, intuitions and small brightnesses, in my mind. Insignificant people who lived pathetic lives stirred in me a hungry desire to compose their rhapsody. Once I thought I knew what I'd been made for; but sudden death, a black hole in Lenn's neck—in short, a war—caused me to change my mind. There is the pathos. Is self-preservation the first law of nature, or is it rather that death is the frustration of our dreams?

In those two months our dreams became a nightmare, and we its phantoms. In endless waves they came, the patterns of droning bombers. Our captain, Captain Macey, turned his back and cried. I'd never seen a captain cry before. Do I understand the emotion that made our captain cry? Was it his faith in the greatness of America that was gone? I think so. Our captain tried not to look at us again. He was killed in action soon after that. The bombers came, unloading their projectiles. Our antiaircraft fire was pretty at night, crisscrossing the purple sky with tracers. The olive men came toward us each morning and we killed them from behind our entrenchments. We did not think then about our captain and his broken dream.

Now I have time to think, and I think our captain was no good for war. All of us loved him. He was brave, he was a gentleman, an American, an efficient officer. But he was no good for war. He needed the illusion of superiority. America could never have come into being if another soldier, a gentleman of Virginia, had needed the illusion of superiority. Perhaps I am unfair to my captain, but everything matters now.

It matters that in this hour I remember George Washington and his faith, and the discipline of the human soul that conquered on the final battlefield. Marty Evans, our sergeant, has a gangrene in his thigh where a piece of steel from an exploding aerial torpedo is lodged. He lies with his legs stretched out and his back to the wall of our prison. He is in great physical pain. He is not at all unlike the dying citizen soldiers of the American Revolution.

I CANNOT convince myself Marty knows why he is suffering. I can only hope that there are those, as there was a Washington, to do poor Marty's knowing for him. Do we gather here to arbitrate international morals? Do we die for an ideal imposed upon us by the national will? Do we give our lives for democracy or latex? I might willingly offer my life for a helpless baby, for home, for the fun of a good fight or the love of a mistaken principle. But America asks all of us to die for the same cause.

There was a little time when once we thought we might escape our fate, when in the gray hours we crawled in the slime of the marshes back toward our vanishing lines. Marty Evans and Sachs and Dink Peters and Gabowitz and I were all that was left of our platoon. A cabin in the steamy marshes still somehow stood. Our uniforms were slime-caked rags, and these we exchanged in the cabin for a kind of native pajama. Exhaustion clawed at our dying senses. Hungry birds with beady eyes cawed stridently above our heads. There was a sort of drama in this, and part of it lay in our desire to kill again before we perished. We knew we could not survive. For two months we'd known it, and yet we struggled with the torment of exhaustion, we endured the hallucinations of insanity, we starved and died a dozen deaths.

We weren't men. Evans and Peters and Gabowitz and Sachs and I were hardly more than kids. We were men in our muscles and thighs, but our ambitions and our dreams had hardly begun to flourish. We were desperate youngsters, wanting one thing—to return and kill. We were dead then, but we wanted our rifles to kill with, and this was what drove us on. We were pathetic, I think, but General Washington would have understood our need.

Lenn was gone, our captain was gone, the battle was lost. None of us wanted to be taken prisoner of war—not then. We'd heard it all on the radio, short-waved from San Francisco, the indignation over Pearl Harbor. I was lucky, I thought; lucky that my parents had sent me to school. I knew about Manassas. I had been told about those volunteers, ill-equipped and badly trained, setting off across the Potomac as for an outing or a picnic, then suddenly smashed and dying, their blood staining the sweet Virginia meadows.

Defective logistics? No war is any way to fight a war, but that was quite beside the point. We heard it on the short wave this time—the editorializing, the fantastic indignation at our own stupidity, the brave and empty words. A little of America died in us out here, as all of it died in Captain Macey. We knew ourselves for what we often are: blusterers. The confusion and the hysteria came through. We will relieve you, the voices said.

I'd been drafted for a year, one of the first to go to training camp. I believed in what it signified. And yet I knew that when I took my station on the peninsula the area was indefensible. I knew they couldn't relieve us. And so I think I was perhaps a little luckier than those who believed we might be saved. Not so lucky as Lenn, who had no need to understand his death, but luckier than most for fewer illusions to lose.

The sentry paces back and forth before our prison window. He marches with the happy air of a conqueror. They feed us the filthy leavings of rice scraped from the bowls of their soldiers. Gabowitz is the most fastidious of us. He turns his back and wolfs these slops, shame written in the hunch of his shoulders. Sachs and Peters and Evans and I don't very much care, but Gabowitz, when he has finished, shivers with a cold inarticulate fury. His grandparents were Polish. Gabowitz was brought up in a Polish neighborhood in Chicago. There is an almost imperceptible accent to his words, but Gabowitz is American. He was one of the regulars of a regiment of infantry stationed here. He had the glossy muscles of an athlete, the good eyes of an expert rifleman, the appetite of a well fed American. Now Gabby is a gaunt sack of dry skin, his cheeks sunken and sallow.

It was Gabowitz who fought with the lone picket, I remember. Stumbling, our native pajamas plastered with clammy sweat to our shrunken bodies, we plodded through the underbrush in the direction of our intermittent firing. The Japanese picket discovered us and shouted a string of chopped-up words, covering us with his rifle. Gabowitz weakly grappled with him and the picket banged him on the head. The third blow knocked him to his knees. I remember I sat down in the mud and watched all this as one would a stage play. It was a play I had never seen before, with grunts for dialogue. The Americans I used to know would have walked out indignantly on such a play.

Do I flagellate myself needlessly with these recollections? Am I uncertain of the purpose which compels me to write them down? No, I think not. Circumstance has launched me on a voyage of discovery. All these things I must remember. There is a meaning contained within them that I must extract. I am content to let the meaning die with me. I want only to achieve the consent of my mind to die. In two months of hellish battle we learned to become familiar with the prospect of dying. But we are human. There is an undeniable determination to understand why we are sacrificed.

Were there a likelihood that I could send my diary home, would I possess a courage cruel enough to describe what we endure? Are we the heroes of our home folks' war, we caricatures of men lying helpless in our filth? Could I paint for any eyes but mine the picture of Dink Peters, looking at nineteen like a wizened old man, ravaged by dysentery, slumped in a corner of our sweatbox prison, awaiting his death by firing squad with the patient equanimity of a dying dog needing to be put out of its misery?

It is an ugly tale, and neither would I tell it to minds made fat by the endless happy-ending fables of the scenarist. Maybe we are the sad part of the plot. We die in the first act. But Gabowitz and Sachs and Peters and Evans and I cannot stay to see the ending.

When you are young you do not wonder much why men have volunteered to die. You cannot suppose you will ever need to know. It remained for a Japanese officer to arouse my curiosity.

WE, ourselves half-crazed with fatigue, dragged poor Gabby to his feet. Chattering, exulting hysterically, the olive-faced picket prodded us toward an outpost of our enemy's line. Our soldier was the happiest man in the world. Singlehanded he had made a whole American army prisoners of war. His pigeon's chest swelled inordinately. He reminded me of the tailor in folklore whose reputation rested on the mistaken assumption that he had killed men instead of seven flies at one blow.

We met our lieutenant then. How clean and neat and enviably well fed he was, the officer who took us in charge! "Spy," he said. "All spy."

Dazed beyond the probability of normal comprehension, we stared at him and wondered what he meant. Upon his bland countenance I observed an inexplicable expression —a kind of stillborn humor. "All spy," he repeated, showing his teeth.

Sachs and I looked at each other. "No allspice," said Sachs fantastically, holding out his palms.

"Spy," said the Japanese lieutenant angrily. *"Nemaki."* He pointed to the pajamas we were wearing.

Even then we had no remotest idea of what he meant. Contemptuous of our inability to supply his want of English, he ordered a squad of soldiers to confine us in a near-by shack constructed of corrugated tin. We dragged the slowly reviving Gabowitz inside our prison; the metal door closed behind us. Sachs' nose had begun to bleed. Holding it with his fingers, he laughed crazily. "Allspice," he said over and over again. "No allspice."

I thought we would die anyway. Sachs was mad. Gabowitz no doubt suffered a concussion of his brain. Little Dink Peters was griped in his stomach with excruciating pains. Evans had a shell wound in his thigh, and I—already I was dead who could not kill again. The prospect of existing in vacuums through the duration of a war was unbearable to us all. We had committed no other felony than to obey our country's will. Confinement, after the battles we had freely fought, seemed unendurable. Tears of helpless rage started in Evans' eyes. Plucking at my sleeve, Peters begged a favor. "Kill me, will you, Bill?" he pleaded.

I hadn't been made for this. No one had taught me what to say in such a circumstance. I knew not how to recommend young Peters to his God. Nothing I'd done or read had made me fit to help this stricken comrade. And so I looked at him with sad reproach for adding to my numb unhappiness, then put my arm about his waist and drew his head upon my shoulder.

The night spreads gently over us. A frieze of flat-palmed trees ornaments the ugly tropic plain beyond our window. We stand in turn on a wobbly box to stare at the stars. Off in the distance the thud of exploding bombs tells us there is a war. Moment by moment the night passes, to blaze up into fiery morning.

AT noon that first hot day an inanely staring soldier brought us some watery soup. Something rotten floated on its surface. We swallowed it with the greed of starving animals, so anxious is the flesh to live.

Itami Otoko, the lieutenant, came, and brought his speaking robot with him.

The English interpreter, Nishi Inaki, was once a New Yorker. He studied at Columbia, memorizing the lettered symbols of the words we use. What else he learned I do not know, but I watch his face and think behind it is a robot's brain. A robot is a frightening thing: it memorizes words, it remembers what it sees, and like a machine it walks and talks mechanically. It does not know what *alma mater* means. It cannot feel a sorrow like nostalgia. It will not understand a sentiment. But he was graduated from his school *cum laude,* I have no doubt.

The officer is his emperor's man, with the muscular nobility of a samurai. Inaki, the boy who puts his words into English, fills me with disgust.

The meaning of Otoko's cryptic word now burned its terrible sense into our heads. *"Nemaki,"* said the lieutenant, and then a string of crisp syllables.

"My name is Nishi Inaki," the boy from Columbia said, and his voice was almost gentle, as though he were our friend. "Our respected lieutenant speaks the Japanese word for pajama. It is bad that you were captured in this clothes. International law describes the death penalty for everybody caught inside an enemy line not wearing uniform."

The lieutenant ignores our amazement, putting new words into his robot's mouth. "Oh, yes," said Inaki. "Our respected lieutenant orders me to inform that international law made outside Japan. But we are very precise to observe to the letter just the same."

"What," said Evans, speaking huskily, "does our respected lieutenant say about Pearl Harbor?"

Inaki said, "The lieutenant informs you will be shot, of course. Everything very orderly, however. A paper is already sent away to our general to make his signature. In a few days it will come back. Then, according to law, all will be executed."

I thought they were playing a game with us. It was preposterous. "You know better than this. We're not spies. We changed into these clothes because our uniforms were torn to rags. We were separated in battle and were trying to get back to our lines."

"International law very precise, corporal," said Inaki. "It is war. This is what our respected lieutenant instructs me to convey. Interview over." Then Inaki smiled, a smile he had learned in America, bright and really amused. "Tough luck, fellows," said Inaki. He was laughing at us.

This was several days ago, and remains inside my mind like a nervous dress rehearsal of a play. We are to be shot. This is the absurd fact, the lunatic truth. We know our hopes for nonsense. The marines will never come, and all the time we realized it. This, or the next, is our last sky. Death has brushed us close too often. Soon he will come and take us in his arms; the mind will die, the body turn to dust. Again and again I reach out to grasp the whyness of our dying. I have not Nathan Hale's regrets. This I must confess in common honesty. The wherefore of my dying does not lie in patriot's words. I do not choose to die. Some force superior to phrases brings me here, here in this odorous shack seven thousand miles from home. How can I willingly lose my only life for words declared by other minds? Yet I gladly learned the art of arms. If Johnny got his gun, then so would I. I was a kind of minuteman, and not a statesman to debate the case. Then bombers cloud the heavens; giant warships topple like felled leviathans, the burst of ear-shattering explosions rends the skies. Bodies fly about in sickening fragments. The red devastation of fire spreads, the dead are everywhere. This is the shambles of war, this brutal slaughter, and how will a simple soldier think?

ONE day Lieutenant Otoko dragged us out and questioned us. He gave us decent food, fresh rice and a sauce with bits of meat in it. Strange the defective communication between our parts: how vividly I recall the passionate joy we had in eating nourishing food, though we knew we were to die as soon as a bit of paper came back from enemy headquarters. The primitive childishness of Otoko's bribe was laughable, like offering lettuce to earn the good will of a sacrificial goat. What was the strength of our troops in this sector, that area? Was this position weakly defended? Did the U. S. forces have large stores of artillery here? Did we expect to withdraw through this pass or that? The robot Inaki repeated these questions over and over again with lunatic earnestness.

Sergeant Evans said, "Look, kid. Where'd you go to school?"

Nishi Inaki raised his eyebrows. "Columbia. Why?"

"Why then," said Evans slowly, "I guess you know what it means when some one tells you to go to hell."

Inaki continued to smile brightly. "Angry words beside the point." This was apparently no way to show our gratitude for a nourishing meal. "Our respected lieutenant says you better speak, perhaps. Can make it unpleasant, very unpleasant. Japanese are not too gentle sometimes."

"You apparently misunderstand," I said. "Sergeant Evans means we wouldn't be likely to give you military information if we possessed it." Prisoners of war are always questioned; we had expected it.

The lieutenant's deep beady eyes gazed at me coldly as Inaki translated my words. With a swift effortless movement he drew the machete he wore at his belt and hit me a blow on the side of my head with the flat of the blade. I staggered backward, dazed, and there was a taste of blood in my mouth. Young Peters started up involuntarily to come to my aid, and the lieutenant kicked him in his stomach. There was a little wild revolution of protest among us—I saw Evans being hit. I was sick and stunned and I sat down on something, blood and spit issuing from my mouth.

Inaki said pleasantly, "Not very sensible, fellows. Foolish to go on fighting after captured. All this is not nice, but is war. We win anyway. Best to make things easier for yourselves."

The five of us maintained a sullen silence. My head ached with nauseating violence as I thought this to be but the first of the beatings we would endure. The formality of procuring our death warrants was a mere expedient to allow our enemy time to break us down.

The days that followed confirmed me in my dreadful guess. Sometimes they took us singly to our captor, who questioned us with numbing repetition, each word and phrase repeated time and time again. Always coldly and without emotion he struck us.

There's meanness here. This is no clean-cut death such as Lenn Morrow knew. The gallows is an honor to the patriot. Upon it he may say some deep-felt truth. Hour by hour we watch our souls decay, as we see the animal-like thing a man is. This is the ultimate meanness—to steal away the last shreds of his self-respect.

What new name would one call this warfare by, a warfare that demeans before it kills? Is there a special kind of savagery abroad? Are these enemies some racial sort of brutes, or is brutality as old as history?

The night returns, the stars come out. This is a quiet outpost. The soldiers in this sector form a patrol, that much we have observed. Far off beyond our vision the intermittent firing of flak is heard, American antiaircraft fire. Our ragged line still holds. Our comrades cannot retreat. When all their food and ammunition are gone, they will surrender. A little of our manhood is left—we pity them. We wonder if they live will they be given heroes' welcome. Or will they stumble home when peace is made, diseased and lame and useless, to be forgotten in the splendor of our victory?

MY father is a doctor on a quiet street of a little American city. His lodges and his clubs and his Sunday game of golf with old cronies are what he loves best. Absorbed in the discovery of my own world, I failed to understand my father. Now that I am granted the grace of a few days to think before I die, I realize how sweet and simple a man he is. I think of my sprawling old house, and a sentiment which puts to shame the boy I used to be wells in my heart. Now I long only to press my cheek against the shingles of my house, to feel the worn-down carpets, to see the crayon picture of my mother, to smell the familiar odor of iodoform about my father's office, to feel his thin arm about my shoulders.

I know the interior reasons for a war are complex, that some understandable symbol must be found, some word to give the people. Who will not fight for his home? The roots grow deep. Away from home the very blood aches with nostalgia. My feverish fingers itch to feel the texture of my native soil. If only I could touch the cool sweet grass that is our lawn I should be happy. Mornings the south wind played with the maples; this melody is inextricably mixed with lazy dreaming, the dreaming of what I might one day become. Could I but watch a gray rain moving across the meadows, could I see again the spotted cows huddling beneath an ancient chestnut—could I go home—I should be happy. This is an understandable symbol for which to die, this sentiment rooted in the soil of home.

But what of Johnny Sachs? Sachs never owned a home to die for. His father had been a Pennsylvania miner, killed in a brawl when Johnny was a kid. His mother was made hard by circumstance. She did the washing for the luckier families in her neighborhood. Johnny's was a commonplace boyhood made up of a succession of expedients to keep life in a hungry body—selling newspapers, stealing copper wire, beating rugs and running errands, sleeping in outhouses and chicken coops.

Never did Sachs have a home, nor anything faintly resembling it. Yet here we are, young Johnny Sachs and I, awaiting the execution of our death sentences. Why is he here? What intricate web of circumstance brings us here together? What fate decrees that we go out to meet death hand in hand, Private Sachs and I?

Sachs sleeps, his wan face lying uncomfortably on his arm. I cannot know a man, and so I wonder what wisps of dreams float through his sleeping brain. Pallid moonlight shines on his emaciated figure. As I see him in his helpless wretchedness a sweet bewildering affection expands within me. This man is my brother. No blood of his flows in my veins, yet suddenly there is a strange new bond between us.

ANOTHER day Nishi Inaki sought to proselytize me with words. We were old friends, the casualness in his speech implied. "Hello," he said, and the greeting was reproduced with cleverly simulated cordiality. "Hello there, my friend."

"Hello." I would talk to any one—Inaki, the Emperor of Japan, a jungle parrot.

"No signature from the general yet," said Inaki, leaning against a thick-trunked tree outside our prison window. "In a week or ten days. Commanding officer have too much on his mind beside some prisoners. This campaign over in a little while. Very smart general."

"Smart enough to know we aren't spies?"

"Very smart soldier anyway," said Inaki, grinning. "The Japanese very smart for war. This will be worst defeat in the history of the United States. How do they like that?"

"Who?"

"The soldiers we soon take prisoners. Very suffering to the ego, I fancy. What do they think when hated little Oriental Japs conquer their best army in no time?"

"Is this war about the ego?"

Inaki, in his wooden way, was amused at my question. "Maybe. You want us politely to request Western governments to get out of Orient? Bad people who don't bow to Westerns servilely, the Japanese."

"Bad people who beat helpless prisoners. Bad people who let wounded men suffer."

"When person is a prisoner his criticism always beside the point." Inaki fumbled with a badly made cigarette, lit it, and spat out the loose shreds of tobacco that came off on his lips. "Anyway, I think I could save your life."

"Yes?" Everything Inaki said would necessarily have an oblique meaning. He nodded confidentially, disarmingly. "Want certain information."

"We can't tell you anything, Inaki."

"I contradict. Pretty soon we overcome the position in front of us, but so many soldiers have to die. If we can ascertain dispositions of artillery where your brigade stationed, then so many less Japanese soldiers are killed. We know your regiments employed many weeks establishing rifle emplacements, we know you are familiar with earthworks."

"No, Inaki. We're soldiers, not generals. We only know enough to fight."

"Can save your life."

"I would like to live. I would like very much to go on living."

"Why not then tell? Some day our war comes to an end. Western nations see how Japan demonstrates its might, admit Japan's right to place in sun. The end is the same if we know this little question or not, but not the same if you are dead."

"It's no use. You are bad people, Inaki. True warriors don't whip soldiers for a secret."

Inaki stared impassively at me through the window. "Old rules no good today. We make the rules. Cannot win a war pleasantly."

"And if you don't win?"

Inaki glanced at his clawlike fingernails. "We die, my friend. But you die first. So why not tell us about your artillery?"

"THERE'S a piece of steel embedded in my comrade's thigh. To watch complacently while wounded soldiers suffer is inhuman. Send us a doctor. Perhaps then we might feel differently toward you."

"Cannot baby war prisoners captured as spies. Tell us about your artillery."

Blood flushed hotly in my neck. "Go away, you bastard."

"No purpose in becoming hysteric. Americans are always too emotional. Not sensible, not practical, not shrewd to fly off handle in life-and-death crisis. They'll never thank you, the United States of America."

"I'm not looking for thanks."

"What are you looking for?"

"I couldn't tell you. We speak the same words, but a different language. You must be frightened, cowardly little people or you wouldn't come begging for secrets. Go out and face our few guns and die like men."

"What is that notebook you write in all day?"

"I'm writing in it what I think of you. You're part of something very degenerate in our modern world."

Inaki laughed outright. "No one will ever read what you write. After you're executed our men will burn everything. What difference will what you think of me make then?"

"No difference. But millions of Americans have been conditioned as I have been. Whatever conclusion I finally come to about you, they'll independently reach the same conclusion. In this sense we need no written notes between us."

Inaki shrugged. "After the Americans have been at war a few years, your country will become tired of crusading. Americans become very quickly tired of everything. They will be glad to make a sensible peace. You can anticipate the public peace with a private one. Tell us about your artillery and we will show our gratitude."

"No use, Inaki. I am accustomed to the idea of dying."

"You will die a thousand deaths before you do."

"That's what we say of cowards."

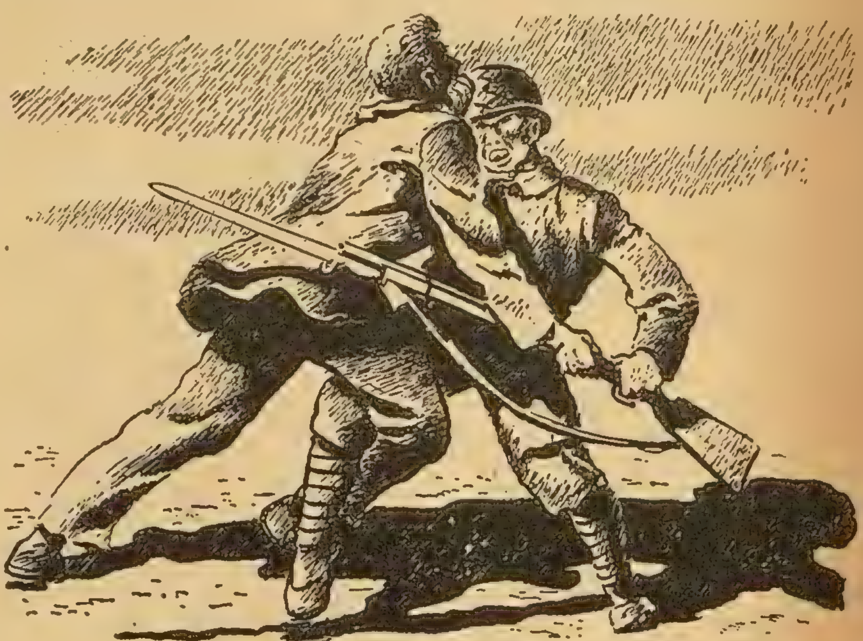
"It is good to have hope, Corporal Hilton, to know you will sometime go home. I can yet save your life if you wish it."

"Go away, you son of a bitch."

Inaki sighed. "Just as you say, my friend."

It may be that I have endowed our conversation with a certain order which it did not possess in its impromptu form; no dignity of expression can modify in my memory the humiliating beating which followed it.

Two stupid-looking soldiers struck me with heavy rattan whips, raising great welts on my legs and shoulders and face and arms. The physical world dropped out of my consciousness. I was pain personified, alone and suspended in a conflagration of agony. The set smile on Lieutenant Otoko's face ate into my soul as I danced and leaped involuntarily. Somewhere inside myself I wept for the humiliating picture I made.



I do not know how long it went on. The half hour my comrades say I was away has no meaning for me. Nishi Inaki came and stood by his lieutenant. His words were simple and matter-of-fact and softly spoken. "Tell us about your artillery," Inaki said.

It was impossible for me to remember why I shouldn't tell him about our artillery. All I could think of in my half-destroyed brain was that they were our enemy. Ignobly then I sank to the ground in a pretended faint. To keep a secret, of whatever significance, was my only means of fighting. One of the soldiers kicked me, but this made no impression on my sensibilities. They might kill me now, I thought, and I would not be altogether sorry to die.

"We could see it from the window," said Peters. His old-man's eyes were sorrowful, and he tried to conceal the pity in them.

Sachs laid my head on a rag of gunny sacking. It felt pleasant to be handled tenderly.

"You did all right," said Sergeant Evans, squirming nearer to me. He could no longer stand on his bad leg.

"I—" My first thought was a confession of truth. "I didn't actually faint. They wanted me to tell them about the artillery, Marty. I didn't know what else to do." I had begun to shiver and to sweat out cold perspiration.

"You shouldn't of talked to that greasy little interpreter," said Gabowitz from his corner.

"I didn't tell them anything. They wanted to know about our artillery, but I didn't tell them anything."

Sachs said, "I think the best thing we should do is to take them bloody coat and pants off of him."

I began whimpering like a little child who doesn't want to take his medicine. The pain of being undressed reinvoked all the sensations of my punishment. A thought that seemed important sloshed around in my head, and I tried to frame it into words.

"Listen. I don't want any of you people to think I'm a stinking hero because I didn't blab about the artillery. I—"

"All right, you're not a hero then. Quiet down," said Evans.

"Please wait until I finish what I want to say," I said pettishly. "They're going to kill us just the same. Telling them wouldn't save anybody anyway. They'll kill us the moment they find out what they want to know."

Evans smiled at me. "O. K. None of us is any stinking hero, boy. So don't worry. It's nothing to talk about. You took it fine."

"Did I?"

"We—" Evans husked his throat and turned his head away from me. "We made ourselves watch it through the window, Bill. All of us," he said. "We made ourselves look, so—well, so in a way you wouldn't be taking it alone."

Like a damned kid, I began to cry.

"Now see what the hell you went ahead and done," said Sachs.

Evans looked at his wasted hands. "That's right," said our sergeant. "I guess I talk too much."

That evening I was too weak to stand on our wobbly box to look at the stars, but slept in fitful dozes, disjointed recollections moving in and out of my brain. I remembered my mother dying. I recalled how I refused to kiss her dead lips. Not sorrow or pain, but profound pity had overwhelmed me. My time had not taught me the meaning of spiritual grace, and I could only pity my mother for dying so soon, for losing the sunlight, the odors of springtime, the joys of an embrace.

Now I myself was about to die. I had not Marty Evans' faith in a miraculous deliverance. I thought I understood the inflexible determination of our captors. They are barbarians; this is the way they fight. When we are good for nothing further they will kill us. It would be nice if I could think that when my heart is dead I'd see my mother in her angelic robes walking out to meet me. But I cannot. A simple faith would make it easier to die. In other wars men of religious conviction spoke of glory, and he who gave his life in battle was beloved of God Himself. My time has not created the faith in me to die for glory.

ONCE, long ago, I stood alone on a hallowed battlefield, the meadows of Gettysburg. I read again the legends on the monuments, I reread the words that made of this field a cemetery, and somehow in my innocence I hated the Emancipator for his dream. Why, I wondered, should we dedicate ourselves to an everlasting proposition? Either men are, or they are not, created equal. Was slavery, apparently eternal in its ever-changing colors and forms, the reason why brother should slaughter brother? What had the dead received for their sacrifice? I was very young. If in me was this pity for the killed, what must Abraham Lincoln have felt as he stood and read over their fresh graves his hastily scribbled words? How could I, in my sorrow at the futility of that carnage, have known that I would die upon another battlefield?

Meanly we lie in our foul-smelling prison, awaiting the end, without expectation of another Lincoln to pronounce his unforgettable phrases over our last resting place. There is no glory now, only a compulsion to complete our destiny. We are the defeated. Will you remember us, Americans?

These were the twisted thoughts that raced through my fevered imagination. Daylight and darkness mixed. I slept in fitful dozes. Johnny Sachs came over and bathed my chest and forehead with tepid, rotten-smelling water. At last I would dream again, crawling back mentally into another world.

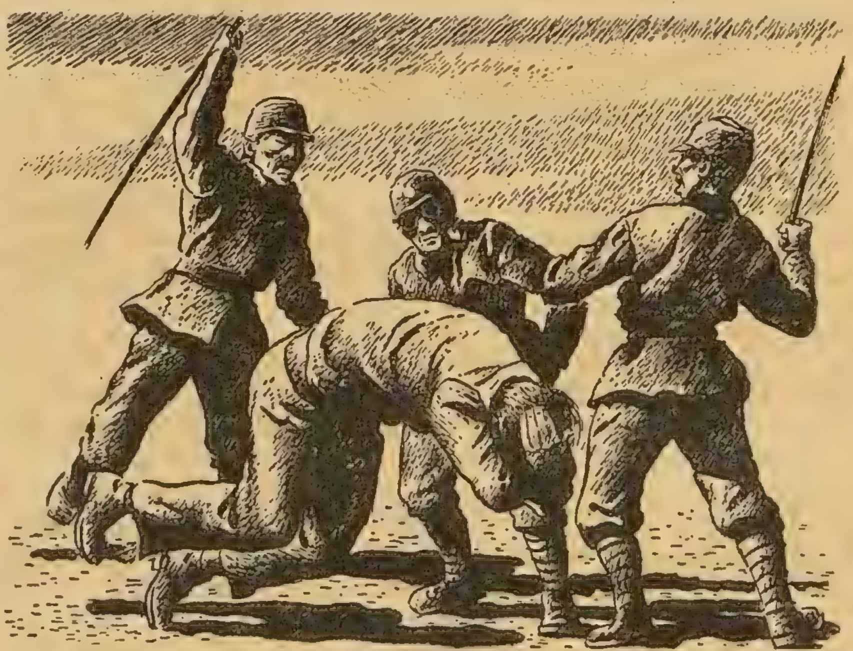
I remembered a rich afternoon in New York, when my parents had taken me to see Petrouchka performed by the Ballet Russe. Afterward I caught a glimpse on Water Street of a Negro chasing another black man with a horrible-looking knife. We went up into the arm of the Statue of Liberty, we looked down through the sunken rotunda of Grant's Tomb. My father took us to see the ghettos of the East Side.

And then, because a subtle analogy existed between the two, I thought of another rich afternoon when I had walked far into the country. In me was a tangible identity with the insects and the chattering birds. An instinct not easy to articulate with words translated the complex pattern of my impressions of city and country into a common sense of aliveness. Petrouchka and Negroes and ghettos and the speaking wind were all merely me being alive. Whatever I could see and feel made up my precious little moment in time.

Now, suddenly, I observe a fraternity in nature, a oneness I cannot pretend to understand. The flying bird, the Negro who runs from death, the poor who crowd in ghettos, the boy who dies upon the battlefield—all these are active members of a cult, the cult of participation. To take part in, to be a member of, may very well be the whole meaning of existence. Having at long last made my little platitudinous discovery, participation is snatched from me. No longer may I hear an orchestra play or see a ball game or fall in love. Gone is my membership in the human race, gone the rich afternoons, forcibly taken from me.

Americans, what will you give me in return?

What will you give young Johnny Sachs? He sits beside me, this coarse-spoken fellow I did not know three months ago. Lovingly he performs the meanest services for my body. What will they give him for his life, those countrymen of his who never loved him when he was alive? Knowing him now, I cannot hold this boy's life cheap. What will they pay him for his suffering? In pity and remembrance will they make a better world for Johnny Sachs? Ugliness and poverty were his lot. Do boys like Sachs agree to die so that the ugliness may be preserved? Does a soldier perish merely to preserve the status quo? Who is there that will not sometimes suspect that what we fight for is the security of a class? Liberty, freedom, equality are ringing words—examine these, and if young Sachs has never experienced them, what does he die for? To varied talents go diverse rewards, but the dying for what each man owns is all the same. There are no nicely graded ways to sacrifice your men in war according to their talents.



In my half-wakeful condition I heard my comrades discussing me. It seemed almost worth the pain I suffered to become the object of their concern.

"He looks kind of white. He ain't breathin' so good. That's the way they breathe sometimes when they—"

"Dry up," said Evans. "He'll come around all right. He's tougher than he looks."

"Accordin' to you," said Johnny Sachs, "everything is always bound to come out all right. If somebody shot a god-damn bullet through your head you'd claim it helped you to hear better."

"I hope he don't die," I heard Dink Peters say.

"None of us isn't going to die," said Evans.

"Maybe we ought to give him another drink of water," said Sachs. "Look how he's beginnin' to sweat."

Gabowitz said, "You're like the nurse that wakes up the patient to make him take his sleepin' medicine. All he needs is to be left alone."

"What's he always writing in that notebook?" asked Peters.

"It's a diary or something," said Evans. "I figure he's putting down in it all the things that are happening to us. Then maybe if this diary is found by any of our guys, they'll remember what to do when the time comes."

"Nobody'll ever find no diary of ours," said Sachs. "These Japanese bastards ain't that dumb."

"Writing up a diary," said Evans, "is better than not doing anything."

"That's your idea, not mine. I wish I looked at things like you do, Marty," Sachs said. "I wish I could look at the bright side of things, but I can't. What's the sense of kiddin' ourselves? One of these here mornings they're gonna go ahead and kill us, and that'll be the end of that."

Evans said, "I figure the time to give up hope is after you're dead."

I managed to awaken myself from the inertia that gripped my brain. I opened my eyes.

"Hello, boy," said Gabowitz. "How do you feel?"

I blinked. "I—I been hearing you fellows talk—"

"What you need is rest," said Gabby. "Sleep and rest."

"All right. Sleep and rest. . . ." My senses crawled back to the twilight shade of half-sleep, to a narcotic dream world of painless memory.

I remembered myself as a child, and how one day I became lost. I wandered in a wilderness of strange houses. The sky was not my sky, the trees that lined the streets seemed unfriendly and grim. A fearsome ogre that had no body or shape pursued me. I ran, and then began to weep; nowhere was there a familiar thing or any one who cared if I was lost. A loneliness like nothing I'd ever known enveloped me. Loneliness was the ogre that had caught me in its terrifying arms.

And then a girl came by, a girl with brown ribbed stockings, and when she spoke to me the ice melted from around my cold heart. The sky brightened. The clammy-fingered ogre cringed away, as though the demon of loneliness was not a match for one small girl. She asked me where I lived. My name and where I lived came back to me. She took me home. The trees all smiled again. Again I was part of something tangible in a place made ready for me before I had been born. I did not know how to be grateful. I knew only that my house was the best house on the street, my street the nicest in the world.

I don't think I'd regret it if I knew my dying now might partly pay the girl in brown ribbed stockings for her kindness to a child. Where is she now? Perhaps in the heart of Johnny Sachs, in Evans' heavy-timbred voice. Maybe my rescuer is human affection itself. She is not here to put her arm about my waist, to comfort me and to bring me home again. But Evans and Peters and Gabowitz and Sachs are with me. The same gentle virtue lives somewhere in them. They will be with me even as I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Whatever happens, I shall not be alone.

THEY think with different brains from ours, our enemies. Their values seem to us curiously lopsided. Itami Otoko is a soldier. He is dispassionate, calculating, ruthless, and at the same time as elementary in his understanding of us as a bush native. He is the victim of a fixed idea. He wants to know about our artillery, and he subjects us to every ridiculous sort of compulsion to tell him. He beats us dutifully, then tosses us scraps of food. He underestimates our mentalities. He does not know what makes us tick. Sometimes he is clever enough. Two mornings ago he sent in his orderly with clean rice, and on the floor the orderly put a package of cigarettes and a book of safety matches. The matches had printed on the cover an advertisement for a hotel in San Francisco.

Big Evans—I mean he used to be big; he is losing flesh rapidly—looked at the matches and at the picture of the hotel, and his bloodshot eyes blinked involuntarily. Our physical degeneration appears natural, but the degree to which our emotions have decayed never fails to shock us. As Evans gazed at the cigarettes, saliva ran from his mouth, and his jaws opened and closed spasmodically. We all acted this way, our nerves jerking with uncontrollable desire. Evans picked up the package and fondled it sensuously as the rest of us silently looked on.

The relationship of rank which exists between us is simple enough. We are soldiers, our training subjecting us to a special kind of indoctrination. Evans is our sergeant. Gabowitz and I are corporals, Sachs and Peters privates. We take pride in maintaining our personal independence, but in any matter which affects us militarily and as a group we automatically defer to the judgment of our ranking noncom.

The cigarettes involved a heartbreaking decision. We knew why they'd been tossed to us. It was a childish device, implying better treatment if we did what our captors asked. Evans fingered the pristine package with nervous excitement. He glanced from one to the other of us, seeking some hint of encouragement. Though we were all inveterate smokers we compelled ourselves to look away. I won't pretend to guess what the struggle cost him, but finally he scrambled painfully on his one good leg and dropped the precious cigarettes out of the window. When he came back he hid the matches in a corner, then turned to us. "The way my lungs feel now," he said dully, licking his cracked lips, "a butt would just about kill me. I thought we'd keep the matches though. They might come in handy."

"Maybe," said Sachs, "maybe we can capture this Inaki some way and set him on fire."

The idea of setting Inaki on fire titillated our imaginations. While the blazing sun beat down on the roof above us we talked for hours of how we should treat the lieutenant and his English-speaking satellite were they in our power. We laughed for the first time in days. Perhaps we became hysterical, but it did us good. Our enemy failed to understand us. We were outwitting him at every turn. We would not smoke his cigarettes, would not consciously let ourselves be corrupted in any way that might destroy our will to resist.

WHY do we maintain our obstinacy? None of us is cut from a single piece of cloth. Evans often bores us with his optimism. Little Peters, and his nightmares, is sometimes more than we can endure. Gabowitz has a sullen streak in him which annoys us. Johnny Sachs tells us curious, vulgar stories that set our teeth on edge. I cannot resist sometimes displaying a patronizing superiority which I know must infuriate my comrades, and of this I am ashamed. We are commonplace boys. And yet some strange loyalty gives us the courage to resist. Is it self-respect, or the respect in which we hold one another? In any case we cling together in our misery. Some unclassifiable virtue inherent in my companions makes them beautiful to me, in spite of all their human failings.

I am not a thinker. In my effort to discover the wherefore of my dying, I find my mind adventuring in unfamiliar areas of speculation. So much of my thinking is merely wondering, so often am I reduced to begging the question. Hardship, the unbearable rigors of ill-usage, would eventually reduce us to the status of animals, I had supposed. But this is not so. Condemned to die, beaten and demeaned, our manhood survives. When all else is taken from my comrades I see a nobility I had not noticed before. Hardly conscious of itself, it shines luminously through their thin bodies, it looks out of their tortured eyes. A quality like the strength of faith flows from them. As my remembered lady in brown-ribbed stockings idealized herself in my mind as human affection, so do my comrades personify the potential courage of us all.

We are asking the consent of our minds to die, yet in a profound sense our stupid enemy is incapable of killing us. A little while ago our torturer returned to drag Sergeant Evans to his feet and question him about the matches. A single interpreter creates the impression of monotony; often I wished that Otoko spoke English. Always we were compelled to apprehend our captors through the limited intelligence of Inaki.

"The matches, sergeant."

"Matches?"

Inaki struck our comrade upon his gangrened thigh. Evans moaned in his chest, moaned as though he would die.

“You damned people are extremely nuisance to me,” declared Inaki. “I send you in cigarettes and matches—”

“Your lousy English hurts our ears.” I do not know what prompted me to goad him on. “Isn’t there any one else in the whole Japanese army to take your place?”

This time Inaki hit me across the face with his rattan whip. I held my head for a minute until some of the flaming pain died down. Then I nodded toward Gabowitz. “His skull, I think, is fractured. Hit him a good hard one on the skull, Inaki.”

“What makes you people so god-damn perverse?” demanded Inaki angrily.

Sergeant Evans smiled. “Maybe it is because we are human beings, sonny.”

Inaki shook his head impatiently. “The matches.”

“What did you expect us to do with them,” said Gabowitz, “set this tin toilet on fire?”

“God-damn perverse,” Inaki repeated. “How does anybody know what five American madmen will do with a book of matches? They were to be smoked with. Promptly to give them back, please.”

“Get him the matches, Peters,” said Sergeant Evans.

“You prisoners make everybody sick,” said Inaki as he took the matches and, striking one, lit the others and tossed the burning booklet on the ground. “You could eat well again, you could stay alive as friends of a kindly enemy, you could smoke cigarettes and enjoy life once more. But you are too damn perverse.”

Evans still leaned helplessly against the hot metal side of our prison wall. “That’s the point, Inaki,” he said mildly, still exhibiting his unconquerable smile. “Without some self-respect inside a guy, there just isn’t any sense of him being alive. You can’t kill us, sonny, and it makes you sore. Your bullets and your swords are all useless against anything you don’t understand. You can never kill us, Inaki.”

“American madmen!” the Japanese exclaimed, stalking out in front of the open-mouthed sentry.

It may indeed have been mad, but at the moment it struck me as magnificent; a man, sick unto death of his wounds, smiling his conqueror out of countenance. In one profound sense our enemy is incapable of killing us. Our spirit is unbreakable, our memories cling on. We talk about our past lives.

Evans recalls a play in which a lovely Hawaiian girl throws herself into the fiery crater of Mauna Loa so that her white lover may be free. The foolish memories crowd back upon us: how little Peters once won a bet by eating six dozen chocolate rabbits; how it took Gabowitz three terms in carpentry class to make a simple wooden taboret. Each little pleasure we once enjoyed is magnified in our minds. Like sightless aged folk, we live inside our memories. Then old dreams suddenly explode into the awful present as some new device by our barbarian enemies is tried on us. Two days ago it was the cigarettes, yesterday after Inaki left they took our clothes away. A normal body is an excellent thing, sinewy with the healthy flesh of a functioning animal; we, however, are repulsive to ourselves without our clothes. Yet this esthetic disgust is nothing to the torture we endure from flies and insects. We squirm helplessly in our steaming airless prison. Our endurance amazes me, and I repeatedly conclude that inside the most ordinary of men there resides a fortitude derived from some extrahuman source.

THE secret of the personalities of my comrades fascinates me. Tirelessly in my mind I keep piecing together the fragments in their conversations, hoping in the end to have tangible biographies that may help to inform my mind. Before he enlisted in the Regular Army Gabowitz worked in an auto assembly plant in Chicago. His education was the usual eight grades and an uncomfortable year in high school. His neighborhood was the breeding ground for the poor; his parents maintained a peasant awe of class distinctions. Early noticing man’s inhumanity to man, young Gabowitz was of the sort to accept with enthusiasm the conventional tenets of Marxism. Then something happened to destroy his faith in the toiler as an organized man. Suddenly he saw negation all about him, the negation of hypocritical selfishness veneered with lofty words.

Once Gabby put his cold cynicism into words. “Don’t try to tell me,” he said. “People are out for themselves. Sure, there may be some decent guys around somewhere, but you very seldom meet ’em.” Gabowitz enlisted in the Regular Army, and it seemed to suit him fine. There were rules you could depend on, nobody held your name against you, and the only boss who could exploit you was old Uncle Sam.

Marty Evans is blither than Gabowitz. He observes no fatal defect in human nature. Injustice and confusion are inherent in his scheme of things. Evans believes in luck; there is a hierarchy of superstitions that lives in his mind, beginning with rabbits’ feet and ending in the Deity. Evans is not a reasoner. He doubts the influence of reason upon either men or events. Sentiments and passions and ambitions are unamenable to reason, and these are what rule the earth. He is not tortured, he is not driven by questions and doubts as I am. When he was seventeen he became bored with school and began doing odd jobs. When the war came he was working in the parts department of a large machinery concern. Life, according to Evans, is a complex and exciting narrative. If some one told you the plot it would spoil the story. God is the untiring author who bothers most with the principal characters, like Roosevelt and Stalin and Hedy Lamarr, allowing the little fellows to work out their own destinies.

None of us dies for gain; thus I conclude that what we give our lives for is a principle, and it seems to me all-important that I try to understand the nature of my comrades’ convictions. Little by little the cruel circumstances of our predicament bring us closer together for comfort. When Evans can no longer endure the pain of his festering leg, Joe Gabowitz holds his comrade’s shoulders tight in his arms while he whispers a crooning refrain, “You’ll be all right, boy—you’ll be all right,” over and over again until our sergeant’s agony has subsided. This is the Joe Gabowitz who tells me that people are out for themselves.

I DOUBT if our captor sees us as anything but ugly remainders of flesh. How could he understand that something invincible pulses beneath our rotten skins, that in the possession of our unbreakable spirits we have transcended his most exquisite cruelty? Unable to kill us, in Evans’ sense, he dragged us forth a day ago, paraded us unclothed and bleeding before a detachment of his troops. Nishi Inaki stood beside us translating his “respected” lieutenant’s words. The officer smiled with wooden nonchalance as he explained us to his men. We were Americans. This was the sort of degenerate weaklings with whom the Japanese warrior had to deal. Once captured, they disintegrated. What had soldiers to fear from such wretches as we who staggered here before them?

These brutes who have broken our bodies undoubtedly believe in the efficacy of their technique. They are primitive, but cunning and patient. They will wait, they think, until our endurance ends. It is a little thing, unimportant to the outcome of this unequal struggle. But the *face* of Itami Otoko is involved, as is our determination, and so it becomes for them and for us a contest of profound significance. They believe in the virtue of brutality; by our obstinacy we deny its validity. Here in miniature is the conflict in its essence. We do not pretend to be heroes. We cannot help ourselves—our barbarian captor wields an absolute power; we’re what he makes us. I watch my companions bravely suffer and I think that we are better than he, yet perhaps in the end our dying flesh will capitulate. Our wills must sometime crumple, and then it may be that we shall unwittingly tell him what he wants to know. It was Johnny Sachs who brought the problem to light.

“I ain’t kickin’. I can take this punishment about as long as anybody can.” Sachs is in better physical condition than the others of us. “But I figure it ain’t gonna be long now. A guy is only human. Some one’s bound to break in the end, and when it happens all the beatin’ we took won’t make no difference then.”

Peters said quickly, "It won't be me. I'd rather be dead anyway. It'll never be me!"

"I got pretty near all I want of it," said Sachs. "It's so now that most of the time I can't remember why the hell we're here. Pretty soon they're gonna get impatient."

"Impatient?" Marty Evans twisted his hip painfully and gazed at Johnny Sachs.

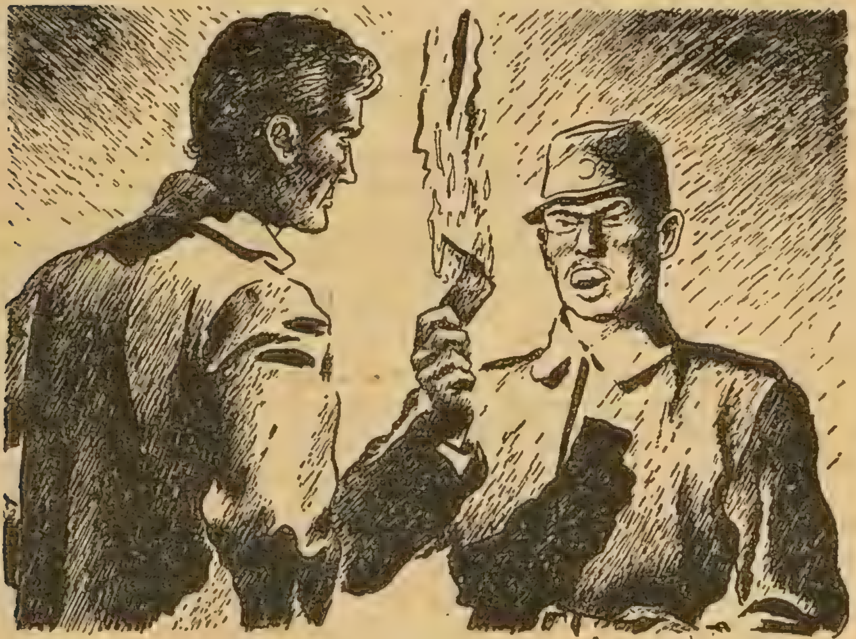
"Where's your imagination? If ever they begin the really rough stuff, like choppin' our hands off, that's the end for me. If it's *my* hands, O. K. But if I got to look at it bein' done to one of us, that's when I'd crack. I'd blabber, and whatever we already went through would be for nothin'."

"Do you know some way to escape out of here?" asked Gabowitz.

"Yeah." Sachs had been working with his fingers on a loose tooth, and now it came out. "Yeah, I know a way to excape out o' here. There's one last way of excapin' from any place."

"What do you mean?" My mouth was dry.

"The kid there," he said, moving a shoulder toward young Peters, "knows what I'm talkin' about. Oh, I guess you thought I wasn't listenin' when he asked you that first day to kill him. I'm ready for it now if the rest of you fellows are. It'd of saved us a lot of aches if we'd of did it then. It's gonna come soon, anyway."



What Sachs meant was impossible to misunderstand. The thought had been edging closer and closer to the conscious part of my mind for days. It had been impossible not to admit that when all human hope had gone, when pain finally overwhelmed us, when our brains no longer functioned, we would probably destroy ourselves.

Evans screwed his back into a better position.

"A man that watches out and takes care of himself can last a long time," he said.

"O. K." Sachs spat up some blood from his bleeding mouth. "I just wanted you to know I'm ready to check out any time you fellows are. I can take it, but I can't stand to see other people gettin' it."

"For myself," said Evans, "I've got convictions against suicide. I don't mean I'm trying to tell you fellows what to do. I've lived all my life by hunches. Some of 'em worked and some of 'em didn't, but all of 'em was fun believing in while they lasted. I've got a hunch now in the pit of my stomach, the best betting hunch I ever had." Evans curled his lips into a grotesque death's-head grin. "I'm betting we come out of this alive. And if we don't—well, just try and collect."

I said, "How do you figure we'll make it, Marty? We're not strong enough to walk back to our lines even if they opened the door and told us to go."

"Don't ask me. I've seen a lot of miracles in my time that I can't explain. I've seen guys get chewed up with machinery and still live. I've seen a cheap nag forty lengths behind at the three-quarter walk away from the pack to win. I've—"

Marty Evans' skin suddenly turned blue. The words choked up in his throat, his breath hissed through his clenched teeth like escaping steam. "It's—it's coming on again."

We had to hold him, Gabowitz and I. It was the worst spell he had had. He screamed as we worked upon his festered leg, then his nerves relaxed and he slipped into unconsciousness. We gave him some of the dirty water in the pail to drink, and little by little he revived. Finally he was able to articulate his words.

"Johnny."

"Yeah?"

"I—they'll never get the best of us. Don't ever tell 'em, will you, Johnny?"

The tears flowed in Sachs' inflamed eyes. "What do you think I am?"

"We're not checking out yet, Johnny. I got a hunch. A human being's a tough bastard."

"O. K., sarge," said Johnny Sachs. "Whatever you say is O. K. with me."

"That's good, Johnny. That's good."

YESTERDAY I operated on Sergeant Evans' leg. Our morale is good, and we are still capable of analysis and co-operation. Our allowance of food was given me. My companions kept the insects away from my body while I slept. I was bathed and massaged in preparation for the ordeal. Waiting for the full light of morning, I tried as best I could to remember upon a page of my notebook the fundamentals of anatomy I learned so long ago in classroom. My father is a doctor and I tried to squeeze together the memory of everything I had ever heard him tell about the human leg. I studied my own leg and tried to chart the nerves and vessels.

I'd never seen my father do an operation. The boy I used to be disgusts me now. Once I'd thought my father a mediocre man because his medical practice left him little time for culture. It is too late for me to regret that now. We made a passable knife. Most of the previous day we'd sat and honed against Peters' shoes the silver medal of St. Christopher that Evans wore on a string about his neck. Razor-sharp at last, we firmly bound it to a stick of wood, and it made a reasonably satisfactory scalpel. All squeamishness has disappeared from us. Squeamishness is a luxury we do without, as Evans did without the luxury of an anesthetic.

I thought I might successfully reach the piece of embedded steel and drain Evans' leg; I would incise through the flat side of the thigh closest the bone. But the skin seemed papery and fragile, and I had no means of suturing. I could hear a proper surgeon murmuring something about prompt amputation. It wasn't a leg I wanted to save, but relief from pain, and so I would make a short diagonal lesion, hoping we could bind the overlap of flesh back into place.

St. Christopher's knife had been sterilized to the best of my ability in water held up to the hot rays of the sun. I called for Nishi Inaki. I waited, and at last he came.

"I am opening my comrade's leg."

"Ah? Are you a doctor, corporal?"

"No."

"That would not be nice, then. He needs a doctor. I'll call one if—"

I spat out some dry saliva.

"Then what do you want of me?"

"To watch."

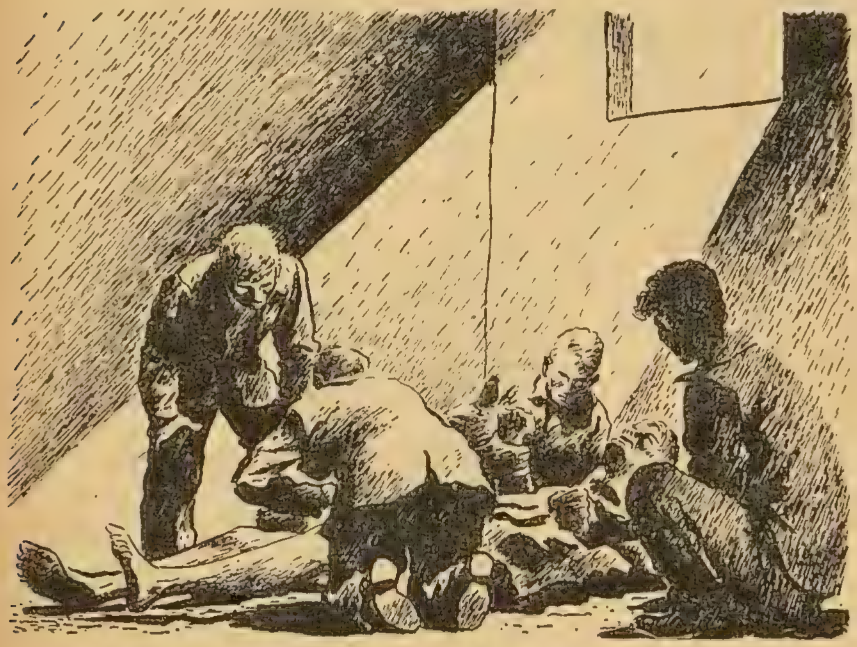
"Why should I watch you butcher your countryman, corporal?"

"I would like to make you ashamed of yourself and your race."

Then I began my operation, and Inaki did not go away, but stood transfixed, unable to remove his eyes from the bloody scene before him. Evans made no sound as I worked slowly through the festering tissue. A little prayer found a place for itself in one compartment of my mind, a prayer that were my father by my side he might have taken pride in what I did. Gabowitz, whom I had instructed, sponged the opening layers of our comrade's flesh as deliberately I laid them bare. The green pus drained, and marvelous confidence possessed my hand.

Beside the bone my scalpel contacted the object of its search with a little grating sound. My patient was losing more blood than I liked. I had no anesthetician to check the count, but only Gabowitz and Peters and Sachs to help hold in his life. Evans moaned when I groped for the piece of steel; that was all. A fibrous mass had grown all about it, but with determination I cut it out. We allowed him to bleed a little more—I had no antiseptic. The incision was the width of my hand. We had no clamps, no tubing, but I was not trying to save a leg. In another week or so they'll kill us all, and legs won't matter then. But Marty Evans now is free from his indescribable pain.

They gave us back our clothes a day or two ago. I doubt if it's possible for me to remember things by days much longer. One of our sentries tells us we've been eleven days in captivity. When they signify the end of our lives, eleven days resemble the moment it takes a camera to record a picture; measured by our miseries they seem an eternity. Physically there is little fear left in us. Time has made us used to the thought of dying. Mercifully we shall slip into nothingness, the nothingness of how it was before our births. Meanwhile our memories persist, the brain remains intact, and while it continues to function we maintain our identities. Gabowitz clings to his iconoclasm, Evans to his hunch, Sachs to his dread of other people's pain, while I continue to think as I perforce must do upon paper.



None of my comrades has read a page of my diary. What they might make of these stumbling efforts to come upon a truth, I am unable to imagine. It is possible that we should each suppose the others insane were it possible to see into one another's brains. Yet the terror, I know, resides in the fear of loneliness. No doubt madness is dissociation from all human contact. Pain nor poverty, hunger nor studied injustice permanently hurts us. We go mad and die when there is no one we can love, no beauty to sing in our hearts, no homeland to require our affection. The power of our collective will to endure equals the sum of our mutual self-respect: whatever else the enemy has made of us, he has failed to destroy our faith in one another.

Together we are unconquerable, but in the lonely moments I am terrified. When my comrades find sleep and at last I know I am alone, I put away my thinking and weep hot silent tears. I weep in my despair, I weep for the emotions I cannot conquer, I cry for the sadness that must always be. My reasoned thinking is stilled, and in the night I wonder only why there is sadness in the world. I wonder why there are sorrow and death, and cruelty and greed, expecting no answer.

It was my ambition to write a book. Its content is still vague in my mind, but I think that what I intended was to reach out with words in an attempt to articulate some final truth, for truth is changeless, unshatterable. A thing is so, and neither bullets nor specious arguments can ever change the so-ness of a fact.

Ambitions no longer matter. I am living my book, the book our enemy has unwittingly granted me opportunity to write. What I am composing is not a story, a drama of simple experience, but the account of an adventure of the mind. My brain hungers, before it dies, for some eternal verity. Finding it, I shall die content.

In my need I focus and refocus the pale ray of my intelligence on whatever object may reflect a true image. I think of England, the London of a year or so ago, when out of the heavens rained bombs, when British soldiers died hopelessly fighting on foreign shores and dreadnoughts sank into the sea, when brave young navigators fell out of the sky and elderly ladies were blown to bits in churches. And when the lull came, the living stood beside the heaps of their dead, immovable.

Was it a piece of earth called England that made them invincible? Did they give their babies for a part of Africa or Singapore? To me the courage that defends the ownership of a thing is materialism; mere materialists could not have tearlessly watched the stones of their ancient London come tumbling down. They saw its destruction, and yet they would not yield. They must have felt a wondrous truth, these English folk, because they stood, like truth, immovable and unconquerable.

So I do not believe a preposition demands our sacrifice. We do not fight *for* England or home, though home is inextricably mixed with our emotions. It may be comradeship, a thing I do not properly understand. Little Dink Peters looks at me, a strange shyness in his glance. It is as though Peters and I had separated in some distant age and become strangers; now meeting here by accident, the memory of our ancient brotherhood is vague. Yet in his glance is a kind of recognition, a diffident yearning to renew an old relationship. Perhaps what we fight for is simple comradeship, the unacknowledged affection we feel for one another; we become melancholy and at last mad when friendship is denied us. Faced with a common enemy, we remember we are brothers. Together we stand, as the folk of England stood, united by an unbreakable tie of affection.

WILLINGLY would I volunteer to sacrifice myself for my beliefs—my home, a principle I might stubbornly maintain, the values of my way of life, whatever I personally cherish and hold dear. But I have been drafted to die; I die by the compulsion of a superior will. Have I not, then, the right to understand why? If I am being sacrificed to maintain a society of fools and vulgarians and rascals, I die unjustly. If I die for meaningless generalities thought up by chauvinist politicians, by song writers or patriotic pamphleteers, I die a shabby death. Happily, I doubt it. Armies by this time would have tired of fighting for spurious propaganda. The men who take our ships to sea, our planes aloft, don't do it to preserve rascality. They fight for each other, the brave.

Only mutual esteem will see us through, of this I am certain. Evans and Sachs and Gabowitz and Peters and I, standing together and united in a single purpose, are defeating our enemy—surely, inevitably. They cannot break us, they can only destroy our bodies. Believing as I do in truth, I am confident our efforts will not be in vain. I'll be dead when it's finished, but I do not doubt my country's victory. Our enemies are powerful but stupid. Brutality as a technique is defective; it indicates an absence of self-confidence. Our enemies are sick with the fear of inevitable defeat, and in their sickness they kill wantonly and torture. Hatred is their weapon; soon it will dull itself against the truth of our common brotherhood. This is the emerging fact. In this I can believe.

If one must die at all—and of escaping I have no hope—then let it be with Dink Peters and Gabowitz, with Sachs and Marty Evans. Within Evans is personified the truth of an idea. In him is symbolized that faith which is a synonym for courage. Marty's leg is not good. It should be amputated. True, the operation removed the cause of the infection. But the gangrene had advanced too far. He does not experience excruciating pain, but his foot is purple and shriveled, and the use of his leg is gone. There is a disease which has taken possession of his body, some contraction of the nerves. I think Martin Evans is dying and he knows it.

But as he lies dying in his corner he smiles. From his eyes shines an unshakable encouragement to hope. He does not think of himself, but of us. It is our faith in the ultimate goodness of the human heart he would preserve. He wants us to keep faith with ourselves, and, in so doing, to justify our existence. His love of life is uncritical. All of whatever happens is properly a part of it. He wants us to understand this, he wants somehow to imbue us with his everlasting faith in the propriety of all things.

To feel that he is my friend mitigates my circumstance. His compliment for my operation filled me with pride. Our minds still work well, and though our emotions perceptibly decay, we understand each other. In books I had read how men cooped together find themselves squabbling like animals. This has not been our experience. Closely we cling together for comfort.

Peters cries in the night. He is the least able of us to express himself. Dink is only nineteen. When he enlisted he was a hard and knotty youngster. No one fought more bravely in our company than young Peters.

His home had been near Petaluma, California. During his youth he helped his father on a small egg ranch. Where he lived was a treeless hill exposed to the blazing sun in summer, the continual rains of winter. About it was a kind of barren beauty, a solitude that made Peters into a wordless and imaginative boy.

Inarticulate with words, young Peters' mind is given to nightmares. He whimpers in the night, and if Sachs is awake he tries to comfort him. I often sit with Peters when it is dark, repeating amusing stories in an attempt to exorcise the devil which possesses his sleeping soul.

Marty argues with Gabowitz while I write steadily in my diary. Generally Marty is not wistful. Wanting in him is passive. But he regrets his inability to receive extreme unction. He explains it to the scoffing Gabowitz as a conceit, albeit a religious one. He denies thinking a formula mumbled in Latin over a dying man will send him posthaste to heaven. Gabowitz misses the point. There is a mystical beauty in formulae. Extreme unction is a parting blessing, a formal good-by, a last kind wish from the living. Death is made conventional by the rite. Marty Evans can expect no such good-by, and a little melancholy clouds his gentle smile.

I think now calmly of my own death and, strangely, I am not discouraged. I died when young Lenn Morrow fell beside me. I died when I knew our forces were defeated, when our captain cried, when the few planes we owned flew up valiantly into the blue sky, never again to return, when I groveled in the dirt at the feet of my inferiors. One day our bombers will fly in great fleets to drop patterns of death upon their cities; our tanks will roll over their prostrate bodies, our guns will pound them to fleshless rubble. But meanwhile I have died a dozen deaths. I died when I watched my comrades suffer, when Gabowitz was clubbed to earth, when Nishi Inaki laughed at me. But I shall persist in spite of these little deaths. I and my comrades shall persist until they stop our hearts with bullets.

I am not discouraged.

LATELY I have become subject to a new kind of illness. When I lie stretched out motionless for a while my nerves begin to hum, and my whole body becomes light and aerial. My sensation is quite physical, sometimes being accompanied by a peculiar ballooning of the feet. Usually I am able eventually to regain control of myself. But now and then my sensation exerts a complete mastery over me, and I think this is the way it first feels when one is dying.

Release from pain is having its effect upon Evans. He is weak, he still experiences his little shivery spasms, but they are less frequent, and he now converses almost normally again. Peters appears cured of his dysentery. He is extraordinarily frail, a mere wisp of a body, looking like pictures I once saw of starving Chinese children. Gabowitz has become groggy. He staggers when he tries to walk, and this annoys him. Beneath his brooding melancholy there exists a kind of grim satisfaction, as though our predicament were a final confirmation of his belief in the malignance of nature. Sachs must be called remarkable. Never especially healthy-looking, he appears less changed than any of us.

Our minds are still clear. This never fails to surprise and gratify me. By now, I thought, one or the other of us must have gone mad. Rather, it seems to me that our faculties have in some fashion increased their sensitivity. I don't mean that we have become clairvoyant. It is merely that we realize our situation clearly. We are without the egotisms and illusions of an everyday existence. The little conceits it is so natural and yet so useless to cultivate have atrophied in us. Only a few bitter hours of life are left. Because we face eternity we seem now thoroughly to understand for the first time the absurdities of human vanity. "World conquest" strikes me as a fatuous phrase. Our Japanese friends cannot even conquer five starving men. No one can conquer courage or beauty or love; no one can conquer truth or learning or time, for these are an essence, an essence that slips through the fingers of barbarians and fools. Time and the earth are one in history, and history is what the dead take with them.

Sometimes in the night, when sleep will not come to me, I think harsh thoughts: I think the loyal fight and die for the unscrupulous. I think that men exploit the justness of their cause for private profit. I think that liberty with some is a synonym for self-preservation. I think that decency and human affection, like prayers, are suspect; ideals are generally suspect to narrow and vulgar minds. I am incapable of reforming such people if I would.

But while the five of us lie dying, there are those who callously pursue their private interests, and I think it is such as they who would look on my view of history with contempt, who would laugh at Evans' prayers.

They are not the prayers of our clergymen back home, Evans' prayers. Neither do they resemble the importunities of the poor for food, the rich for grace, the smug for divine justification, the sniveling of the sinner for absolution. I remember Evans when his legs were whole. We used to call him "Big Evans." Smiling, fearless, clearheaded, he seemed to me like the idealization of a soldier on enlistment posters. Now he sits, dirty and helpless, a heap of dying bones in the corner of an enemy prison.

Big Evans is gone, and all the physical excellence he once possessed. He evokes in this dark hour the spiritual identity of his God. Calmly he communes with this image in his heart, and I think I would not like to have his death upon my conscience.

INAKI has been here often. If perseverance is a virtue our friends will be difficult to defeat. Inaki reminds me of a bug trying to climb out of a bathtub. The tension in the atmosphere increases. There is reason to believe our end is near. The great assault will soon begin. A soldier intuitively feels the coming of a battle. We know the Jap has been momentarily frustrated. All the while we have been imprisoned we clearly understood the nature of the siege. When they've gathered sufficient men and planes and artillery they will attack. Our position is untenable. Food and ammunition finally exhausted, lacking air support and reinforcement, we shall surrender. And although we ourselves are no longer part of the final battle we are depressed by the inevitability of our defeat. I know our sparse artillery will take its toll of enemy lives before it is finally destroyed. In a way, we fight on the side lines, but still we fight. Incapable of perceiving the existence of any value but the materialistic, Inaki cannot reason why we should still refuse to divulge our information.

When it was he came and offered us freedom I cannot now remember.

"I want to come in," said Nishi Inaki through the window.

Why should he speak thus, as though cautious of us? For a brief moment I was sure he knew we had discussed the possibility of killing him. Then I worried. Sachs had the makeshift knife. I worried that perhaps he would attack the interpreter in a sudden frenzy. I knew that Johnny was not likely to succeed in so desperate an attempt, that Inaki could kill him quite easily and would. The thought made me nervous.

"Good morning," said Inaki. The sentry had opened our door, and Inaki involuntarily recoiled from the sight of us and the stench of our prison.

"Good morning, my friend," I said.

"Now you tell me about the artillery."

"No, Inaki. Why doesn't your aviation get reconnaissance pictures from the air?" We both knew our antiaircraft had been knocking their reconnaissance planes out of the sky like clay pigeons.

"Your comrades very ill."

"We're all pretty sick," I said. "But we agreed long ago among ourselves to tell you nothing."

"I know. It is difficult for me. Our lieutenant has become very angry. The general knows we have this means of getting information, and makes us much trouble. I am very sincere in please asking for it."

"I can still laugh."

"Then I don't put it right," said Inaki. "How could we know you make a matter of importance of it? We are military, taking orders. We have patriotism, too. I think our respected lieutenant makes a mistake."

"Yes. Your lieutenant has tried to make animals of us. Animals cannot talk, my friend."

"I am sincerely sorry, take my word for it."

"Once I permitted myself to talk to you, and I was whipped. You can whip me again if you please, Inaki, because I can't live much longer anyway."

"Beg to contradict, corporal. Confess to a desperate desire to have information. Our lieutenant does not know your ways, he makes a mistake. Very humbly implore—"

"Get that bastard out of here," said Sachs, grunting. "I'll kill him."

I placed myself between Johnny and the interpreter. Fear shivered all through me. I couldn't help it. I turned to Johnny and I said, "Give me the knife, boy."

For a long time we looked into each other's eyes. Finally he held his hand out to me and dropped the knife into mine. It was hot and wet with sweat. I turned to Inaki. "My friend was going to kill you."

"Ah." He stared strangely at Johnny Sachs. *"Sore ni soi nai n'desu,"* he said.

"We do not understand Japanese."

"I say I believe it." He shook himself. "I am empowered to offer you your freedom."

"Your offer to capitulate comes too late. We're incapable of moving."

"You will be given transportation."

"And the condition of our release?"

"The information concerning the location of artillery in Sector M."

I think my chest swelled and I know I smiled. "I'll convey your offer to our sergeant."

"You needn't bother," said Evans from his place on the floor. "From now on each soldier here will make his own decision. A man has a right to save his life if he can."

Then he began calling our names. "Hilton, do you want to accept the interpreter's offer?"

"No."

"Peters?"

"No."

"Gabowitz?"

"No."

"Sachs?"

"No."

WE were all smiling now, looking at Nishi Inaki. I will admit the Japanese is persistent. "At Pearl Harbor we surprise the United States. But you also have methods of surprise strange to us. How can anybody tell that among five soldiers we do not find a weakling? We are sorry we misjudge. Now we admire, we frankly confess want of information. Much face is lost, but we implore very humbly. I am asked by our commanding officer to make any offer within our power."

"We're sick, Inaki," I said. "You've broken us and degraded us before your men. We realize we have to die. You've made a war on the United States of America, and our deaths are only the beginning of the lives we will spend to annihilate your nation. Good-by and god damn you, my friend. We'll never tell you anything, never."

I had become excited, my face flushed hotly, I was making a fool of myself. Unnerved, I sank down beside my comrades.

"Not sensible, this attitude." Inaki was smiling again, a smile of cold superiority. "We make an argument, and all arguments most unrealistic. Everything is a bargain in this world, gentlemen. Everything give and take, like buying shoes or ladies or farmhouse or freedom. We learn honor of five Americans comes high. Very well. Purchaser wants to give greatest value for goods received. Name price."

Evans said, "You've got a queer slant on things, Inaki. But maybe you're right. I've been trying to think of what you could pay that would be worth the information you want. How about the life of your commanding general?"

Inaki straightened imperceptibly. "I don't come to joke, Sergeant Evans."

"Well, that's our price. Execute your commanding general in front of our door. Then we'll tell you what you want to know. Everything give and take, everything a bargain in this world, Inaki."

"American fools!"

"You got his goat that time, Marty," said Sachs. "I'd've settled for Inaki and the lieutenant."

Were these mock heroics? On paper they seem so. Yet nothing could have summed up better what all of us felt than Evans' commonplace remark after Inaki had gone. He smiled almost happily from his helpless position on the prison floor. "If five half-dead guys like us can outsmart those monkeys, imagine what our Army and Navy'll do to them one of these days!" And then Evans added, "My only regret is that I may not be alive to see it."

Maybe, I thought, our sergeant has hit upon the truth of Nathan Hale's regrets. Whether this is so or not, it was his admission that he is dying. It will be an anonymous fame he enjoys. Posterity will never know how Evans died for his country. He'll have accomplished nothing except to prove that men are still unselfish and brave.

NIGHT comes at last. Still strong enough to clamber upon the shaky box and look outdoors, I attempt to translate for Evans my impressions of the exterior world. I know his life ebbs away, and so I try with my febrile thoughts to hide our fears.

"The sky isn't any single color tonight, Marty. It's one of those Maxfield Parrish skies, all dabbed up with paintbox colors."

"Never . . . never heard of the guy." Evans pretends he is in excellent health and that what I say amuses him.

"There's a fat moon tonight, Marty. He looks like a laughing Chinese laundryman, yellow and wise and imperturbable. The stars are tremendous. I can't describe them, Marty."

"Can you see the Big Dipper?"

"Yes. But it is a fake. It hasn't the remotest resemblance to a dipper. It never did look like a big dipper to me."

"Me either. I guess probably lots of things in the world are fakes."

"Oh, I don't know. It isn't anybody's fault if we start off with naïve minds then need disillusioning."

Evans smiles wanly. "All the things we used to think and do seem kind of silly now, I guess. I used to be in love with a girl. She wanted to marry me. I figure girls have a talent for makin' mistakes. I'm damn glad I talked this one out of it. A corpse isn't exactly the ideal bridegroom."

"You always was a selfish bastard at heart," Sachs says gruffly. "She could of collected your life insurance and went out with some other guy and had herself some fun."

"I never thought of that, Sachsy." An emotional little pain gathers inside my chest to see him trying to the last to be gay.

"Do you remember things from your childhood, Marty?"

"Sure. I remember a kid who bet me a new ruler I couldn't lick him." Phlegm has collected in his throat and he turns his head to clear it. "It—it was a swell ruler, so I licked him, and he was very surprised."

"Did you ever walk in a dark country lane at night, Marty, and wonder what part you were made to play in the world?"

"No. Why should I? Things somehow always turn out all right in the end."

I cannot any longer prevent myself from saying what is on my mind: "Evans, you're dying."

"I know, kid. You miss the point. A battle is coming off in a little while. Suppose our men counterattack. This sector's a weak spot. Why shouldn't they drive these bastards back and find us here?"

"Why?"

"That's right. Why. Today I'm dying. Tomorrow I'm back in the base hospital playing casino with a pretty nurse."

I have one of my dizzy spells. I think I fell off the box. Sachs gives me some water. The feverish artificial brightness in my mind dissipates. Again we are five dying men stumbling weakly about in the dark. Evans watches me, his eyes reflecting the moonlight.

"What were you saying, kid?" asks Sergeant Evans.

"Will we ever stop them, Marty?"

"Who?"

"The Japs."

"What's the matter with you, boy?"

"I can feel their feet grinding my body into a pulp."

"Too much imagination. I have a hunch about this battle that's coming off. Our fellows will push out somewhere along the line. This sector's thinly defended. It'll bend back like a pretzel. Just wait and see."

"But first they'll kill us, won't they?"

"The Jap gets confused if he has to think of two things at once."

"It's a hell of a spot to be in, isn't it, Marty?"

"There are probably . . . worse."

Little by little I recover control of my nerves. The shack has stopped spinning. "Marty?"

"Yeah?"

"How do you feel?"

"Feel fine."

"Gabby. Sachs. Peters!" I know what is happening. We crawl to Evans' side.

"What were you saying?" Evans asks. He speaks with difficulty, his throat seems stopped up with phlegm.

"Nothing," says Gabowitz.

"It's kind of dark. Our guys . . . our guys'll be coming soon."

"They'll be coming soon."

"Give me your hand, Bill. Hello, Johnny. Hello, Gabowitz."

"Hello."

"Who's doing that?"

"That's Peters, crying."

"All right. A kid as brave as Dink Peters can . . ."

MY throat hurts. "There's a secret I've been keeping from you, Marty."

"What kid?"

"You know I used to be a great reader. I've been thinking hard, Marty, and I've got it all down pat in my brain, word for word. Extreme unction. I wanted to wait—"

"You know it?"

"I'm no priest. I'm not even a Catholic, Marty. But I can say the words."

"The Latin ones?"

"The Latin ones."

"How do they go, Bill?"

"In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae, Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet, Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt . . ."

"You're a good kid," Evans sighs. "But it's no— In the real ceremony he keeps saying *'Sanctus.'* What do the ones you said mean, Bill?"

My tongue is hard and dry. " 'While the rivers run to the ocean and the shadows move in the mountain valleys and the sky feeds the stars, always will your honor and your name and your glory remain.' He was a sweet poet, Vergil. They were the best I could remember. I'm sorry, Marty."

"Will you stop them noises now?" Sachs inquires of Peters.

"It's all right, Dink. It's what a fellow would want from his friends, some Latin words and a little crying. I—I sure had a swell life. And, Bill . . ."

"Yes, Marty?"

"You wait and see. Wait'll our boys bust through this sector. Some of us'll make it. Just wait and see."

"Sure, Marty."

"Dark, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's dark now, Marty."

"Bill?"

"Yes?"

"Say that little poem over. In English."

" 'While the rivers run to the ocean and the shadows move in the mountain valleys and the sky feeds the stars, always will your honor and your name and your glory remain.' "

"Fellows . . . we . . . held out, didn't we?"

"We sure did."

"Gabby, are you there? Hello, Gabby."

"Hello."

"Hello, Sachs."

"Hello, Marty. How do you feel?"

"Marty?"

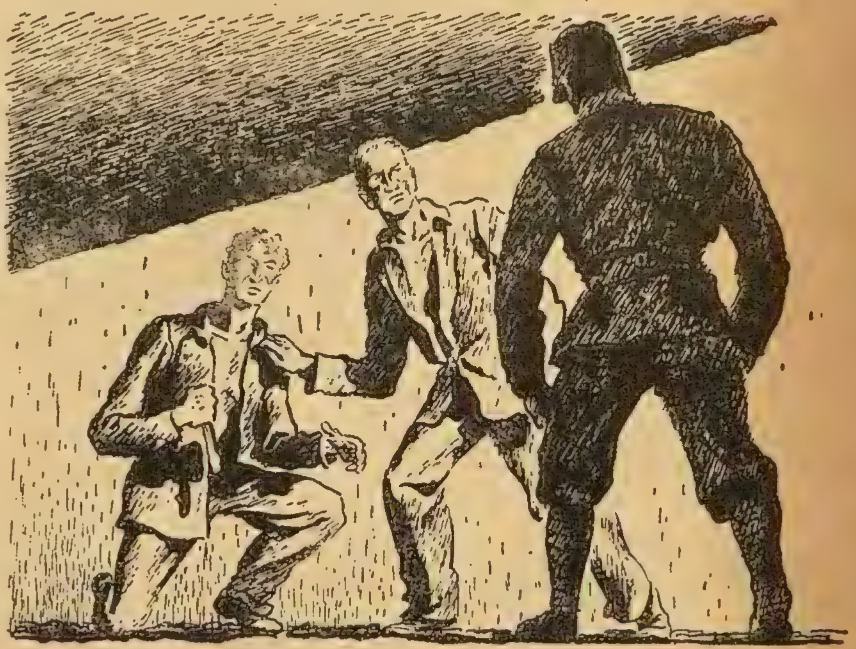
I have been holding his hand. His pulse has stopped. "It's all right now, fellows," I remember saying.

MORNING came, and the sun moved inexorably above the horizon. Marty's shriveled body lay lifelessly in the dirt where he had died, but the sound of his voice still echoed in the silence of our cramped prison. The comradeship and the love that had grown for him inside us cannot so easily be destroyed.

When a detail came with a bowl of soup, I explained in pantomime that Sergeant Evans had died, and asked if they would send Nishi Inaki to us. We sat in silence almost all that day, waiting. Gabowitz panted heavily for a while, then sickened in a corner of our prison like a fastidious dog. I lay and watched my feet begin to swell in my imagination, my body to sway as if suspended in a hammock.

Evans was still dead on the floor. Johnny Sachs was talking to himself, querulously asking why he had not tried to kill Nishi Inaki.

Fragments of my past life re-create themselves in my mind. I remember the woods I once walked in, the gay meadows in spring, villages with wooden church spires, reapers whirling away in the distance of a yellow wheat field.



Now I am full of nostalgia, and I wonder why I did not experience a profounder sentiment for the country that was mine. Excuses do not present themselves. I was like the son of a well-to-do father, my pockets lined with money I had not earned, my head filled with ideas derived from some one else. Now, standing before my executioners, I remember the feebleness of my patriotism. I begin to think how dearly the folk who settled America loved this promise of freedom, the folk who bought liberty with hardship and were pleased with their bargain.

Well, it is a little late. I am like a child who hurriedly promises to be good forevermore to avoid a spanking.

Faced with dying, I remember other men's devotion to their principles. I recall the idealists who earned my freedoms for me, who labored to devise a new order based on human dignity. Comparing myself with my forebears, I am found wanting. Too late, a new affection for my native land is being born in me. My country is the projection of a vision dreamed by our ancestors, and all they ever asked of me in payment for it was to keep alive their vision. There need be only a few Franklins and Jeffersons: one of each will do. There need be only one Washington to know why his soldiers should die. But there must be many in whose hearts the ancient patriotism burns brightly.

I know that now, as I know I would kneel to kiss the good earth of my native land if I could but return. I went to war believing that better statesmanship might have prevented it. I fought a hopeless campaign in which defective preparedness condemned me to death. I had observed those fellow countrymen of mine who were eager to make of our war a Roman holiday. I had watched the cancer of materialism eating away at our security. I'd stood silently by while ignoramuses misrepresented to us the ideologies of our enemies. I had heard the recrimination, the apologies, the backbitings of self-interest.

And so, when it came time, there stirred within me the necessity to reason away the senselessness of my dying.

Perhaps it never needed reasoning away. Because I loved the villages and fields and harbors and cities of America, I thought it was mine to keep. I wondered what responsibility I owned that made me die for others. Yet I could write that "they" must make a better world for folk like Johnny Sachs to live in. A most convenient "they," a verbal vacuum.

Dying by violence is not an easy business. I give this as my excuse.

IN these few days of my captivity I have acquired a new understanding of my comrades. It is too late to wonder why I did not love them sooner. I regret now that I have but this one life to give, so thoughtlessly was it misused. Silenced, I can only hope that those who come after me will cherish more fondly then I did the vision of our forefathers. I hope such anguish as we have been made to endure will not be needed to awaken in others a sense of comradeship. I write as calmly as I may for the few hours that remain, but dancing in my tortured brain is the horror of poor Johnny Sachs's death.

One man, I tell myself, is nothing; only those ideas which are applicable to us as a social body are valid. Yet to watch a comrade die so cruelly makes the mind feverish. I shall reason while I am able, yet too I must tell my story to its end.

We sat all that day, waiting. In spite of the heat, I compelled myself to continue writing the record of my thoughts.

Late in the afternoon Nishi and a squad of soldiers came and opened our prison door. I am only human. Instincts that are rooted deeply in the common man took charge of me. In my mind I declared an armistice with Nishi Inaki. From time immemorial combatants have withdrawn from contested battlefields to pick up and bury their dead. In civilized warriors exists an innate respect for the bravery of a slain enemy. Sergeant Evans had fought his best and died upon a battlefield. Until he was properly buried I hoped Inaki and I might suspend animosities. How little yet I understand our captors! How slightly do we know with whom we deal! Inaki and his detail of soldiers entered our prison and lifted up in their strong arms the emaciated body of Johnny Sachs.

"It is Sergeant Evans who has died, Inaki."

On the interpreter's face was a characteristic smile, that wooden humorless grin I had become all too familiar with. It was the deadly smile of a brainless man about to confirm his superiority by an exhibition of brutality.

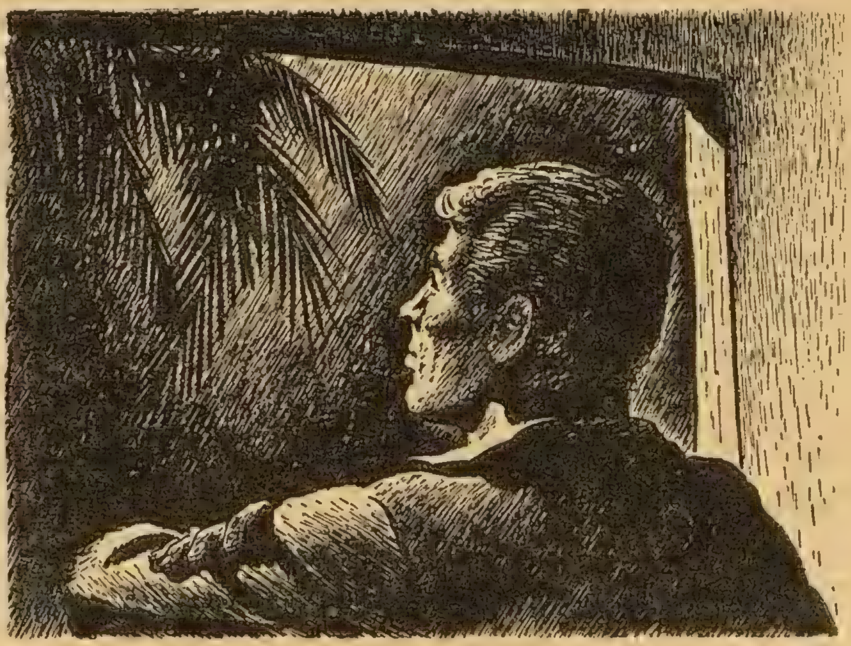
"Yes," said Inaki. "Very unfortunate."

Then other men of his detail dragged the rest of us to our feet. "Everybody come," said Inaki.

"There is a mistake," I explained. "Evans has died and I think he ought to be buried."

"Preferable not to think for the present. Later," said Inaki.

Helped roughly out of our shack, the brilliance of the sun overhead dazzled me. I tried to stand up independently, but the soldier who gripped my shoulder would not let me go. I remonstrated. "Can't we have our dead comrade buried? That's Johnny Sachs your men are taking."



"Please to withhold advice, corporal," said Inaki.

They brought us to a place near by where a grave had been newly dug. Lieutenant Itami Otoko, wearing a fresh uniform, was standing there. When I saw the grave, I was relieved. Perhaps he is a human being after all, our enemy, I thought. They have brought us out to make a proper funeral. Now they'll return for Evans' body.

They make a ceremony of a thing; I supposed it develops from a desire to dignify the fatuity of a brainless act. Otoko must first deliver a little speech. I couldn't understand his words, but he kept nodding, affirming in his own mind the correctness of his behavior. In a routine way, then, he ordered Inaki's soldiers to put Sachs into the fresh-dug grave. Johnny seemed a little surprised.

He clawed at the sides of the deep trench as he went down, loosening the soft dirt with his fingers. Something altogether wrong was happening here.

"You are burying the wrong man. You are burying the wrong man," I said. Their stupidity was making me petulant.

"No wrong man," said Inaki. "Right man. Prisoner threatens the life of Japanese patriot. Minds without discipline or respect dangerous. Perverse people, you Americans."

"But he is alive." I was insistent. "It is our sergeant who—"

"Observe and learn lesson," said Inaki.

Sometimes a man will remain impervious to a fact he does not want to concede. From the moment they had carried him out I'd known they intended to bury Johnny Sachs alive. Now even Johnny knew it. There was no terror, but a look of inexpressible sadness in his eyes as he gazed up at us, his comrades. They had begun to cast the dirt back into the grave, heavy shovelfuls that knocked Johnny's thin body over on its side. The dirt got into his mouth, and he spat it out, trying to say something to us. It pinned his hands down, and his chest.

Little Dink Peters began screaming, piercing yells that seemed to shatter my eardrums. "Never—never tell 'em, kid," Johnny sputtered, and the dirt covered his face and suddenly you couldn't see him, he was gone. The soldiers went on filling up the grave methodically, then stamping down the earth. They had to hit Peters with a rifle butt to silence him. Gabowitz stood by my side, seeming almost disinterested. I was wet, sick, I cried helplessly, blubbering like a heartbroken child. I could only feel; my mind wouldn't think. They led us back to our prison.

Peters was unconscious. Gabowitz rested his back weakly against the closed door. He allowed me a while to work off my emotion.

"That's all, Bill," he said at last.

After it was over I felt ashamed of myself, but better too. I hoped Joe Gabowitz wouldn't mention the thing that had happened to Johnny Sachs. I hoped it would never come up in our conversation.

After a while Gabby said, "How do you feel, Bill?"

"O. K."

"Think you can last out, boy?"

"That's a funny question. Johnny lasted, and Marty there."

"I know. But they're savin' us. They'll work on the kid next, then you or me. They figure to get the information they want out of whoever's finally left. I guess you'd better let me have the knife, Bill. No use of Peters goin' through any more hell."

"Wait!"

"No, Bill." Gabby was cool, clearheaded. "They're bound to start on him next. He may go into a delirium and babble. Let's have the knife. It'll be tougher any other way. I'll cut his wrists, that's all."

Mechanically I handed him our makeshift knife. He went over to Dink Peters, and I said, "Wait, Gabby. Don't! Isn't there any hope for the kid, no hope at all?"

Gabowitz shook his head. "Do you think I could do it if there was?"

"And us, Gabby?"

"They'll kill either you or me tomorrow, Bill. The other they'll hold till the battle starts. There's a slim chance for the one of us that's left, if we hold out. The minute we talk they'll finish the job."

"All right. I guess I can take it, Gabby."

"I knew the Jap was comin' back. I told you he's the craziest one around here. But I think we got him licked. Yeah, I think we finally got him licked." Gabowitz smiled, a smile all the more surprising for its rareness. "Turn your head away now, boy."

THERE was a little sigh behind me, that was all. The elements of our situation are few and clear. Tomorrow or the next day at most, the enemy will begin his all-out attack. Gabowitz, sitting silent and seeming to the rest of us sullen, had analyzed it accurately. Still the liveliest mentally, and so the least impervious to horror, we two are yet to be worked upon. One of us will die, one of us will yield, that is their design.

There is a particular meaning in Gabby's question concerning my ability to hold out. Both of us are sure Gabowitz is the next to die. That I am imaginative and now easily give way to my emotions is apparent to our enemy. He saw me cry over the grave of Johnny Sachs while Gabby stood stolidly watching. We begin to understand his logic, to think as his brain thinks. He will destroy Gabby soon in a way he hopes will overwhelm me. He will know, he is determined to exhaust his cunning in the attempt. But because I am imaginative I long ago observed a defect in his technique. By his nature he is estopped from employing a kindness. His faith in the expediency of brute force is larger than his desire to know. He is caught in an ideological trap. When force fails, he is finished.

Violence, the fear that cruelty induces, is his only weapon. Our enemy's contempt for the lives of his own soldiers is as large as his contempt for ours. His jungle mind conceives but one alternative to victory: death. He does not even love himself, our enemy; he is without pity or sorrow or tears. Dissatisfied with what he is, he prefers extinction to simple competition in a free society. There can be no armistice with this maniac. He is an enemy who must be killed. In us he has built up a burning indignation that transcends our fear. Multiplied, the indignation he has ignited will everywhere defeat him.

Peters died mercifully. Were there the slightest chance of his surviving, I know Gabowitz would have waited. I see Gabby now as the most realistic of us all. When we sat about interminably guessing, he was coolly weighing facts. When it came time, he would calmly kill his comrade.

Peters is dead, Sachs, and Marty Evans. What is a war? When a man fights he does not stop to reason. When he risks his life he does not stop to wonder why, or to judge the risk. How splendidly he fights is not decided then and there, but depends on who he is, what has happened to him in another time, the bitter and the sweet he once experienced. A warm feeling rises in him for the comrade by his side, as it rose in me for Lenn Morrow. His heart expands with gladness for the knowledge that, whatever the cause, soldiers risk their lives together. Strength to face the unknown comes with the knowledge, the strength, called courage. This is what fighting is. But a war is a larger thing. Any one of us will fight when we are angry or threatened. I think now that perhaps a war is the acknowledgment of our eternal comradeship: Lenn Morrow, Dink Peters, Gabby, and Marty; it is Captain Macey and all the guys in our platoon, all the men in our Army, and the folks back home.

The war, I think, this war, goes back to our struggles against the untamed American wilderness, with its promise of freedom from old tyrannies.

It began again during the Revolution. Our war was part of us all in peace, when we crowded together in subway trains or shouted beside each other at baseball games. It was implicit in the songs we sang, the language we spoke, in the proud feeling of equality and justice we inherited. In spite of our fierce hunger for independence we learned the meaning of co-operation, so that we had only to imagine what was splendid and it came into being. Together we immigrants conquered a wilderness, and of it made something good.

This land is ours, and so long as we remember Franklin and Washington, Jefferson and Decatur, Grant and Twain, and all the others who personify our heritage, we shall be ceaselessly at war. Every day of our lives we shall stay at war to preserve what our forefathers created by their toil and their blood and their dreams. One day the fighting shall cease, but the war we are enlisted in goes on forever. Pride in our heritage is not the jealousy of ownership that thinks in terms of contracts and deeds. I know now that if all our wealth were destroyed, if all that we had built were laid in ruins, we should fight on desperately and to the end.

I saw Evans die with a smile on his lips, and I believe he understood sooner than I did why it was right for him to give his life for his country. He loved it, as he loved the fellows who fought by his side; what better thing could he do than to die for what he loved?

I searched desperately for reasons that could be stated in words, seeking the consent of my mind to die. I persisted in confusing our country's conflict with my own. Well, I believe now that our nation's war is a matter of destiny, while mine and my comrades' war is one of the human spirit. We are made of the fondness we feel for one another; death seems easy when brave friends die all about you. I understand now that as long as I participate in the common effort against the common foe my existence is justified. I am performing my function. As long as I remain true to the faith my comrades repose in me, I die for a worthy cause. I know now that what the soldiers of America fight and die for is each other.

FOR little Dink Peters and all my other countrymen who require it I die gladly. Fear vanishes from me. No longer do I worry about profiteers, about the apathetic and the selfish. They are the disinherited, though they know it not. I think it is my country's final object to help make a more sensible world to live in, and I take this on faith, as I must. Meanwhile we are engaged in a gigantic conflict to determine whose ideals shall prevail, and I am proud to have taken part in the struggle. I saw men like myself die with unmatchable fortitude, and because these men were Americans and my comrades, a new affection for my native land and what it stands for grew in me. I have come to the end of a beautiful adventure. No longer need I pray for the consent of my mind to die.

In my last moment on earth I remember poor little Peters and I am sad because we did not know each other better. I remember my country, and I regret that I did not love it better when I had the chance. I remember my captain, who cried for what he thought was its defeat. But he was mistaken. Its greatness will assert itself; its people will understand the meaning of their sacrifice. One day the splendor of our welfare will dwarf anything seen on earth. Provoked by puny tyrants, it will one day overwhelm them. I think we will keep alive the vision dreamed by our ancestors.

My comrade sits waiting in his corner. We know exactly what goes on in each other's heart and mind, yet I feel my lips move, I hear my voice shaping the needless words.

"Gabby."

"Yes."

"How do you feel?"

"All right."

"Is it—is it O. K. about dying, Gabby?"

"Yes."

"Me, too, Gabby. All along there I minded it. But not any more."

"I understand."

Created from a common source, we are all one. Who threatens one of us threatens us all. Who degrades one of us, be he a German or a Japanese or a countryman, is our enemy. We were for a couple of weeks an American society in miniature. Our association created something which did not previously exist. We did not have to reason out a political necessity for our co-operation. Comradeship was inherent in us, and so we clung together for strength and for the preservation of our self-respect. It was an elementary way to learn the meaning of a social obligation, but I'm glad I learned it.

Now I am tired. Hunger, the inroads cruel treatment have made on my body are making it impossible for me to write much longer. A little while ago Gabby and I thought we heard the beginning of an artillery barrage. Neither his lieutenant nor Nishi Inaki has visited us since the burial of Johnny Sachs. If this is the battle, they'll come soon. One or the other of us will be killed in some new and horrible way. I have steeled myself to watch Joe Gabowitz tortured.

I believe I shall be able to gaze at the dead body of my comrade, no matter how wantonly mutilated, and still smile. I'll know that he died fearlessly for his brothers everywhere.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

WHAT is evidently the first step in his autobiography has been taken by **George Santayana** in **Persons and Places, The Background of My Life.** As you would expect, it is well written and urbane. As you might not have expected, it is interesting. It is also occasionally snobbish.

In The Last Puritan, the only other of Mr. Santayana's works to date which has been popular, there was a foreshadowing of what you will find here. In fact, the author now identifies and comments on some of the characters who peopled that novel.

In this volume he starts, properly, with his family's background. He devotes a chapter to his father and one to his mother, though his mother comes through much more clearly as a personality. She married twice. Her first husband was a Sturgis of Boston, and to this family we are indebted for one of the best chapters in the book. The Sturgises are old Boston, more amusing, more typical, more fun than anything in The Last Puritan, and more sharply etched than Marquand has ever done it.

George Santayana

There is a chapter on his half-sister, Susana, a memorable portrait of a person who influenced the young George strongly, and who, in her own right, was a singular and interesting personality.

Thomas Craven

From there on, opening with a chapter on Avila, the "headquarters" of his family in Spain, the story is almost entirely Mr. Santayana's own. It is the story of his childhood, of his education in Boston, both at the Latin School and later at Harvard, and it is brought to an end just before his graduation from that university when he has left to continue his study of philosophy abroad.

It is sprinkled with observations of the people he has known, with his thoughts, and with some of his philosophy and general musings. There is even an interesting interlude on the subject of baths and one on the business ability of Mr. Hearst, once associated with Mr. Santayana on the Harvard Lampoon. There are amiable recollections of other Harvard alumni—and of Harvard professors, including the great William James. It has all the interest of a novel. It is a wise and highly intelligent book.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $2.50.

ONE of the most entertaining books to be assembled lately (and about time, too) is **Cartoon Cavalcade,** edited by **Thomas Craven.** It is a book to page through leisurely, to laugh through hilariously—and to reminisce through—turning back to the days when the work of Ralph Barton appeared in this magazine, when John Held was the Peter Arno of the jazz age, when even Arno himself was using a different technique (though much the same theme as today). There are the Charles Dana Gibson drawings (so little like cartoons as we think of them), the early drawings of Tad, of Briggs and Goldberg—the development of the Disney characters; and there are those, such as the famous "I say it's spinach" cartoon from the New Yorker, which have been assimilated into the American argot.

It is a fine, amusing, mirthful work—a splendid history of American cartoons— a pleasurable addition to the books of our day.

Published by Simon & Schuster, New York. Price $3.95.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Continued from Page 15

Mr. Stefani considered, then negatively shook his head. Adele went back to her table, and a little later on, Mr. Stefani appeared with three glasses and sat down with them. "A toast," said Mr. Stefani to Adele's growing horror. "Hurrah for Mist' Applegate and the U. S. Army."

Stanley did not join them as they drank. He waited until Mr. Stefani, apparently under the impression that Stanley was her father, had left to attend to other diners. "I trust," Stanley said, "that I am broad-minded. I was curious the other day when you were so anxious to visit the Yankee Stadium. I think it's time you explained a few things."

"Yes, dear." Adele reached across the table and patted his hand. "You see, Stanley, I've been corresponding with Timothy Applegate. He wanted to know about the Yankees and he asked me about this restaurant."

"I see." Stanley looked at Adele as though she were in the witness box. "Have you written this man that you are engaged to be married?"

"Not yet," said Adele in a small voice.

"It is my wish," said Stanley, "that you inform this man you are about to be married. Furthermore," Stanley went on, "that letter will end this nonsense. I don't want you corresponding with other men."

"Why, Stanley," said Adele, "I do believe you're jealous. How nice!"

"Not at all," Stanley said. "As a lawyer, I merely see the folly of your actions."

THE next morning, accordingly, Adele sat down at her writing desk in the Wickham, wistfully chewed the end of her fountain pen for a few moments, and then began to write.

"Dear Timothy—

"I went to Stefani's last night and Mr. Stefani wants to be remembered to you. He was very nice and so was the food. We drank a toast in Chianti to you.

"There is something I must tell you, and I should have told you before. I am engaged to be married, and I never should have written you at all. I want you to be sure and destroy my picture as soon as you get this letter and also all of my letters, but especially the picture, although of course there is nothing in the letters that is at all incriminating. And you must not write me any more, so this is good-by and good luck.

"Sincerely,

"ADELE SUMMER."

She licked the envelope flap and watched the letter drop down the mail chute and out of sight. Timothy Applegate was dropping out of her life the same way. But, after all, she told herself, there was no reason for her to want to hear from him again.

There was no reason for a number of things, such as her buying, the next afternoon, a dozen Bing Crosby records, and the novels of Ernest Hemingway. And as she thought back over their letters, it was a shock that she seemed to know more about Timothy than she did about Stanley.

"You've informed him that you're engaged?" Stanley asked a few days later.

"Yes."

"If he should write again," Stanley

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"I wish Aunt Minnie would use lipstick so her kisses would wipe off!"

said, "I want to see the letter. I'll take a hand if he persists in bothering you."

And then, just to make sure that he wasn't intending to bother her, Adele did go again to the post office some days later. There was no letter. But a week later it was waiting for her.

"Sugarpuss," it began in startling fashion. "Well, excuse me, I suppose I should really address you as Dear Miss Summer, because, after all, I shouldn't call a girl engaged to some one else Sugarpuss. So just forget it and pretend this letter begins My Dear Miss Summer. Anyway I received your letter and I wish to congratulate whatever man you are engaged to.

"But I would like to add just a few words and I hope you will read them in the spirit in which they are written. The fact is that from your letters I suspect you are a girl who has not seen a lot of life, as I have, and of course being in the Army has given me a lot of experience with men. And all I wish to say is that I don't think any girl should rush into matrimony, but should consider it for a long time and think about it, even perhaps for several years. I believe that you wrote once that you are twenty-six, and after all, don't you think that is rather young to be married? I don't want to discourage you, but if I may play the part of a Dutch uncle who is interested in your welfare I would like to ask you to think about these things and at all times regard me as your counselor and friend.

"And in view of that, I really see no harm in your continuing to write me from time to time, because every young girl needs some one to advise her, and writing to me is not like writing to any other man.

"I have finished my training here, and the next time you hear from me I will probably be a long way off, and it would be nice to get a letter from you, because I will probably be lonesome. But I will always be glad to answer any problem that may come up to the best of my ability.

"Affectionately,
"Timothy Applegate."

ADELE had dinner that night with Stanley's family. Timothy's letter was in her purse, and later in the evening, when she and Stanley were alone, he said, "You seem preoccupied, Adele. Have you had another letter from that man?"

"Well," Adele said timidly—"well, Stanley, I'm afraid I have."

"I would like to read it," Stanley said.

Adele hesitated, then handed it over. He read it in grim silence, then started to put it in his pocket. "I shall answer this."

"Please," Adele said. "I'd like to have the letter back."

Reluctantly Stanley returned it to her.

She continued to write and to receive letters from him, and finally one came along a little different than the others.

"My dear girl," it began: "I had, a short time ago, a communication from a man who signed himself Stanley Featherstone, which I strongly suspect is an assumed name. In this letter he ordered me to stop writing to you, and said he was your fiancé and that if I refused to obey, he would be compelled to take the necessary steps.

"I am somewhat alarmed about this letter. The whole tone of it indicates that it was written by a crank. In my younger days I spent some time in studying handwriting, which, as you know, is a great clue to character. And all I can say about the writer of this letter is that I am surprised that he is still running around loose.

"I was glad to hear in your last letter that because of the unsettled conditions in the world your fiancé has decided it is best to wait until the war is over before you get married. This statement relieved me a great deal, and I thoroughly approve of your young man's theories. I am sure he is a sterling character. You see, by this time, I feel very responsible for you, and I would hate to see you do anything which you might later regret, such as rushing into marriage.

"I cannot tell you where I am now, but there is a sound accompaniment in the distance as I write this letter, and I may tell you nobody is popping corn around here. Write to me again when you find time and think of me always as

"Your devoted guardian,
"Timothy Applegate."

Stanley having been on a short business trip, Adele did not see him for several days. But immediately after he had kissed her he said. "I think you've had another letter from that man."

"But what can I do, Stanley?" Adele protested. "I told him not to write to me any more. He won't pay any attention to me."

"There is just one way to end this," Stanley said. "There is no alternative. We shall be married as soon as it can be arranged. This is not what I wished."

"You mean you don't want to be married?" Adele said.

"Not at all. I merely think the time is unsuitable. It upsets me. I am extremely busy these days. I cannot take time off for a honeymoon. But I shall arrange the details. We shall be married within the next two months, as soon as I can get my schedule cleared. You had better start looking for your trousseau."

The next day Adele went shopping. But she had a headache, nothing appealed to her, and she made no purchases. Stanley had asked her to procure their marriage license, but she had not yet done so, and a month later their wedding date had not been definitely decided upon.

STANLEY one evening said, "How many more letters have you had from him?"

She wondered if he had read her thoughts. "It's been quite a long time now since I've heard."

Stanley smiled. "He seems to be convinced at last."

Adele bit her lower lip. Timothy had not told her where he was stationed, but she had an idea. There had been bitter fighting in the area recently.

She continued to go to the post office each day and always in vain. He might have been killed out there somewhere and she would never know where, or when, or how. Or he might simply have forgotten her.

She gave herself another week, and at the end of that time the silence was still unbroken. That day she went downtown to the City Hall. She stood in the entrance of a room for a few minutes, then, making up her mind, went to the window.

She felt better when she left. Some of the turmoil had died down in her heart. And the next day she left her apartment early to go down to Stanley's office. He did not like to be interrupted in the morning, but this was important.

Because it was on her way, she stopped at the post office and inquired, and, as usual, the clerk shook his head.

She turned a trifle unsteadily, went outside and down the steps. It was then that she noticed the long legs next to her. That was all she saw at first, the long legs clad in khaki. She kept her eyes on the sidewalk, turned into the park, and the legs turned with her.

She had to look up finally, and when she saw the lean grave face looking anxiously down at her she began to cry.

"Holy cow," said Timothy Applegate.

He led her into the park and they sat down on a bench. "Why didn't you give me your address?" Timothy demanded. "I've been sitting on those post-office steps since yesterday afternoon."

She dried her eyes. "Lieutenant—"

"Captain," he said. "Tim to you. A stray bit of shrapnel got me. I'm all right now, but they decided to send me home for a while."

Adele hoped she could speak firmly. "Captain Applegate, in the first place you should have destroyed my picture. I wrote you as a patriotic duty. I didn't think you were the kind who would misinterpret my letters—"

"Look here," said Tim. "Are you accusing me of having fallen in love with you by mail?"

"Of course not," Adele said hastily.

"Well, then," said Tim. "Didn't I tell you to regard me as a Dutch uncle? You are engaged, I believe."

"Yes. To Stanley Featherstone."

"Let us go see him," Tim said. "I wish to congratulate him."

They went down to Stanley's office. After a brief wait in the reception room they were ushered into his quarters.

"This," said Adele tremulously, "is Captain Applegate."

"I am," said Tim, "an old friend of Miss Summer. I understand you are engaged to be married."

"That is correct," said Stanley coldly.

"Congratulations." Tim shook hands again. "You see, I feel responsible for her. She is more or less my charge. If I may be unduly immodest, I may say that one of the things I am fighting for is the future happiness of Miss Summer. So if you don't mind I will ask you a few questions. Are you financially able to support Miss Summer in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"Yes," said Stanley through clenched incisors.

"No insanity in your family?"

"Get out!" returned Stanley.

Adele stood up. "Tim, please wait outside."

Tim looked at her for a minute, then turned quietly and walked outside. When the door had closed behind him, Adele turned to Stanley. There was a sudden silence, then he burst out, "The man has made a fool of you."

"Perhaps," Adele said. "I was on my way down here this morning, Stanley, when we met for the first time. There was something I wanted to tell you."

"Something he put in your mind," Stanley said. "I won't hear it."

Adele shook her head. "No, Stanley, this was my very own idea. One of the few I've ever had, but all my own. I guess it doesn't matter how."

She put a hand over the desk and the engagement ring dropped to the blotter. "I hope you won't always hate me, Stanley."

"Perhaps," he said, "I am still to be congratulated," thus destroying the last sympathy she felt for him.

SHE walked into the outer office and Tim looked gravely at her. Silently they went downstairs and out into the crowded street. With his shoulders against the stream of traffic, Tim took her hands in his.

"Adele," he said, "I am the champion liar in the Army. I was doing everything I could to keep you from getting married."

It wasn't easy to listen; her thoughts kept drifting off. Mr. Stefani had been right, he was not handsome, but she knew she could look at him forever.

"Adele," he said, "I knew long before I ever saw you. We were never strangers. I'm in love with you."

She had no trouble hearing that, and the happiness inside her was almost too bright as she remembered days past and the thing that she had done as a symbol of her love for some one she thought she'd never see.

"Where," said Tim, "can we get a marriage license?"

"I—" She fumbled in her purse and, wide-eyed, handed him a document.

He unfolded it, then stared from the paper to her. "Your name on it," he said in awe, "and mine."

She hoped he wouldn't consider her a hussy, and then her fears were all dispelled. The kiss he gave her came from no Dutch uncle.

THE END

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WAR HAS CHANGED RUSSIAN IDEAS

Continued from Page 13

sidewalks of Stalingrad, isn't theory or ideology but, to use the very words of the priest's wife, the "sturdy Russian heart." This priest remained loyal to his country and to himself, his Russian self. And, of course, he hasn't been alone in meeting the test of life and death with such undeviating determination. A priest in the region of Leningrad was awarded a high decoration for guerrilla fighting. In the village of Donbas, a priest seventy-two years old hid forty wounded Russian soldiers in the steppe. With the help of his wife he tended their wounds, then led or carried them one by one across the fighting line to Russian-held territory.

Such deeds on the part of the priests have done much to win for the Russian Church a new position in Soviet society. Last fall the Church was legally restored and the election of the Metropolitan Sergei as Patriarch officially recognized. It was a landmark in Russian history. Today the patriarchate finds it possible to publish exquisitely bound books on excellent paper, despite the acute shortage. It also publishes a magazine. Soon there will be theological schools and seminaries in every diocese in the land.

Recently Emelyan Yaroslavsky, one of the oldest Bolsheviks, died. He was a prime leader at one time of the atheist movement—head of the Society of the Militant Godless—but after the outbreak of the war he wrote not one word of censure or hostility against the Russian Church or any other church. The atheist campaign in Russia is over.

THE new position of the Church is only one of the many symbols and results of the evolution of Sovietism, an evolution begun before the war, but hastened and intensified by it. On an increasing scale this evolution is making Russia aware of its own historic destiny and of the social and spiritual pillars on which this destiny has always rested and will rest in the future. The family is one of the mightiest of these pillars. Hence the glorification—one might almost say sanctification—of the family. Never did the old Russia know such sentimental writing about the family as is appearing now and then in the Russian press, particularly the Red Star, official organ of the Russian Army. Fighting in marsh, steppe, and forest, in all manner of weather, the Russian soldiers glow to the very word home, the very word family, and the very word love as they never did in the days of peace, when they were preoccupied with building factories, towns, roads, and irrigation canals—with dreams of making Russia an even more advanced industrial nation than America.

I made a journey to Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, shortly after it had been reconquered. Once the third largest city in Russia, and crowded with youth, Kiev is now empty of youth, empty of children, empty of almost any people. Nikola Bazhan, vice-president of the Soviet-Ukraine cabinet, told me that at least six million civilians perished during the German occupation of the Ukraine. In other parts of German-held Russia millions more perished.

But Russia is an immense land. The Five-Year Plans launched in 1928 started a stupendous nation-wide internal development. When peace comes, the plans will be resumed. Russia will need millions and millions of people to inhabit its far-flung abundant earth and to push on the pioneering tasks and plans it had initiated. And it is the Soviet view that the family must shoulder the special responsibility of rearing, disciplining, and preparing for these duties the generation of youths now alive and the generations yet to be born.

This view is not new. It was first crystallized in the marriage laws of 1935. The present war has only reinforced its validity. Sentiment, national need, and the spiritual outlook on the family will further solidify it.

It is this writer's conviction that divorce will be even more difficult at the end of the war than the law of 1935 has made it. The days of easy marriage and divorce, characteristic of the early years of the Soviet regime, are over. The ban on abortions written into the 1935 law will be even more rigidly enforced. Only when a commission of physicians testifies that a pregnancy is endangering the life of a woman is an operation allowed.

"Oh, goody—the telephone company put the phone in!"

Still larger families will be encouraged, and they will receive more generous aid from the state social organizations. Above all, the romance associated with marriage and the family will be further glorified. Despite today's tragedy and horror, Russia in the postwar years is certain to become one of the most romantically minded nations in the world, and the united, comradely family will be extolled as one of the most triumphant goals in life.

Everyday manners also reflect the evolutionary process which Russia is perceptibly undergoing. I happened to be in Moscow on October 25, when the opera reopened. It had been closed for two years, but now the front was moving farther and farther west, so there was no reason for keeping it closed. Seven years had passed since I had last visited the Moscow opera, and I hadn't considered that changes in manners and conventions might have taken place in that time. I went quite informally dressed, even wearing my customary blue shirt. The moment I entered the spacious, brilliantly lighted playhouse I was astounded—and embarrassed. Never had I known a Soviet audience to appear so formal. True, few women wore the kind of evening dresses one sees at the American or British opera, because the war has cut off the supply of cloth for such dresses and tailors are busy turning out Army and Red Cross uniforms. But there was an awareness on the part of the audience of formality and social obligation in the presence of the artists which made a carelessly dressed individual feel quite uncomfortable.

One doesn't have to be a prophet to foresee the time when regular evening dress for men and women will become the fashion for the opera-going public of Moscow. Many military and naval men already are affecting such fashion. People no longer speak, as they did at one time, of the virtues of the so-called proletarian dress or proletarian informality.

I have just finished reading a new Russian novel in which Field Marshal Alexander Suvarov, famous Russian military figure of the eighteenth century, is one of the characters. He is pictured eating supper with his men around an open fire and joining in the singing of an old folk melody. When the song is finished, Suvarov is overcome with emotion and says: "What beautiful words, boys! People are shouting praises to Homer. Here are our Homers, these village old women who compose and sing such songs. These aren't mere words; these are jewels—precious jewels. Oh, brothers, preserve our glorious past!"

SUVAROV'S exhortation might well be adopted as a national slogan now. In the early years of the Soviet regime Russia's past was pushed into the background. Now it is energetically swept into the foreground. Not everything, of course—not Czarist ideology and political practices. These are gone beyond recall. But men like Suvarov and like Field Marshal Mikhail Kutuzov, who lured Napoleon into ambush and defeat, mean much nowadays to the men fighting the German Army, and to the people in the rear who toil endlessly for victory. Russia's past is now a source of encouragement and inspiration.

That is why so many usages and traditions of that past have been welcomed back. Old military titles have been restored. Epaulets in all their silver and gilded splendor have been reintroduced. Exclusive officers' clubs are once more part of the Russian scene. Special regulations of daily social behavior now are part of the officer's code of conduct. Obligatory saluting of officers is as binding now as ever in the old days.

What is more, the old military schools known as cadets corps have been re-established. They bear a new name—Suvarov schools—and they are open to sons of Red soldiers. "These schools," says General Ignatyev, "must bring back the better traditions of the former cadets corps schools." As in the old days, mathematics and the Russian language are the leading subjects of the curriculum. Foreign languages again are as obligatory as dancing and good manners—everything calculated to cultivate the social graces becoming an officer.

It is not only through the Army that Russia is re-establishing firm links with her past. On November 7 I attended the annual reception held by Viacheslav Molotov, Commissar of Foreign Affairs.

For the first time since the rise of the Soviet regime, the Commissar wore a uniform. So did all his associates, including Maxim Litvinov. Nor were these ordinary uniforms. Of black cloth with gleaming epaulets, gold braid and embroidery, they were more decorative than any military uniform I have yet seen in Soviet Russia.

In fact, the uniform with the inevitable epaulets is returning to all civil services. Railwaymen, all the way from Kaganovich, Commissar of Railroads, to signalmen, are already wearing them. So are judges and prosecuting attorneys.

This year, for the first time since the Soviets came into power, there is no coeducation in the lower middle schools. As in Czarist days, boys and girls study in separate buildings. Russian educators declare coeducation in Russia is not justified. One, named Protopopova, writes that girls' schools must be permeated by the feminine spirit. "Everywhere there must be the stamp of the feminine manner, feminine modesty, feminine beauty, feminine glamour. A woman," she continues, "may be an engineer, a flyer, or a sharpshooter, but she must always remain a woman, whether wearing a ballroom gown or, when necessity demands, a soldier's coarse uniform." Henceforth girls will devote much attention to purely feminine subjects—feminine hygiene, dress, attractiveness, motherhood, and homemaking—precisely as they do in some of the most fashionable girls' schools in America and England.

In one important respect Russia today is not seeking to establish the least identity with the Russia of yesterday. It remains collectivist. The state is the supreme director, the sole owner of the "means of production." Only a small amount of petty enterprise is in private hands. Nowhere in the pronouncements of leaders, the official press, or private conversation is there the least hint of concessions to private industry, banking, agriculture, international trade, or internal large-scale commerce, either wholesale or retail. Thus the basic and original aim of the Soviet revolution, the elimination of all private enterprise, remains untouched and unshaken. In most other respects—in the Army, education, religion, family, morals, and everyday manners—there is a constant evolution toward something permanent and distinctively Russian, something new yet linked with the historic past, sometimes in more than mere form. As one Russian lecturer expressed it: "The best of old Russia is known and believed."

SIDE by side with Russia's revaluation of herself has come a revaluation of her international relations. The war has brought her into closer contact with the outside world, especially her allies, than she had ever been since the overthrow of the Czar. The Moscow and Teheran conferences have drawn her still closer to her English-speaking allies. Stalin's toast at Churchill's birthday party at Teheran was a memorable and significant event. Said the Premier Marshal, the one man in history who has carried out a program of collectivist enterprise gigantic enough to bend back the might of a highly industrialized Germany and its highly mechanized Reichswehr: "Without American production the United Nations could never have won the war."

Stalin wasn't merely flattering America. He isn't a man to soft-soap anybody. Implacable realist that he is, he is supremely aware of the momentous achievements of American industry, which is privately owned. He knows what American jeeps, American trucks, and American planes have meant to the Russian Army, especially now that it is on the offensive. Recently I spent a few days at a Russian airdrome near the fighting front. Russian flyers were full of praise for American Airacobras. A Siberian flyer told me that there is hardly a day, when weather permits, that he doesn't start out in his Airacobra—"and it always comes back." He spoke of it as though it were his dearest possession.

Further testimony of Russia's growing friendliness toward America is her willingness to carry American Red Cross supplies for American war prisoners in Japan in her own ships every month. Not too many Russian boats sail from our own West Coast for Vladivostok, and Russia's own needs for supplies are overwhelming; yet she has undertaken such delivery for the Red Cross because no one else is in like geographical position to grant the favor.

The Moscow and Teheran conferences have laid a broad, deep foundation for future understanding and co-operation among Russia, the United States, and England. The Teheran conference, especially, stirred the Russian imagination, Russian emotions, and Russian hope for an orderly, peaceful world after this war is ended. If in the postwar years the spirit manifested at those conferences prevails, the world may look forward to an era of peace for the balance of the present century. This sentiment, anyway, is widespread among the Russian people.

THE END

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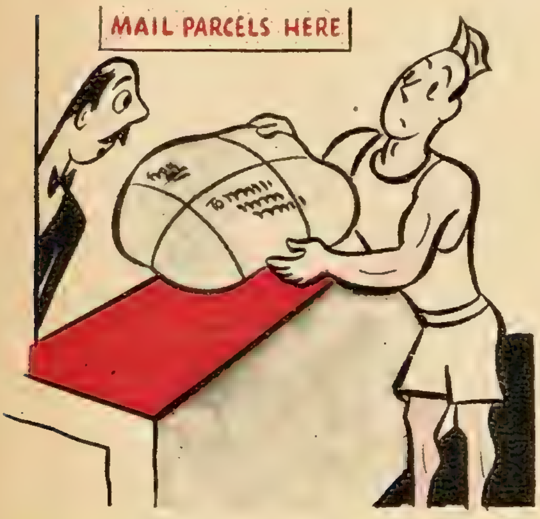
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

SOLDIERS who are discharged from the Army are entitled to keep their uniforms. But many have been returning their G. I. clothing to the Quartermaster Corps. That extra bit of patriotism has rolled up "important savings in clothing stocks," the Stock Control Division reports.

The procedure is simple for any discharged soldier who wants to follow suit. Simply pack up your G. I. clothing and send it to the nearest Army post, labeled, "Attention: Quartermaster, Clothing and Equipage Classification Officer." Such packages, weighing less than thirty pounds, will be accepted for collect shipment by the Railway Express Agency.



Returning it

On the subject of G. I. clothing, the Quartermaster Corps has developed a new field jacket, known as "Jacket Field M-1943." From my inspection of it, I'd say it is a first-class item and is going to be popular with the boys.

This jacket has an outer covering of cotton sateen, weighing nine ounces. Its inside lining, weighing five ounces, is of cotton poplin. There are four good-sized pockets, with flaps covering the buttons. The waist is equipped with a draw cord to bring the jacket in snug and keep out raw winds.

A good many G. I.s already are wearing the new Type 3 service shoe and reports are favorable. In this shoe the smooth side of the leather is on the *inside* instead of the outside. There's a double advantage. The rough outside, while perhaps not as natty as previous types, is more water-resistant, and the inside is a good deal more comfortable.

Another new development is a special light-weight gas mask for desert and jungle troops. This has been brought out by the Chemical Warfare Service, a live-wire outfit which has already developed special types of gas masks for use with optical instruments, for soldiers who wear glasses, and for special training purposes.

Regarding unofficial items, Miss F. C. M., of New York, writes that she saw some cuff links with Army insignia on them and wants to know if it is permissible for G. I.s or officers to wear them.

The answer is no. Regulation shirts, both for G. I.s and officers, have buttons and buttonholes on the sleeves. Hence cuff links are out. The idea in Army clothing is to keep it simple.

Old Sarge.

* * *

I love my staff sergeant, and he loves me too. Yet he is against serious love letters. I try to keep my letters cheerful, but since he knows nothing about my town, nor I of his, the only subject to talk about is what I do each day, and that's the same old routine. He is going over soon, so could you give me some hints on what to write?

Lynn D., San Jose, Calif.

The fact that he knows nothing about your town is all the more reason to write about it. Bit by bit, in your letters, you can give him a complete picture of your friends, your neighborhood, and your family. Also, in each letter you might throw in the latest funny story that's making the rounds out your way, and perhaps an interesting or amusing item from the local paper. Also, tell the big lug you love him, whether he likes serious love letters or not. There's the recipe. Bake in hot oven for half an hour and sprinkle with X's.

* * *

When a soldier's address changes to an A. P. O. number, c/o Postmaster, New York, or some other city, does that always mean he is going overseas?

Mrs. D. C., Montrose, W. Va.

Usually, but not always. Sometimes personnel on special assignment or on maneuvers are given A. P. O. addresses when they are not bound for overseas at all, and later their addresses are switched back to some post within the country.

* * *

I know our female soldiers, the WACs, are doing a swell job, but the question that came up here is: Have any of them won medals for heroism?

E. P. C., Camp Perry, Ohio.

Yes. The first woman to win the Soldier's Medal, an award for heroism, was WAC Private Margaret H. Maloney. Risking her life and suffering severe burns, she saved a soldier who had fallen into a pool of burning gasoline. She was decorated at Algiers.

* * *

I expect an honorable discharge in a few days, and I have a good service record. To what department of the U. S. government should I apply for information as to what jobs are open to ex-servicemen?

S/Sgt. G. W. R., Abilene, Tex.

Apply to the nearest office of the U. S. Employment Service or go to your local draft board. Draft boards have a co-operative arrangement, through State Selective Service directors, with the U. S. Employment Service for the express purpose of finding jobs for ex-servicemen. If interested in federal employment, consult the nearest office of the U. S. Civil Service Commission.

* * *

Sarge, what is the meaning of the phrase "bubble dancing" as used by the Army?

C. E. G., Buffalo, N. Y.

It doesn't mean the same as it does in a Broadway night club, if that's what you're getting at. "Bubble dancing" in the Army means dishwashing. You might also be interested in the following definitions:

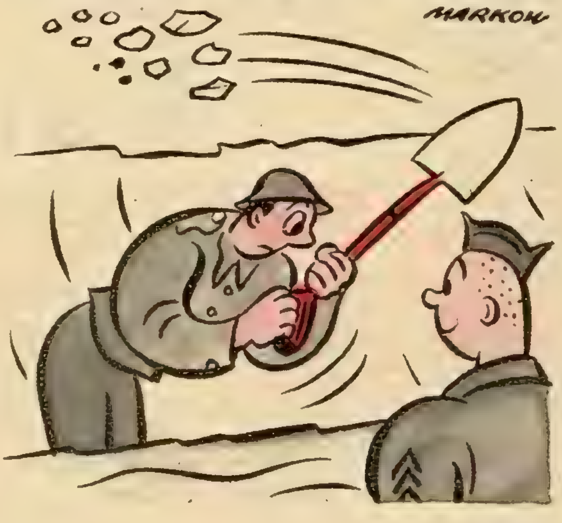
Army banjo	Shovel
Army strawberries	Prunes
Blue Room	PX
Cackleberries	Eggs
Chin music	Talking
Cross Bar Hotel	Guardhouse
Diamond-studded zebra	First sergeant

* * *

I read your piece about Army serial numbers, and a question has come up. You said the first digit indicates how a man got into the Army (enlistment, National Guard, or induction) and the second digit tells what service command he comes from. However, I have found that former National Guardsmen always have 20 as the first two digits, regardless of their service command.

W. B., Talladega, Ala.

Right you are. Men who entered the Army by enlistment have 1 as the first digit, men who were federalized from the National Guard have 20 as the first two digits, and inductees have 3 as the first digit. In the case of former National Guardsmen, the third digit indicates the service command.



Army banjo

Also, many soldiers have protested that they "volunteered" for the Army and have serial numbers beginning with 3, indicating they were draftees. That is correct. Enlistments in the Army were discontinued more than a year ago, and these men merely "volunteered for immediate induction" through their local draft boards. Thus they are still inductees, though the draft board, in its own records, puts a V in front of their names. Once in the service, there is no differentiation whatever between men who entered by enlistment and those who entered by induction.

* * *

Hey, Sarge, after all these years I finally found out there is a war going on. And guess who told me—a civilian!

My buddy and I went to the depot supply to exchange a flying jacket which was too large for him. He asked the civilian employee there, who no doubt is getting paid twice as much as the soldiers working at the same job, to see if there was one with thick leather, since he had already worn out two of the thin type.

The civilian very seriously replied, "There aren't any, buddy. Don't you know there is a war going on?"

M/Sgt. L. A.,
Drew Field, Tampa, Fla.

That's not as bad as another one I heard. A guy goes into a garage to get a new exhaust pipe for his car. He thinks the price is too high and says—as we used to say twenty years ago—"Hey, buddy, the war's over!"

All a question of timing, I guess.

* * *

What commission would a thirty-seven-year-old doctor hold if taken into the Army? *J. P., Augusta, Ga.*

Doctors who have just completed their medical school and interneship are given first lieutenancies. Those who have been in practice a number of years are given higher ranks, depending upon their age and qualifications. The Procurement and Assignment Service, which supplies doctors to the Army, will give you the necessary forms to fill out. It may be contacted through the headquarters of the Service Command in which you reside.

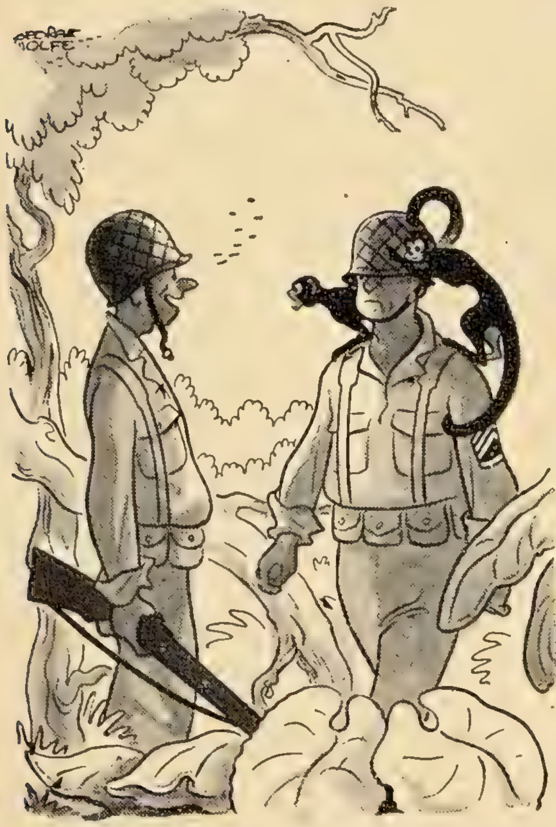
* * *

Here is a question that comes up in the Paratroops. For the extra risk involved, the enlisted men get $50 extra as jump pay. But the officers get $100 extra. Why is that? Is it more dangerous for an officer to jump from a plane than an enlisted man?

A Paratrooper,
Camp Mackall, Hoffman, N. C.

The extra jump pay is not calculated by the degree of danger involved. An officer gets more jump pay for the same reason he gets more base pay. In other words, his training, experience, and qualifications are greater than an enlisted man's.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



"Why, Sarge, I didn't know you were a father!"

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YOUTH HAS FLAMED BEFORE

Continued from Page 19

workers who served overseas. Some were true, but most weren't.

But the really extensive and intensive frenzy over immoral youth came to a head in the immediate postwar period. Look over the comments made in the early 1920s and you'll wonder how the young folks of the time ever grew up to head P. T. As, Rotary Clubs, and other respectable organizations; how the straight bobbed hair of these hell-bent flappers ever turned into the slightly graying permanent-waved ringlets currently topping the heads of worthy housewives; and how it happened that an entire generation nurtured on bootleg gin didn't succumb to cirrhosis of the liver, instead of staying alive to worry about its junior's drinking.

Here are some of the things that got into print in 1921: "Things are getting worse from day to day." "We are undergoing a period of depression in morals." "An ugly sinister wave of immorality is sweeping over the country." One clergyman rhetorically deplored "the easy prey to those whose business it is to pluck the blush of innocency from off the cheek of maidenhood and put a blister there." Wrote another, "We are undergoing a steady, uninterrupted degeneration of society in morals and manners."

A college president noted a "pronounced moral sag." The editor of a college paper reported that matters were going from bad to worse in high schools. "This is not evolution, but 'devilution,'" he continued hysterically. "Unless from its imperiled sleep over the pit of moral chaos American civilization shall suddenly awake, it sleeps the sleep of death."

"But today isn't comparable," perhaps you're thinking. "What makes the current situation so appallingly unprecedented is the extreme youth of the delinquents. When youth flamed before, it wasn't that youthful. Then, children were children."

Were they? In 1921 a Boston newspaper featured a series of articles on "the girl of fourteen, the problem of today." In Denver, Helen, aged fifteen, told a juvenile court judge that she wouldn't drink until she was eighteen, but she didn't consider herself too young for love-making. And the head of a home for unmarried mothers commented, in 1922, on the extreme youth of her present wards. Forty years before, she said, when she was first in the work, the inmates were usually twenty-eight to thirty, rarely under twenty-six. Then their age level gradually decreased to eighteen or twenty. Nowadays they were often as young as fourteen or fifteen.

It's amazing how the same story persists as news. Only the other day a friend of mine told me with horror that a seventeen-year-old of her acquaintance had confided that "all the girls" carry contraceptives in their purses. I remember having had that same "fact" whispered to me by an elderly woman whom I met aboard an ocean liner in 1926. The goings-on on the boat deck at night, she had heard, were something terrible! A year before, Judge Ben Lindsey had reported the same interesting practice in his book The Revolt of Modern Youth.

Lindsey was also authority for the estimate that 90 per cent of all young people hugged and kissed, 50 per cent of these "went further," and 25 per cent "went the limit." Novels of the period—F. Scott Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise, Percy Marks' The Plastic Age, and Warner Fabian's Flaming Youth—confirmed the horrid impression of widespread immorality. But by 1928 a magazine, instead of featuring something like Is the Younger Generation in Peril? or License of the Youngsters, or These Wild Young People, which had previously appeared in tables of contents, mentioned only Ashes of Flaming Youth. Those dreadful boys and girls were occupied with diaper washing and figuring family budgets—and the country was saved, as it always is.

BUT that was then, and this is now. Granted that each older generation thinks each younger generation is the worst, isn't this one really the worst? The number of cases before eighty-three juvenile courts rose from about 65,000 in 1940 to about 75,000 in 1942. The increase in girls' cases was 38 per cent. You can't laugh off statistics, can you?

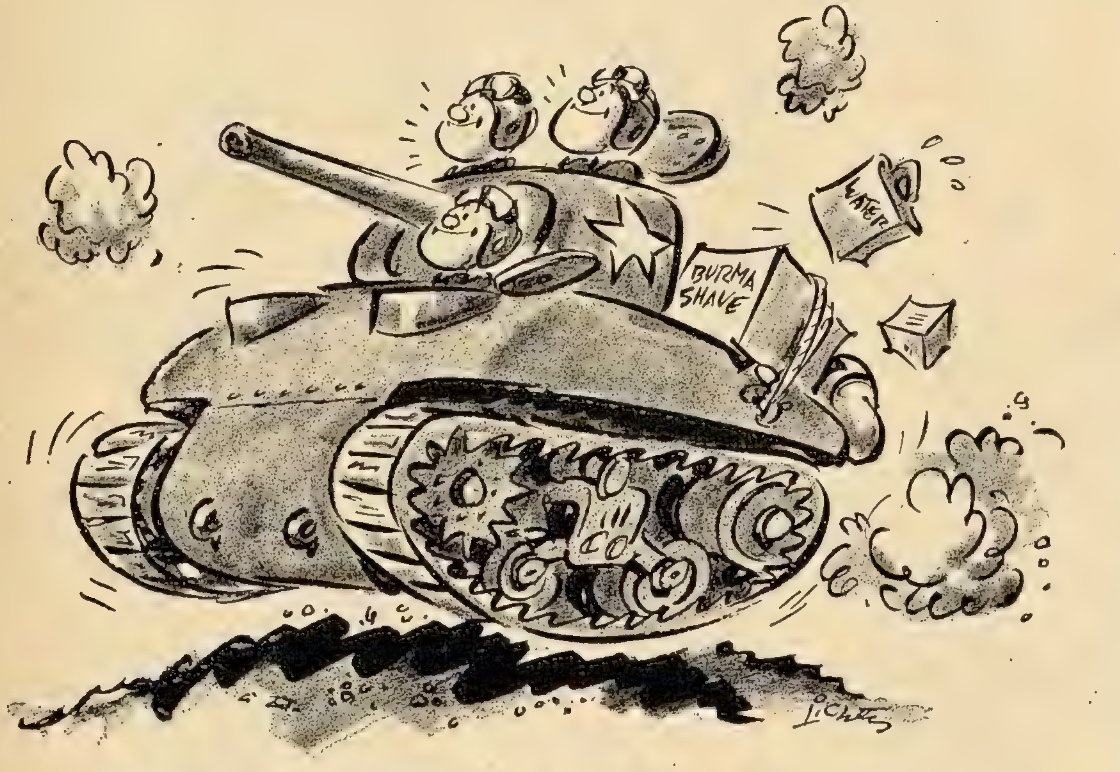
Certainly not. But you don't need to despair if you consider how much or how little statistics may mean.

Remember that the figures which shock you are based on the number of *arrests*. And the number of arrests depends not only upon how many youngsters are actually delinquent but on how vigorously a community is policing. There is one city, for instance, in which the number of girls sixteen and younger arrested in 1942 was much higher than in 1941. In 1942, for the first time, that city appointed two special police officers to patrol places where they expected to find cases; also, all regular officers were ordered to turn in all cases, not just warn and release some of them, as had been the practice before.

In another town the women's division of the police department reported a 1942 increase of 18.6 per cent over 1941 in the number of girls under eighteen coming to its attention. Here, too, there was a new special patrol policing stations at the request of the U. S. O. and the railroad police.

In many communities, morals squads of the city police make fairly regular raids on taverns and the cheaper and more questionable hotels. Some of the youngsters arrested in the course of these raids are simply innocent bystanders; but the fact that they reach court helps swell the black total on record.

Possibly, too, the shortage of welfare workers contributes to the general impression that youthful morals are worsening. Many a case of actual or



TOUGH-WHISKERED YANKS
IN HEAVY TANKS
HAVE JAWS AS SMOOTH
AS GUYS
IN BANKS

★ "Smooth" describes a clean and easy Burma-Shave! A special ingredient stops "dry skin" after-shave feeling. Then, a swish of water cleans your razor. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

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Back the Attack! . . . Buy More War Bonds!

potential delinquency was formerly handled out of court.

In short, maybe the alarming increase in the number of arrests means that there's an alarming increase in sexual delinquency among young girls, and maybe it doesn't. Maybe it just means that communities are more vigilant than they used to be; that there is more frank, open, and energetic battling against venereal disease than in the bad old days before the war. According to Dr. Lawrence Averill of the Worcester (Massachusetts) State Teachers College, "There is no reliable evidence of the extent of illicit sex indulgence among adolescents. There never has been."

Anyway, what do we mean by sexual delinquency? Is the term applicable only to girls? Are the hardened prostitute and the high-school youngster who gives herself to a serviceman with whom she's madly in love in the same class? Here is Nellie Doe, arrested in a shoddy hotel bedroom, who goes down on the records as a sexual delinquent. There is Gloria Roe, who returns from a week-end at a fashionable hotel, with no one any the wiser. Statistics of sexual delinquency may give us more than the truth—or they may give less.

FINALLY, we must take into consideration the fact that what happens in one place doesn't necessarily happen everywhere in these United States at the same time. "Many communities have already experienced an upward trend in delinquency," says the Children's Bureau. "Other communities apparently find no marked change in the delinquency situation since the war began." A whole generation isn't damned because there are obvious sore spots.

Those spots, aggravated by wartime conditions, have always been with us. They should always have shocked us. Normally, 200,000 children appear before the juvenile courts that serve almost 40 per cent of the population. Countless other children, living in areas where there are no juvenile courts, or potentially delinquent, have always been behavior problems.

"Juvenile delinquency in wartime does not present a totally new problem," according to the Children's Bureau. "Rather it presents an old problem in which some of the points of emphasis are different."

Shuddering and exclaiming won't solve it. The Children's Bureau Community Program for Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency in Wartime (available for the asking) suggests ways and means of marshaling community resources to put the brakes on juvenile delinquency. The program ought to be practicable years from now, and it would have been good years ago.

One of the points it makes, for example, is the need for wholesome recreational activities to divert pleasure-hungry youngsters from juke joints, taverns, and other danger spots. "A well balanced leisure-time program of recreational and group activities involves . . . making the programs attractive to 'teen age boys and girls and offering them a chance to participate in activities together."

That's a good idea. It was also a good idea back in 1770, when one Dr. Witherspoon, a divine, proposed a plan for "monthly meetings of the youth of both sexes, in order to prevent irregular night walking, frolicking and keeping bad company"!

THE END

DO THIS FOR COLDS

Here's a chart of the BASIC STEPS which most physicians advise you to take when you catch cold. Temporary relief measures are good, but these 5 steps help your system *throw off the infection.* And lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMONS FOR COLDS
Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

SODA

To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

BOMBER OVER WEWAK

Continued from Page 23

“When we got to within a mile of those other B-25s, some Zeros made a pass at them, and then started an overhead attack on us. We dove pretty steep into a layer of clouds at 1,500 feet.

“I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to get the plane out of the dive when we got to the clouds, but somehow I did. Meanwhile, though, the dome of the tail turret had been knocked off and the rudder cables shot up.”

Bybee was in the tail turret, and when the dome was shot away from over his head, flying plexiglass struck him in the face and drew blood. His turret was open to the elements now, and the wind roared in. The sight also had been shot away. Nevertheless, he stuck to his gun and continued to fire at oncoming Zeros. Donegan knew his ship still had protection from the rear.

Donegan continued:

“I turned off course ninety degrees and flew in the clouds awhile, and when we came up out of them we had definitely lost the Zeros. From then on it was just a matter of trying to get home.

“We had to go to 16,500 feet to find clear weather. The oxygen system was pretty badly shot up, but fortunately we had enough on our side to keep going.

“I kept worrying about the engines. I didn’t dare slow them down to normal speed for fear of going into a spin, and I worried about keeping them gunned, especially after that hammering we’d taken. There was so much that could go wrong.

“But the Japs hadn’t made us lose any gas and they hadn’t hit the oil lines. Those engines kept roaring along. They really took a beating, too, because I just gave them hell. Some day I want one of them for a watch fob.”

“It’s a miracle we got back,” added Peebles.

And it was.

The Zeros had battered the plane intermittently for forty-five minutes, and then Donegan had to fly the ship for almost three hours to bring it home.

Next to the pilot, the busiest man on that return flight was Carroll.

“When I went forward,” he said, “I found the navigator, Lieutenant Scammel, almost unconscious on the floor. I bound up his wounds with some first-aid bandages we had in the plane. I did it awkwardly, wishing heartily that I’d learned something about first aid before this.

“Then I went up front, where Lieutenant Peebles had fallen over the wheel. I helped him back out of the seat and tore off my sweat shirt to make bandages for him and for the pilot.

“When we got up to where we needed oxygen, we found that the front tank had only enough for one, and the pilot’s and co-pilot’s oxygen masks had been shot out.

“I put an oxygen mask on Scammel, and then crawled back to see how Bybee was. He said he was all right, but he looked pretty bad, with blood all over his head. I got an oxygen mask out of the rear compartment and took it forward. Lieutenant Donegan told me to give it to Peebles. ‘He needs it most,’ he said.

“But Peebles was still conscious enough to refuse to take the mask. He insisted that Donegan wear it—after all, it was the pilot who would have to get us back—so finally Donegan put it on.

“Peebles was getting weak from loss of blood, but he kept wanting to help. I’d just get him down on the floor when he’d want to get up at his controls again. And he did get up several times to do his best to help keep the plane flying.

“It was the same way with Lieutenant Scammel. He had lost the most blood and much of the time was completely out. I got some morphine shots from the first-aid kit and gave him an injection—the first I’d ever given any one. And I gave all the wounded men sulfanilimide pills.

“When we got lost in the clouds, I helped Lieutenant Scammel sit up at his maps. He tried to write out instructions, but we couldn’t read his feeble scrawl. Then I took the maps to Lieutenant Donegan, but we couldn’t figure out from them where we were. Finally Lieutenant Scammel managed to give us a reading that helped us get onto our course again.

“I was pretty proud of Sergeant Bybee, too, the way he sat up there in his turret watching for Zeros. Most of the time all I could see of him was his feet. But sometimes I’d crawl over and take a look, and he’d be sitting there at his gun, watching out through the open turret and wiping the blood from his face now and then. He never said a word about his own injuries; he just was worried about the officers.

“Lieutenant Donegan flew for three hours with no rudder control at all—only the throttle. When the time came for a landing, I started cranking down the flaps, and I was still cranking when we landed. The minute the flaps went down he had no control, yet he brought

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us in safely. He's the best pilot in the world."

Donegan insists he was extremely lucky.

"I got more and more worried toward the end," he said. "When finally I sighted our home field I was using the cross feed because all my gasoline on one side was gone and I only had sixty gallons left on the other.

"With all my landing and rudder controls gone, I knew I'd have to come in fast—otherwise I'd spin in. And with the bomb-bay doors coming open all the time I knew it would be a pretty rough landing.

I told the enlisted men they had better bail out, but they chose to stay with us. They knew they'd be safer if they jumped, but they knew, too, that they could help us.

"There was a plane on the field, right in the middle of the runway. I radioed, asking that it be moved, and circled the field five times, three times low, right over the plane. It didn't budge, and I couldn't wait longer with Scammel and Peebles apparently bleeding to death.

"We came in fast on the grass to one side of the runway. We scraped and jolted along, throwing up a huge cloud of dust. It was pretty bumpy, but we didn't nose over or catch fire."

"As a matter of fact," Scammel broke in, "that was about the most masterful crash landing I've ever seen. John did a perfect job."

Although Lieutenant Scammel had to be carried from the plane to the waiting ambulance, his main thought was about the danger of fire, and he had the presence of mind to switch off the gasoline controls in the navigator's compartment immediately upon landing. Peebles also instantly turned off his switches. The co-pilot was strong enough, at the end, to crawl out of the plane unaided.

Scammel and Peebles were promptly given blood transfusions upon their arrival at an Army hospital, and within a few hours their young strength began to return.

* * *

Sometimes a man thinks he has a clean conscience when he only has a poor memory.

—*Anon.*

* * *

By the next day it was evident that every one was going to get well again quickly.

One member of the crew hasn't yet been heard from, here. What did the tail gunner have to say?

"I suppose you're wondering why Joe and I didn't bail out," said Sergeant Bybee. "The pilot told us we ought to, and we knew we had the right.

"Well, there were three badly wounded men up front. If they could take it, we could. And although no one mentioned it, we knew they needed us. Some one had to crank down the flaps, and somebody should be ready with the fire extinguisher in the rear end, just in case.

"But the main thing was, we were all pretty good friends. Those fellows meant a lot to us—so we just naturally stuck together."

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HENRY BOLTINOFF

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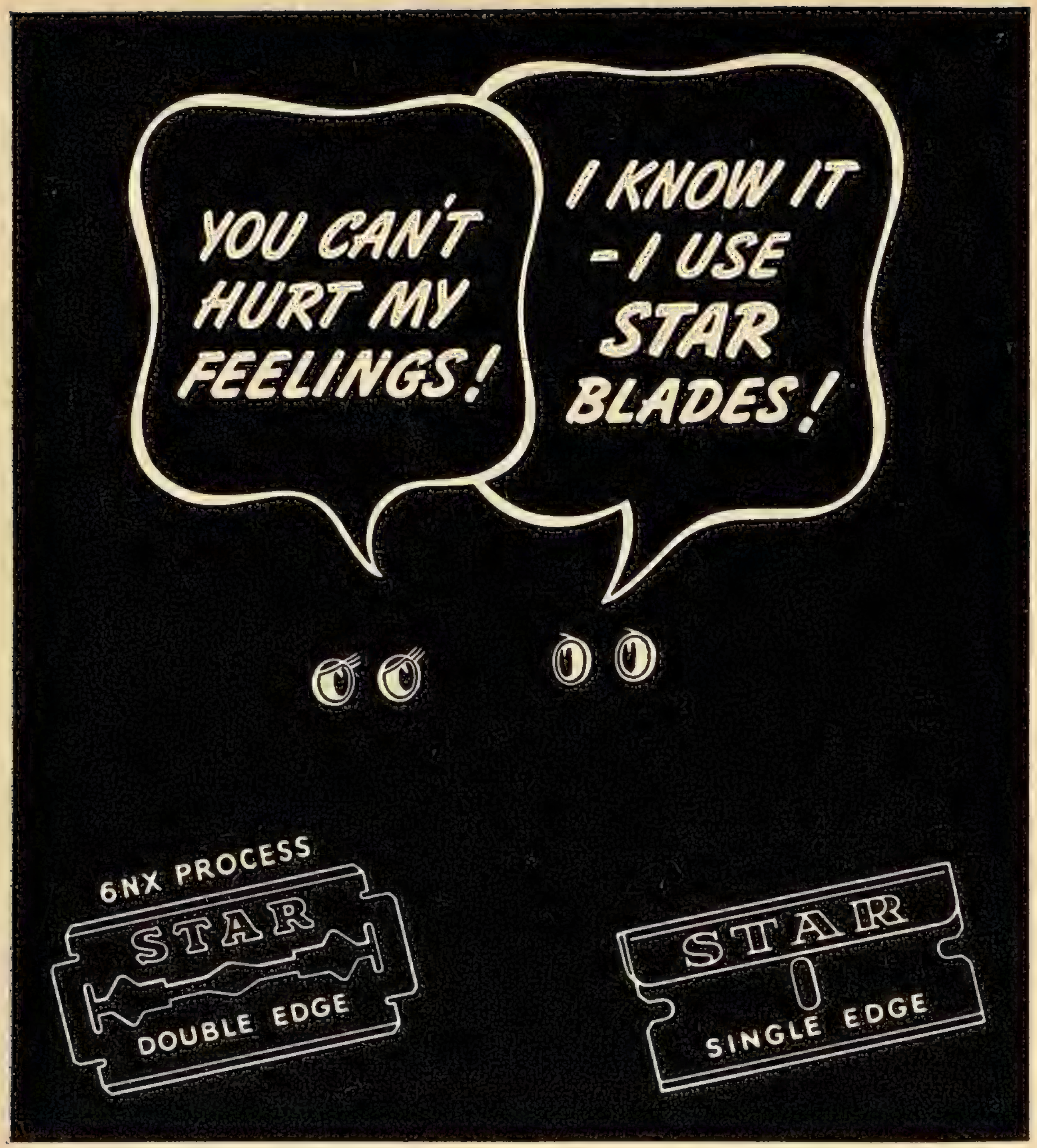
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MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

Continued from Page 30

of somebody else's gold," Mr. Summerbell continued, "I'd probably make a deal with some foreign country. I'd sell it to the country that would pay the best price."

"That's a wonderful idea," Johnny said.

Mr. Summerbell glowed a little. "I might go on a buried-treasure hunt and turn up a carefully antiquated chest of gold. Only that would be dangerous."

"You aren't one of those people," Johnny said, "who think maybe my grandfather has it tucked away, are you?"

Mr. Summerbell said gently, "Captain Angel and I were very fond of each other. His death has been a great grief to me—I assume that he is dead, you see." He laid his thin hands on the ledger, deeply troubled. "Rumor is a foul bird, Johnny. Kill it with the truth!"

"I intend to," Johnny said, moved by his earnestness. He continued, "Suppose you had all that gold and you were willing to make a deal with a foreign country, how would you go about it?"

MR. SUMMERBELL grew thoughtful. "I should use the routine commercial channels so as to create the illusion of a routine business transaction. Lisbon Royal Exchange, let us say, would buy the gold for delivery to, say, Germany. There would be a transfer of bank credits, probably routed through South American countries. My bankers would inform me that a sum of money had been deposited to my account. There would be the usual handling charges. I should be a very rich man."

"Just a matter of bookkeeping," Johnny said.

"Exactly," said Mr. Summerbell. Johnny was looking doubtful. "I suppose you are wondering about the integrity of the purchasers. A transaction of that magnitude would be governed by precisely defined rules to which even the scoundrel countries subscribe. If one of those countries were to authorize a foreign banking agent to make a commitment, then refused to honor it—well, their banking agents might as well shut up shop."

"How much would the foreign country pay?"

"Positively par, since they want gold. Par would be thirty-six dollars an ounce. Circumstances would govern the price. How badly does the Axis country want the gold? How anxious am I—er—to sell?" Mr. Summerbell coughed.

"Very," Johnny said. "But how would you begin?"

"Well, I'd look for a middleman, some one I could depend on. He'd handle the transaction for a commission."

"Where would you find such a man?" Johnny asked.

"That would depend on where I was."

"You're in Cuba," Johnny said, "and so is the gold."

"I'd contact some business firm here—solid, respectable people, well rooted in Cuban economic life, who I knew still maintained overseas ties." Mr. Summerbell pondered. "Now whom do we have in Havana? There's Zimmermann and Voss. There's the Syndicato Europeo. There's Cuban Export." He searched Johnny's face, and Johnny searched his. Neither of them spoke for a moment, and then Mr. Summerbell said gravely, "And now we've had our little joke,

"I've already tried soap and warm water."

haven't we, Johnny . . . only it isn't a joke, is it?"

"No," said Johnny, "it isn't," and wondered how much Mr. Summerbell knew. Evidently he wasn't going to say; at least, not yet, and Johnny walked to the door. There he paused. "Mr. Summerbell, do you know anything about a man named Sam Jewell?"

"I know him to be an evil man!" Emotion clouded his eyes. "Remember, you're the last of the Angel men, Johnny!"

"I'll remember, Mr. Summerbell," Johnny said, and left.

He crossed the general office to the well cured room that had been old Mr. Gustafson's. Without knocking, he pushed the door open, and as he did so Gustaf Gustafson turned sharply away from the window, where he had been staring out over the Gulf of Mexico, which looked formidable now that the sun was gone. Buttons of light were coming out all over the city.

"I didn't hear you knock," said Gustafson stiffly.

"I never knock," Johnny said. "You've got pouches under your eyes, Gustafson. You need a drink."

"I know what I need!" said Gustafson.

"What do you need?" Johnny asked him. "A guy that's just come into five million bucks and has a beautiful wife to help him spend them—what could he need?" Gustafson opened his mouth, then shut it again without saying anything and leaned on his knuckles on the desk. "Or maybe you haven't come into five million bucks, Mr. Gustafson. Maybe somebody else has come into them—the boys who sail the ships that catch the tin fish in their bellies. It's going to be a lovely, lovely hospital, Mr. Gustafson. Doesn't it all make you feel wonderful?"

GUSTAFSON lowered himself carefully into the chair. He rested his hands on the edge of the desk. They had rested like that on M. Gonzales' table.

"What is it that you want, Angel?"

"I'm looking at your hands, Gustafson."

"What about my hands?"

"That guy in the raincoat in M. Gonzales' shop had a pair of hands," Johnny replied. "They were like yours."

Gustafson looked at his hands. "You'll need more than a pair of hands, Angel."

"Such a pair of hands!" Johnny's voice grated. "Squeezing the trigger on a machine gun. Eight men dead in a power boat. Sam Jewell's boat. Quit stalling, Gustafson."

It took Gustafson a moment to make up his mind. "You know what those men had done, don't you?" he said sullenly.

"What had Ann Wingate done?" Johnny fired at him.

Gustafson leaned against the desk, his mouth drawn and white. "I lost my head. I'm glad she wasn't hurt."

"That's big of you," said Johnny. "But if that's the way you feel about it, stand up and be a hero—we can still fix it. We'll cook the Jewell outfit between us—that's all I want. You turn in the bright stuff and collect the headlines: 'Gustafson Heir Wipes Out Mutineers.' How does it sound?"

"I don't want any headlines."

"IT'S too big for you, Gustafson." He didn't reply. "In the end it'd sink you—if Sam Jewell didn't sink you first."

Gustafson braced himself. "Angel," he said, "I've considered all that. You can't touch me. Neither can Ann Wingate. If she'd thought she could make her story stick she'd have told it two weeks ago. The Gustafson prestige, for one thing—it's pretty formidable. Besides, my alibi's tight. It's solid. I'm *safe!*"

"You're frank about it," Johnny told him.

Gustafson shrugged. "You said quit stalling—and why shouldn't I? We understand each other. There's only one way you can sink me, Angel—put your finger on the merchandise. But you can't! I don't have to go near it. When I'm ready, I can close the deal by telephone. I can do it from this room. I can do it from New York."

"You didn't mention Sam Jewell," Johnny pointed out.

Hatred flickered for an instant in Gustafson's eyes. "Suppose we talk about something else," he said coldly.

"Sure," Johnny said. "Louis Fouché."

"Who is Louis Fouché?"

"A waiter at the Jewel Box—he was."

"What about him?"

"He phoned me this afternoon about something he'd overheard said there last night. Our friends intend to move in on Ann, if they can get away with it. They want some information they think she has." Johnny's voice began to take on a certain quality of emotion. "Personally, I think you are in a better position to supply it than she is. And I've a notion they think so too—they certainly know where your father's estate is going, and if that gun you dropped on the terrace at the

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Jewel Box a couple of weeks ago is registered to you, they know it by this. But right now they seem to be figuring on Ann as the preliminary to the main event—you." The ice in Johnny's voice would have frozen the kick in a highball. "Louis Fouché was shot dead at the telephone while he was telling me this. Does that impress you, Gustafson?"

Pallor spread over Gustafson's face like melted wax. "Yes," he said.

"So I want to get Ann Wingate out of town," Johnny went on. "Miss Drumm has invited her to go down to Bahia de la Cruz tomorrow. Have you any objection?"

"Why should I have?"

"I'LL be as frank with you as you've been with me," Johnny told him. "I've sold Ann a bill of goods. I've talked her into thinking she may get something out of Miss Drumm."

Gustafson made a sound that resembled a laugh.

"Personally, I don't think she will either," Johnny said. "If we bust you, Gustafson, it'll be some other way—I really am being frank, you see! So if it's O. K. with you, Ann goes."

"I haven't any objection," Gustafson said flatly. But there was something else on his mind. He flushed and what he said next surprised Johnny. "I thought Miss Wingate had other plans. I understood that she and Mrs. Gustafson were driving down to Varadero for a day or so."

"Who told you that?"

Gustafson hesitated; then, "Mrs. Gustafson."

"But that's cockeyed!" Johnny said. Gustafson's color deepened, and Johnny suddenly divined that he wished he hadn't made the admission, that he didn't himself believe what he'd said, and that it had slipped out unaware from whatever area of frustration in his mind was preoccupied with Lilah and her deviltries. Johnny was baffled for a moment, then he flushed the significance of Gustafson's admission into the clear. "When were they leaving?"

"Tonight." Johnny began to laugh derisively. "What ails you?" Gustaf demanded.

"Are you seeing them off—Lilah and Ann?" Johnny asked.

"I'm busy tonight." Gustafson stressed the point angrily. "Business, you understand!"

"Business," Johnny said. "With somebody. Sure. But not with Mister Sam Jewell."

A crazy look flowed across Gustafson's face. An idea began to shape up in Johnny's mind. If Gustafson were pressured he perhaps could be tricked into uncovering Teakettle Island. How that might be done, Johnny didn't yet know. But if he could maneuver Gustafson into going down to Varadero for a showdown with Jewell over Lilah, and he could horn in on the showdown himself, something might come of it. But first he had to bedevil Gustafson into finding the Varadero idea bearable.

"Look," Johnny said. "Ann and I have a date for dinner tonight. If Lilah says she's running down to Varadero with Ann, she's kidding you. So the laughs are on Mister Gustaf Gustafson. Again."

"That's enough from you!" Gustafson shouted.

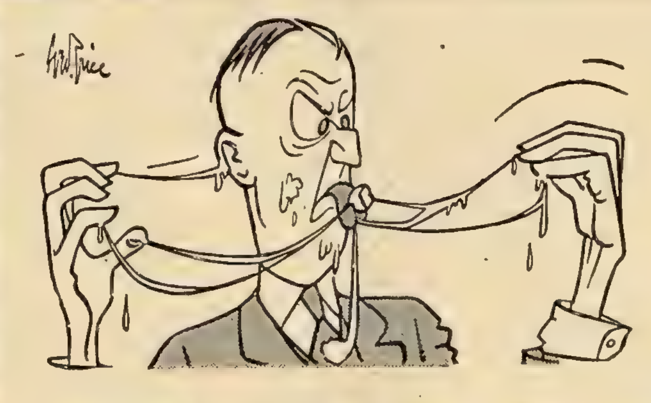
"Gustafson," Johnny said, "nobody's kidding you. Not even yourself." The deliberate brutality of Johnny's speech turned Gustafson as white as lard. "You know as well as I do that Lilah isn't going down to Varadero with Ann. Why should she, when Sam's around? *Sam*, Gustafson, not you. Lilah said *Ann*—and maybe she laughed as she said it. And you knew what the laugh meant. And they knew that you knew—Lilah and Sam. Gustafson, you're a peculiar guy. You brush off eight men on a boat, yet you let your wife treat you like a whistle on a popcorn push-cart."

Gustafson yanked open a drawer.

JOHNNY slid across the desk and smacked him in the face with the flat of his hand. His left closed on Gustafson's wrist. The chair skidded backward and brought up with a crash against the wall, then tilted sidewise and pitched Gustafson to the floor. Johnny unloaded the gun, dropped the clip into his pocket, and tossed the gun onto the desk. Gustafson got up and leaned on the desk, breathing hard.

"That wouldn't have got you anywhere," Johnny said. Gustafson didn't reply. "You can still stand up and be a hero, pal." Gustafson remained as he was, his head bent. "Well, it's your circus. And now you're going to let Sam get away with Varadero—Sam and Lilah."

(*Continued on page 62*)



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

MARSHMALLOATHE: To hate those gooey white candies.

FALA-NY: F. D. R.'s pup commits a misdemeanor.

SHOOZE: Boots for walking in slime.

INSPECTRE: Superintendent of a haunted house.

TERRORTORY: A German protectorate.

SINGCOPATERS: A swing quartet of sugar daddies.

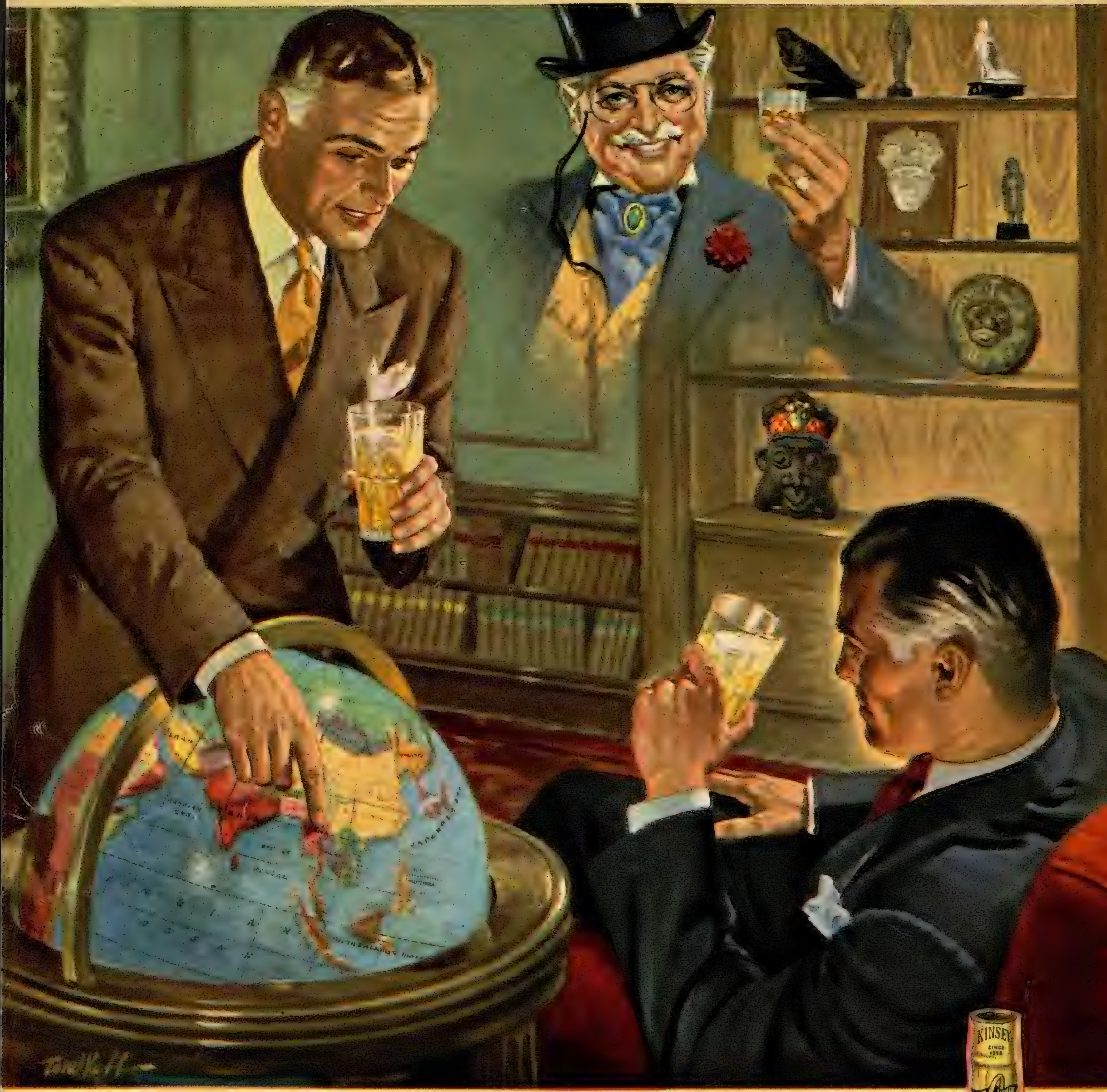
NAGNIFICENT: Man o' War.

CAWSTUME: A crow's feathers.

THAWTERNE: Wine made from melted snow for those who lisp.

SLEIGHVE: A guy who pulls you on your sled for nothing.

ONCE THE SECRET OF THE GAY NINETIES



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(Continued from page 60)

Gustafson's head came up slowly. The naked hatred that flickered in his face again was what Johnny wanted to see.

"No, I'm not," Gustafson said, low and tense.

"Going down after them?"

"Yes," Gustafson muttered. "Tonight."

"Now who's kidding?" said Johnny.

Gustafson looked directly at him. "Think so?"

Johnny liked the nice quiet ferocity with which he said it. He crowded his hunch. "Maybe I'll run down myself," he said, "just to see what happens." He used the needle again. "If anything."

"Do so, damn you, if it's any affair of yours!" Gustafson shouted. And then he said what Johnny had been trying to provoke him into saying: "If you don't believe me, and if you insist on sticking your nose in my business, ride down with me!"

JOHNNY didn't give him time to take it back. "Don't mind if I do." It meant breaking his date with Ann, but she'd understand. Locked in her room she'd be safe until he got back, early in the morning.

Johnny said, "Around eight?" and Gustafson nodded assent. A possibility that Johnny hadn't thought of before struck him then. "It has just occurred to me that maybe you'd decided to go down to Varadero before I'd even thought of going."

"What if I had?"

"Nothing," Johnny told him, "except that it makes me only half as smart as I thought I was."

He had reached the door when Gustafson spoke with a peculiar low-pitched emphasis: "Be twice as smart, Angel."

RICHardson
ROOT BEER
it's so flavorful

Refreshing!
Energizing!
Fine with Food, too!
RICHardson
ROOT BEER
RICHardson
ROOT BEER

"Not me," Johnny said coldly. "I wouldn't know what to do with the dough. Eight o'clock." He left then.

Johnny had supposed that under the circumstances it would not be any trick at all to persuade Ann to agree to a postponement of their dinner date, but Ann, it turned out, had ideas of her own.

As soon as he mentioned Varadero to her, her eyes began to sparkle, and when he told her that he and Gustafson were going together, she dared him not to take her along. Johnny looked at her as if he thought she'd gone crazy, and talked for ten minutes solid on the subject. Then she stood up, placed her hands on her slender hips, balanced her weight on the balls of her feet, and told him in five minutes as much as he had said in ten. She brushed the nape of his neck with her lips then and told him to get out; in twenty minutes she'd be ready. And she was.

Gustafson arrived in a maroon sports roadster with tons of power under its hood. They made the run in two and a half hours flat. Conversation was scarce, but Ann wore her Grandaunt Annabel's mandarin coat and an eggshell evening frock, and what with her shoulder fitting neatly into his armpit and the honey-colored Cuban night, Johnny was over his grouch before they had left Havana behind. His fear remained. Every time Ann looked at him, it drove a fresh nail into his heart. Presently the fabulous beach at Varadero burst upon them.

"Do you know where you are going?" Johnny asked Gustafson.

"Lilah said the Flamingo," he muttered.

Gustafson hurled the big roadster into a compound. People were all over the place, which was gay and expensive.

Johnny saw an ornate blue-and-white-tiled swimming pool, a row of candy-striped cabanas. He heard the soft crash of waves on the powdery beach.

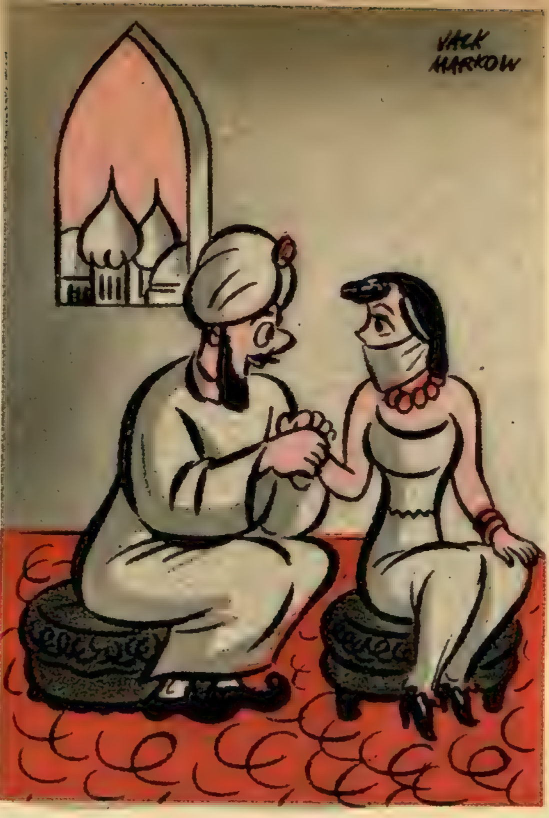
Gustafson strode up shallow steps, Johnny and Ann at his heels. He's got himself stature, Johnny thought. This ought to be pretty.

They found Sam and Lilah sipping Bacardis in a plushy bar with mermaids and an ardent Neptune splashing about on the walls. The fury concentrated in Gustafson's face as he walked toward them reminded Ann of the look he had turned toward her when she had called to him from the porthole of Mr. Johanson's cabin. The moment stretched itself out unbearably. Sam Jewell didn't move, except to fold his heavy arms and wrap himself up in his brassy grin. Then Lilah lighted up like a Christmas tree and came running toward Gustafson with a sudden squeal of happiness that stopped him cold. She threw her arms about his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"Gustaf darling!" she cried. "I knew you'd come. Sam's been horrid. And so have I. To you, Gustaf. And I'm terribly sorry. I wanted you to come and take me home more than I can ever tell you. I wanted you to care enough to come. And you *have* come to take me home, haven't you?"

Gustafson was slipping already, guttering out like a candle.

"Oh, dear," Johnny said to himself, "I can't bear it." He must have said it aloud, for Ann whispered, "Be brave, sailor."



"But, darling, twenty-seven can live as cheaply as twenty-six."

"Why, Lilah!" Gustafson muttered.

"You do understand, then, Gustaf?"

"Why—why, of course, sweetheart!"

"You know my being here with Sam doesn't mean a thing?" Before he could answer, she had kissed him on the lips. "Gustaf darling, you make me so happy! Listen. It's a rumba!"

As he led her into the supper room, Lilah fluttered two fingers at Johnny and Ann. Gustafson put his eyes elsewhere.

"Why, the mush!" Johnny said. "The big bowl of mush!"

"With cream!" said Ann.

After a waiter had taken their orders Sam Jewell came over, his lips smiling, his slate-colored eyes chipped flints.

"This seems to be a happy occasion for everybody," he said.

"Except Louis Fouché!" said Johnny savagely.

"I wouldn't know about Louis," Jewell replied.

He fitted a cigar into his mouth, and strolled off into the casino.

"This reconciliation's a phony," Johnny said. "It's a squeeze. They rigged this Varadero jaunt to make it look right. But it doesn't look right. And Gustafson knows it doesn't." His eyes rested broodingly on Ann.

THEY danced and had supper. Gustafson came up and looked uncomfortably off over Johnny's shoulder while he explained that he and Mrs. Gustafson would be driving home together in the roadster. Johnny said thanks, they'd hire a cab. And they did.

Hours later, at the Pico, Johnny was wakened by the clatter of the telephone on the wall. It was daylight. The sun was high and hot. He lay in a cold sweat without moving for at least a minute, during which the phone continued to ring with shrill fury. Then he realized that what held him in a chill clutch was the ugly recollection that the last time he had talked into the black box on the wall had been to Louis Fouché.

It was only the desk calling. The señorita's train left in forty minutes.

Is Gustafson safe? Is Ann safe without Johnny to protect her? Excitement and suspense gather momentum in next week's installment of this story of adventure and danger.

HIGH-LINE HERO

Continued from Page 24

Tom thought. His long, regular strides ate up the yards easily; the taut rope cutting into his shoulder seemed to bother him no more than did the black savage swarms of mosquitoes that rose from every pool and settled on his face and neck. You could stand those things when you were young, Tom thought.

The going got worse. At times they waded through pools of stagnant water up to their waists. The ever increasing length of wire dragging across the sodden going behind them grew heavier. Tom's legs felt as if they were made of lead. Once he stumbled in a deep pool and went down. Scott halted and pulled him to his feet. He was grinning.

"Not giving up, are you, old folks?"

Tom grimly wiped the mud from his face. "Keep going."

THEY moved on. Tom kept looking ahead through the undergrowth for the point where the right of way turned up to higher ground. As he recalled it, there was about a mile of this low flooded ground, then the line took a sharp swing to the right. If they could reach that corner pole, they could tie the wire off there, cut it back at the truck, then string in the next section from another direction.

He saw the corner pole at last. It sat on a reed-covered hummock which was a few feet higher than the surrounding swamp. But between the end of the wire and the pole was fifty yards of open water with the black quiet look of deep water. Tom gave the sign to halt.

"Looks like we're dogged off," he said.

Alone, he waded out into the pool. The water crept up to his waist in three steps, to his armpits in four. Cautiously he took the fifth step, found no bottom, and suddenly was floundering in swimming-depth water. He struggled back to where he could wade and climbed out of the pool, shaking his head.

"We'll have to get a boat."

"I thought I was a lineman," Gravitt grunted, "not a sailor."

Scott said, "How much rope we got?"

"About a hundred feet."

"Good enough." Scott started stripping off his clothes and shoes. "Tie a bowline in that rope and give me all the slack you can. I'll swim it across."

"You can't drag that much weight," Tom said. "It'll pull you under."

Scott grinned. "I can try, can't I?"

"You can drown, too."

"I'm not figuring on it. Give me the rope."

"Give it to him," Gravitt said. "Good riddance if he does drown."

Tom let the kid have his way. Scott slipped the bowline over his shoulders and moved out into deep water. He swam as though he had been born with fins. His long brown arms cut deeply and powerfully into the water; his legs churned a steady rhythmic beat. When he was almost to the far side of the pool, the men feeding him slack eased off and he was pulled under by the terrific load behind him. Coming up, he trod water and shouted, "Slack, dammit! Give me some slack!"

Tom threw his weight onto the wire. It gave. Scott clambered up the knoll, shaking his head like a lean water-soaked dog. He turned and waved at Tom, and he was grinning. You had to give him credit, Tom thought, the kid had guts.

But you had to have something besides guts to get by as a lineman. Tom

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for these symptoms
of Athlete's Foot

☐ Peeling between toes
☐ Cracks between toes
☐ Soft, soggy skin
☐ Itching

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1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.

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SALE
Stanley

"It whistles risqué songs."

wondered if the kid would ever learn that.

They got the wire strung in through the lowlands and had a few miles of easier going along the sandy bluffs which paralleled the south bank of the river. Where the high line crossed the river, it was supported by a couple of hundred-and-five-foot steel towers, and Cassidy pushed the men hard to get the wire up on those towers while the river was still at low stage.

"No telling how long we'll be dogged off if it should come a cloudburst upstream," he said.

The concrete footings for the towers were poured, and day by day the steel went up. Scrambling around on the slippery angle irons didn't do Tom's legs any good. They felt, many a time, like they would just fold up and quit under him, and he got to thinking more and more often about how nice it would be to be back on the chicken farm with nothing higher to climb than the porch steps.

SCOTT had never worked steel before. He took chances that made Tom's stomach flutter. "Look, kid," Tom said to him one day. "You want to live to be an old man, don't you?"

Scott grinned. "And be like you?"

Tom clamped his mouth shut tight. The kid had a way of saying just exactly the wrong thing.

"I'm just telling you. Watch where you're putting your hands and feet before you take a step. If you don't, you'll reach for a hold some day that won't be there."

Scott swung around on the narrow angle iron on which he stood. "Listen," he snapped. "You've been riding me ever since you came on this job. Get off my neck, will you? I can take care of myself."

Tom had heard that from young linemen before. Seemed like the only way they ever learned anything was to make their own mistakes. Trouble was, their first mistake was often their last. He shrugged.

"If that's the way you want it."

They beat the rain by a couple of hours. They got the towers up in the air and the wire sagged in across the river late one afternoon. Then, as they were riding in from work that evening the sky opened up with what promised to be a long, steady downpour.

"Let 'er rain," Cassidy said. "My wire's in the clear."

Tom dropped off at the post office as usual and went to the box. There was nothing. Walking to the roominghouse, he tried not to count up how many weeks it had been since he had heard from Johnny, but he knew without counting that it had been a long time. Too long. The feeling grew in him that something had happened. He couldn't shake it off.

He told himself that the kid knew how to take care of himself. But that didn't do much good. Things happened to you sometimes that you couldn't do anything about, even though you did know how to take care of yourself.

It was still raining when he got up next morning. It had rained all night, Cassidy said at breakfast. "No use trying to work. We'll take the day off."

Tom loafed around town most of the morning. Some of the boys got up a poker game over at the storeroom, and he sat in for a few hands. Toward noon Cassidy said he thought he'd drive out to the river and see how much water was coming down the channel. "Want to come along, Tom?"

Tom said he believed he'd rather go to his room and take a nap. "I'll ride that far with you."

He slept till late afternoon. When he got up, he ate a sandwich at a café and dropped by the storeroom. The poker game had just broken up. "Who's winner?" he asked.

"Me," Beefy said, and grinned. "I'm buying the beers. Interested?"

Tom said he didn't mind, and he and Beefy and Gravitt went to a beer joint and sat down at a table in the back of the room.

"There's the kid," Gravitt said, jerking his head toward the bar.

Tom turned and saw Larry Scott standing at the bar. He was alone. "Let's ask him back," Tom said.

Beefy shook his head. "He's too smart-aleck to drink my beer."

Tom shrugged and kept silent. It was Beefy's treat. Yet he couldn't help thinking that the kid looked awful lonesome standing up there. And he couldn't help noticing again the resemblance the kid had to Johnny. He wondered how the two would look standing side by side.

He finished his beer, thanked Beefy, and walked to the bar. Touching Scott on the shoulder, he said, "Hello, kid."

Scott turned, looked at him. "Hello," he said. He wasn't smiling. Tom thought there was a resentment in his eyes, a hard shell that the kid had donned because he didn't want to get hurt.

"How about a beer?" Tom suggested.

Scott's glass was empty; so was the beer bottle sitting beside it. He shook his head. "I don't drink beer," he said, then turned and walked away.

Tom stared after him for a time. The bartender picked up the empty glass and bottle and mopped the bar with a damp rag. "Something for you, mister?"

"No," Tom said. "No, not a thing."

THE rain kept coming down all through the drab gray afternoon. Tom saw Cassidy at supper and the foreman said the river was up, covering the whole quarter-mile-wide valley now where yesterday it had been only a narrow trickle of water.

"It can't do any damage to the high line, can it?" Tom asked.

"Hope not. I'm going to take another look tonight."

Tom went to bed early. Lying there, drifting off to sleep, he listened to the monotonous beat of the raindrops on the roof and wondered about Johnny. He wondered if the kid was lying under a dark cloudy sky out there in the night some place half a world away. It wouldn't be night there now, though—it'd be daytime. Maybe it would be hot and dry, Tom thought, and the kid would be wishing he had a long cold drink of water. Tom wondered why the kid hadn't written.

He awakened to a loud pounding on the door. "Tom! Roll out!"

Cursing, he stumbled across the dark room, switched on the light, and opened the door. Mike Cassidy, dressed in dripping black oilskins and rubber boots, stood in the hall. "What's up?" Tom said sleepily.

"The river's gone wild. She's eating the bluff out from under the crossing tower."

"Which one?"

"The south one. We'll have to sandbag it. I'll rout out the rest of them men. Come to the storeroom soon as you're dressed."

At the storeroom Tom helped load one of the trucks with long lengths of heavy timbers for shoring. Cassidy took the other truck and half a dozen men and went after a load of sandbags. "Don't wait for us," he told Tom. "Drive to the river as soon as you're loaded and do what you can."

When they had the truck loaded, Tom crawled in the cab with Sammy and gave him the high sign. Looking at his watch as they cleared the city limits, he saw it was straight up midnight. The rain still came down, slanting in on a strong chill wind that had switched from south to north since dark. "Don't see why these things can't happen in daylight," Sammy grumbled.

The heavily loaded truck rumbled up the approach to the long wooden bridge across the river, and Tom strained his eyes to see how high the flood was. He got only a glimpse of a dark rolling torrent a few feet below the level of the bridge, but it was enough to tell him that the river was higher than he had ever seen it before. He could feel the terrific power of it shaking the bridge under the truck's wheels.

On the far side of the river Sammy turned to the left and shifted to compound to negotiate the steep hill which led up to the bluff on which the tower sat. Tom got out and took a look at the tower base, flashing his light down at the crumbling bank.

The voracious river had eaten a round-pointed V out of the bluff just beneath the concrete footings. Tom estimated that at least five feet of the bank had gone since yesterday.

He gave orders for the men to unload the truck, and by the time they had the timbers on the ground Cassidy pulled up in the other truck. He took a quick look at the river and shook his head. "She's been going at the rate of about a foot an hour. Can't stand much more."

Flares were set out around the tower base and the truck spotlights were turned on the scene. The men formed a line and passed the sandbags swiftly along. Tom kept glancing up at the tower. The glittering steel had a weird look in the flickering light—like a silvery spider web spun in a crisscrossing geometrical pattern, pyramiding up and up into blackness.

The last sandbag disappeared into the water with a dull plop. Tom straightened up with a sigh of relief and massaged the small of his back with his hands. Cassidy came up beside him and shouted, "I'm going back for more bags. Keep your eye on things."

A section of the bluff caved suddenly and melted into the river like so much sugar. Tom stared intently up into the blackness.

"Is she shaking, or am I imagining things?"

"You're imagining things—I hope," Cassidy said, but he stared up for a moment too, as if lining the tower with an invisible plumb line. He turned away. "Be back as soon as I can."

He left three men with Tom—Gravitt, Scott, and the truck driver, Sammy. Tom flashed his light over the edge of the bluff. It would do no good, he knew, to try to shore the tower up until they'd dumped another load of sandbags into the river. Snapping off the light, he walked to the truck.

"WHAT do we do?" Scott said. "Stand here and keep our fingers crossed?"

"That's all we can do," Tom answered.

"Looks like there ought to be something."

"There isn't," Tom grunted. "Better get in the truck out of the rain."

Sammy and Gravitt were already sitting in the cab of the truck, smoking. They moved over and made room for Tom. "Where's the kid?" Gravitt said. Tom jerked his head back toward the tower.

"Standing out there wondering if he can't hold her up by brute strength."

"I always figured he didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain."

It was warm inside the cab, and the warmth brought a drowsiness to Tom. He half dozed for a few moments. Suddenly he was aroused by a heavy rumbling sound. The earth seemed to shake under him. He jerked awake and piled out of the cab.

"Give us a light on the tower!" he shouted, and Sammy focused the beam of the searchlight on the tower base.

She was going, Tom saw. It wasn't imagination this time—the tower had a perceptible rake to her. One of the legs had sunk noticeably.

Suddenly Tom heard the clank of steel on steel, and looked up. He couldn't believe what he saw at first. Scott was climbing the tower, scrambling upward over the slippery steel in the wind and rain and darkness. A pair of bolt cutters hung from his tool belt.

Tom ran to the tower base, cupped his hands about his mouth and shouted, "You fool! What are you doing?"

Scott paused for an instant. The searchlight shifted to his face. It was chalky and taut-muscled in the flat light, but the jaw was set. "I'm going up and cut the wires. Maybe if we take the strain off the tower, she'll stay up."

Turning his eyes upward again, he started hand over hand up the steel. Tom shouted with all the strength of his lungs for him to come down, but if Scott heard, he gave no sign. Gravitt came running up. Tom didn't need to tell him what the kid was doing. And he didn't need to tell him the chances were a thousand to one against the kid.

"The damn fool!" Gravitt breathed.

The pencil-like beam of the searchlight stabbed like a phosphorescent knife through the darkness as Sammy kept it on Scott. Tom saw the tower sway—either because of the wind or because the foundation had shifted again. Scott froze tight to the steel and hung on with both hands. The swaying stopped and he moved upward again.

* * *

It happened a few years ago at the Mayo Brothers' clinic. A pompous millionaire bustled up to Dr. Will Mayo and asked: "Are you the head doctor here?" "No," replied Dr. Will soberly. "My brother is the head doctor—I'm the belly doctor!"

* * *

He reached a spot just beneath the spreading arm on which the wires were dead-ended and paused there. Fastening his safety, he hesitated a moment, as if debating how best to crawl out on the arm and reach the wires.

Suddenly another section of bank caved away. There was a rending metallic sound of twisting steel and stripped bolt threads, and the northeast footing of the tower sank visibly. Above, the tower swayed like a fir tree in a tornado.

Scott was leaning out at that moment, holding on with one hand. He seized frantically with the other hand for a grip on the wet steel—seized and missed. A foot went out from under him. The tower whipped him about like a sack on a green sapling, and when it had at last steadied itself, he hung limp, inert, from his safety belt. The bolt cutters came bouncing through the steel framework. Tom felt slightly sick.

Gravitt stood frozen to the spot, staring up. Tom turned and ran to the truck, dug a belt and a long length of half-inch rope from a toolbox.

"Run out your winch line, Sammy!" he ordered. "Block up the truck wheels!"

The motor started with a roar. Tom fastened the winch-line hook into his tool belt and ran for the tower base. Gravitt stared at him. "You ain't going up there?" he said.

"How else will we get him down?" Tom snapped.

"It's suicide, man. Even if the tower stands, you can't carry the kid down over that steel. And you might just as well let him drown as get his brains beat out being lowered with a rope."

THOSE things had already flashed through Tom's mind. It would take more strength than he had—more than he'd ever had—to carry the kid down. But if his scheme worked, it wouldn't be nerve and skill that counted.

He pushed Gravitt out of the way. "Feed me the slack on that winch line. Don't let it foul."

Gravitt shook his head. "You're breaking your neck for a guy that brought it all on himself. What's the kid to you?"

Tom was already starting up the tower, but he turned and shouted down, "I got a kid over in Australia . . ."

Somehow he made it to a spot opposite where Scott hung, and there he snubbed the winch-line hook off on a heavy angle iron and gave the sign for Sammy to tighten her up. The tower steadied.

He crawled along the slippery steel braces till he got hold of the kid, then he carried him over to the south side of the tower. Hooking the kid's belt over the winch line, he tied the rope into it and let the kid slide gently down into Gravitt's arms.

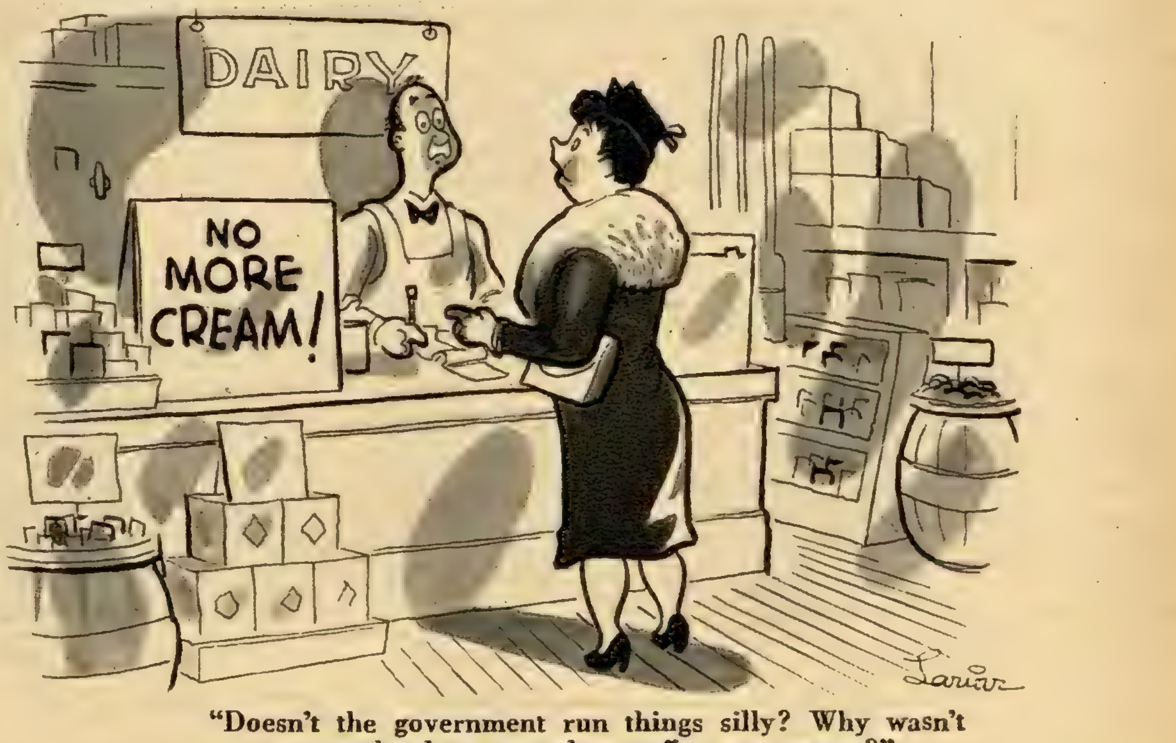
The tower was shaking like a straw in the wind. Tom's head collided with something hard, and he reeled groggily. He fumbled for the winch line. He was so dizzy and numb that he hardly noticed the way the steel cable burned through his gloves as he slid down it.

"She's going!" Gravitt was screaming. "She's going!"

"Then cut her loose," Tom said, and fainted dead away.

IT was a nice hospital. They fed you good, and the nurses didn't bother you a whole lot except for taking your temperature and pulse two or three

THE HOME FRONT



"Doesn't the government run things silly? Why wasn't cream hard to get when coffee was scarce?"

times a day—which was a foolish thing to do, Tom thought, when the only thing wrong with you was a skinned-up head and a pair of cable-burned hands.

They put Scott in the same room with Tom. Outside of a few busted ribs and a broken nose, he wasn't bunged up much either. But something inside him seemed to have changed. He'd lost that sarcastic tongue some place, and his grin wasn't so cocksure now. Tom liked him a lot better. Only he wished the kid would quit trying to thank him.

"What I can't understand," Scott said, "is just why you'd risk your neck over me."

"Forget it," Tom said. But he was a little puzzled over it himself.

One of the nurses came into the room then. She smiled and handed him a letter.

Tom took it with a clumsy bandaged hand. It was from Johnny, all right. He cursed because bandages wouldn't let him open the letter, and he handed it to Scott.

"Read it to me, will you, kid?"

He lay there, listening.

"'They've got me flat on my back, dad. The reason? Well, I stopped a Jap slug. Nothing serious, but the doc says that I have got to stay off the leg for a while.

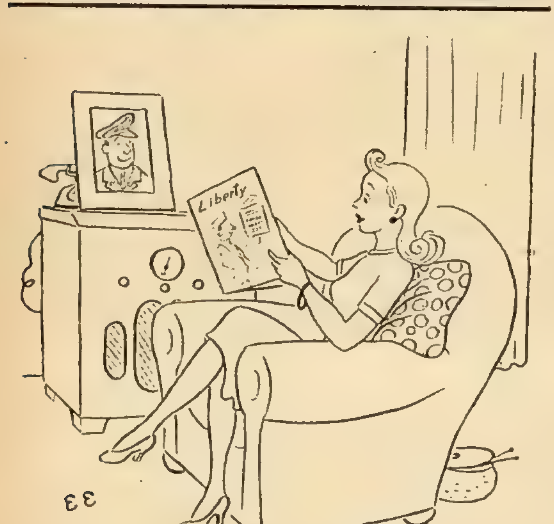
"'It might have been worse, I guess, if a certain man in my outfit hadn't pulled me out of a tough spot. He's a sergeant—one of those typical old-time soldiers who live for nothing but the Army. He spends most of his time looking after us green young officers, getting us out of scrapes our own foolishness gets us into. Nice sort of guy to have around. . . .'"

THAT was it, Tom thought. Kids were all alike, everywhere. Cocky and impetuous. You couldn't teach them anything by preaching to them. But you could hang around and pick them up when they fell.

Scott had finished the letter. He was silent for a moment. "Johnny sounds like a nice guy," he said at last.

Tom smiled. "Yeah," he mumbled. "You'll have to meet him some day. You two would like each other."

THE END



GROUNDED!

With all the boys away to war
On ship, in plane and jeep,
This leap year nineteen forty-four
Gives girls no place to leap!

—ERIC ERICSON.

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

STOLEN GOODS: A thief with excellent taste broke into Sid Gates' home in St. Louis, and made off with two cases of seventeen-year-old bourbon whisky, valued at $300, an eleven-and-a-half-pound ham, two alarm clocks, two watches, a fox fur jacket and three pairs of nylons. What a haul! I didn't know there were that many nylons in the world. . . . One of the meanest thieves on record is Gustave Bruppacher, fifty-three years old, who has spent thirty years in prison out of the thirty-eight he has devoted to burglary. After victimizing Newark, New Jersey, and its environs for months recently, by breaking into houses between 7 and 11 P. M., while residents were at the movies, and taking cash and readily saleable jewelry, clocks, and small radios, he was caught through a fingerprint which he had carelessly left on a child's bank from which he had lifted two bucks. He confessed to thirty-three robberies. . . . In Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, police telephoned Albert Jones to say they had recovered his stolen automobile. While joyous Jones was en route to claim his property, it was stolen again from right smack in front of the police station.

BOURBON
ross

WEDDING BELLS: Two U. S. Army Air Force sergeants were married in Haileybury, Ontario, in a double wedding with an international flavor. Staff Sergeant Elden Ankrum of Gratiot, Ohio, was spliced to Christina Janes of Corner Brook, Newfoundland. Technical Sergeant Bruce VanNee of Lexington, Virginia, married Violet Allan of Haileybury. She is a member of the women's division of the R. C. A. F. . . . Miss Edith Levine, a typist at the Manhattan License Bureau, had made out more than 50,000 marriage licenses before she got around to her own, which slated her to be the bride of Corporal Joe Borah of Brooklyn, stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia.

TRAVEL IS BROADENING: A U. S. Army officer who has been in England since September, 1942, writes: "In many ways we Americans have become acclimated in a year. In London we have learned to use buses and the underground—formerly it was taxis, or else. Certain words have been picked up and are in regular conversational use—queue, roundabout (traffic circle), petrol, bob (shilling), etc. This is a country of queues, and you have to stand in line and like it. You queue for the movies, for the bus, for mess, and even for the bathroom! Our Army food has improved greatly. When we first arrived, we existed on British rations with a few American items thrown in. Then we went on an American ration with one heck of a lot of cabbage and mutton. After that we fought the battle of spam and Brussels sprouts, but now we are getting swell food and plenty of it. That doesn't mean that I shall not enjoy Mother's apple pie when the time comes, but we have no kick coming on food. The fellows recently arriving from the States are amazed at the amount of meat that we get, but are equally amazed when we tell them the total number of shell eggs that we have had in a year—in my case, exactly two."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Dear valentine, for you I sigh—
When first we met, you took my eye.
And now I love you even more
Than I have loved you heretofore.
Here is my heart. I beg you, take it,
Though you will barge ahead and break it,
Don't hesitate, for I'll contrive
To smile assurance, and survive.
And you will have such shameless fun
When you consume it, little son.
I, too, can see that it's enticing—
It's made of gingerbread with icing.

ASTRONOMICAL GASTRONOMICAL FIGURES: The Fish and Wild Life Service of the United States says rabbits are being raised by the millions in every state from California to Maine.

Officials estimate that in one year more than 6,500,000 pounds of rabbit meat were consumed in Los Angeles alone. Many Western cities have removed restrictions on back-yard hutches. . . . Confectioners in the United States made more than two and a half billion pounds of candy in 1942—or about nineteen pounds a person. . . . Our U. S. civilian tea allotment is now 90,000,000 pounds a year, only 10,000,000 pounds less than our prewar 100,000,000-pound mark. . . . Homeless men canned 800,000 quarts of vegetables valued at $100,000 during the last half of 1943 at Camp LaGuardia, New York City's rehabilitation farm in Orange County. The men were recruited from relief rolls, and their canned foods will feed men at the camp, plus 100,000 deserving New Yorkers, including 60,000 youngsters who receive hot lunches daily in public and parochial schools. Beans, beets, carrots, spinach, and tomatoes figured in the giant canning bee. Some were raised in the camp; others were bought in the open market.

NEXT WEEK

HOW IS LIFE IN JAPAN?

By Selwyn Speight

Don't be too sure that every Jap is ready to slave and starve for his emperor. A correspondent and some Jap prisoners reveal some startling facts on the Nip home front.

THE MEDICS ALSO FOUGHT

By Ivan H. Peterman

Heroic account of the tireless battles waged by doctors and nurses under fire. A wounded war correspondent takes us into a front-line hospital.

UNDERCOVER DYNAMITE

By Hugh Pentecost

Max Chandler and his side-kicks—Lee and Rod—hunt down American Fascists in another exciting story of home-front heroes.

PRODUCTION MAN

By John Dos Passos

This boss has his own system of topping production records and keeping his men happy. Bill Jack, of the fabulous Jack & Heintz Co., proves the human touch works in a world of machines.

THE REVERSE ENGLISH

By Ben Merson

Alice, the lady optometrist, is back again—this time with a one-eyed horse, Percival, whose antics will make you laugh your head off.

UNFAIR TO READERS!

By Rudolf Flesch, Ph. D.

Are you annoyed by long-winded sentences? Here the mask is torn off legal language, proving even a tax blank can be written so it's easy on the mind *and* the eyes!

LAY THAT WHISTLE DOWN!

By Bill Stern

Strong basketball players quake and the crowds yell when the "Mister Big" of referees blasts on his whistle. Here's how Pat Kennedy got that way!

SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE

By Robert J. Casey
Liberty's Book Condensation

A reporter reveals some hilarious inside stories of the newspaper "game." One of the funniest books you've read.

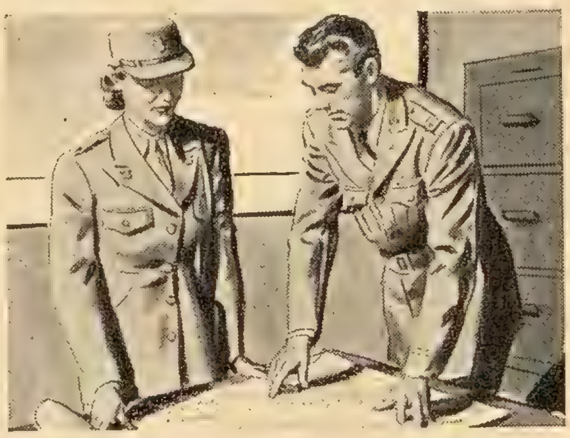
"But I've Never Worked Before!
—what kind of war job could I do?"

"The More Women at Work—
The Sooner We'll Win!"

Experienced or not, there's a job *you* must do—*you* and millions more women—to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!

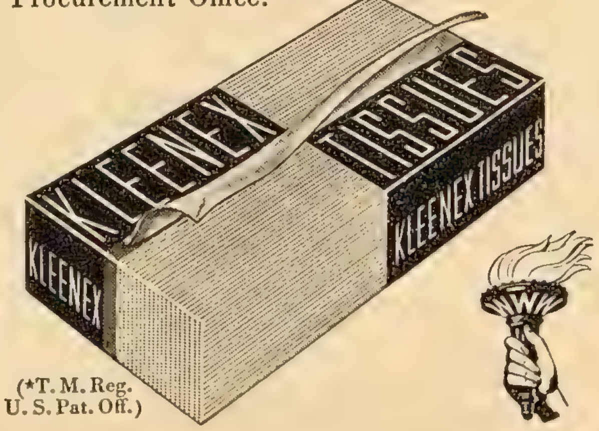
You can take any Civilian Job . . .
Restaurants, hotels, department stores, transportation—*all* are war jobs! Read your newspaper want ads for the job that needs *you!* Or get advice without obligation from your U. S. Employment Service Office. Full or part time, you're wanted—*immediately!*

You can work in a War Plant . . .
If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal—there may be dozens of different kinds of jobs you can do to help bring Victory closer! Read the want ads or ask your U. S. Employment Service office.



You can be a WAC or WAVE . . .
—Spar or Marine. Send a soldier to fight, bring our boys home sooner! If you qualify, you'll be serving your country, *and* learning an important job you may need, after the war. Get full details at any U. S. Army or Navy Recruiting Office, or Naval Officer Procurement Office.

You can be a Cadet Nurse . . .
Healthy? 17 to 35 years old? A high school graduate? Get free training, with pay, to replace nurses who are with the armed forces. War workers—ill or injured, civilians needing operations, new mothers and babies—depend on you! Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!



(*T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.)

Published in the interest of the
war effort by Kleenex* Tissues

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulation.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HOLLYWOOD?

Continued from Page 17

difficulties the producers encountered in making The Yearling? (Everything kept growing up too fast for the camera to keep up with it—dogs, small boys, pigs, everything.) Don't you want to be around when Cecil De Mille explains what ingredient in The King of Kings has kept that picture playing, somewhere in the world, for seventeen years?

These things are shop; but give them to me in preference to the average New York dinner-table discussion of the postwar world. At least, in Hollywood, people are talking about a future they understand. They understand it because they're making it.

Hollywood is so much better than it ever lets us suspect. It hires press agents by the hundreds to malign it. Did you ever imagine that all screen writers are interested in turning out tripe for a large sum—"selling their souls," in the Broadway phrase? You should sit in the Paramount commissary and listen to Marc Connelly and some of his cronies discuss the artistic possibilities of the screen: what you can say and how you can say it, and how the faintest, subtlest desire to distort the truth will be smelled out by the astute audiences we have today.

Hollywood is America's most cosmopolitan town, and it's doing a job we should applaud, as patriots. For Hollywood pictures are shown all over the world. We Americans have more than 80 per cent of the world film market—and don't think other nations aren't casting sheep's eyes of envy at it. They are. Other countries subsidize their producers, in the hope that their pictures will be shown outside of the country. Hollywood, with no subsidies and no advertising, no support except the nickels and dimes of satisfied customers, has become one of America's big export industries. More than that:

In Parliament a regretful Britisher said, "Today trade doesn't follow the flag—it follows the film." He was right. Orders have come in to American business from Teheran and Tripoli and Cape Town for bathtubs and barber chairs and electric refrigerators and New York hats because customers saw these articles in an American movie and wanted them. That makes more jobs for more Americans in all types of industry.

BUT does Hollywood get the gratitude of the American business man for acting as his most powerful advance business agent? Does it even think it deserves it? No. Hollywood hasn't the faintest appreciation of its own value.

Take the attitude of Hollywood's press agents toward outside reporters. They woo us. They run off pictures, especially for us, in private projection rooms, paying triple-time wages to their staff. They get us railroad tickets and buy us dinners—and show all the symptoms of a guilty conscience. That is pleasant for a reporter, but it makes him wonder what they're trying to hide. It took me thirty days of anxious sleuthing to discover that they weren't hiding anything; it's the King's Birthday Suit all over again. But Hollywood leaders expect writers to find the colony vulgar and commercial. The poor dears have been told they're "impossible" so often that they believe it themselves. They eagerly try to distract your attention from defects that don't exist.

As a result of this pathetic failure to know its own worth, Hollywood can't take a compliment gracefully; it waits for the catch. Whenever I said a kind word to a studio executive, I saw a cold, appraising look come into his eyes, and I learned that this meant: "Now she's going to ask us for a contract to write for the screen." Maybe this fact is a reflection on Hollywood; I'm afraid it's more of a reflection on the reporters who have gone there with blackmail in their souls. But the executives didn't need to try to buy me off from saying unkind things about their industry.

I happen to appraise it a good deal higher than they do themselves.

The same morbid self-depreciation comes out in Hollywood's fear of any Congressional investigation. The trade papers work themselves into a lather whenever any representative suggests he'd like to look into moving-picture content or business policies. You'd think, from their shifty behavior, that producers were all joined in a giant conspiracy to break every federal law. A good many congressmen *do* think so. But I know better, because it was my job to find out. The producers have been attacked so often that they expect the worst whenever an outsider asks a question.

I wish Hollywood would visit a good psychoanalyst and build up some confidence in its own worth. It has the worst collective sense of inferiority in the world today. For Hollywood is making history, under the curious misapprehension that it's making only dividends. It's creating the most powerful educational medium we've ever known—and it thinks it's turning out light entertainment for tired jitterbugs. It's spreading an understanding of American ideals throughout the world—and it imagines it's engaged in a cynical exploitation of "the foreign market." Yet this engaging naïveté about its own importance is combined with a terribly knowing sophistication about its primary job—the making of moving pictures into a major art.

Because I know these things—know them in my bones, which are a writer's most important equipment—New Yorkers enrage me by saying, "A *month* in Hollywood! Your poor dear! It must be a relief to get back among civilized people."

Civilized people my eye! There's more being done to advance civilization on a single sound stage in Culver City than along the whole range of Park Avenue from the Grand Central to Ninety-sixth Street. Hollywood, far

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

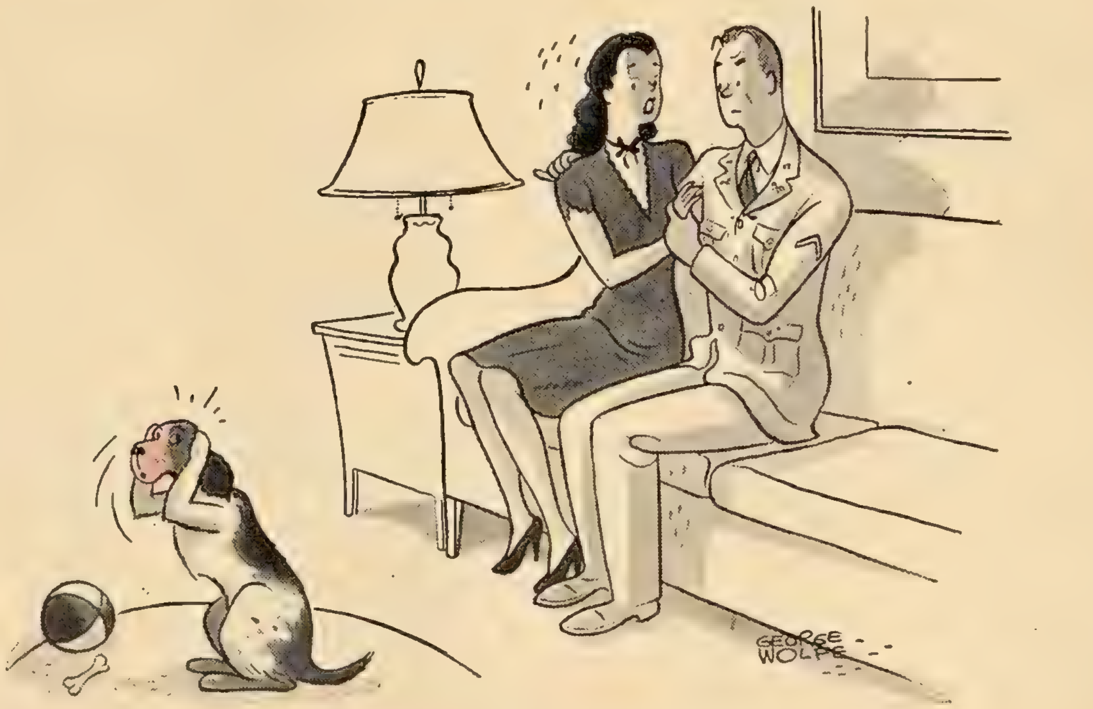
When you eat in haste you often repent at leisure—with a queasy, uneasy stomach—gas pains—or simple diarrhea.

Don't add to your upset by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. *Get a bottle from your druggist today.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol*

By the Makers of *Unguentine Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Bunting understands everything we say!"

more truly than Woodstock or Taos, is an artists' colony. The Hollywood artists don't wear smocks (though they may wear almost anything else, including fur coats over slacks). But if you define an artist as some one who is dedicated to the creation of something new, then Hollywood is crammed with artists. By that definition Henry Kaiser is an artist; Henry Ford is an artist; the men who design locomotives and airplanes and skyscrapers are artists. So are David Selznick and King Vidor, John Ford and Sam Wood. And they are, too! All the painters in Greenwich Village can't tell me differently.

When men get up at five in the morning to get onto a set where they will slave patiently until midnight; when they junk 10,000 feet of expensive film because there's a slight defect in the lighting which nine tenths of the audience would never detect; when they spend their own money telephoning London to get the right number of buttons on a bobby's uniform; when they write down 100,000 words of testimony to be sure Dr. Wassell's life story is accurate; when they borrow an entire landing party of marines to ensure authenticity in Gung Ho; when they bid $3,800 for a cabinet that shows in one corner of a scene in Gaslight; when they get a university professor to teach Greer Garson how to hold test tubes for Madame Curie—then, I say, the artistic conscience is functioning, full steam ahead.

WELL, we've all been taught to take artists seriously. We forgive wife-beating and unpaid bills in almost any little novelist or violinist who demands the privileges. But Hollywood demands none of the privileges of the artist. It doesn't seem to beat its wives. It certainly pays its debts. It doesn't think of asking for the preferred treatment given to artists because, in its inferiority complex, it imagines that it's a big, rough business man without a soul.

But I know different. Hollywood is the modern Florence. It's the town that children will learn about in future centuries as the place where the Golden Age of Moving Pictures began. It's going to be taken very seriously indeed, some day, by the great-grandchildren of the people who now say:

"To think that those awful people should have so much power!" and "That place? A warm Siberia!" and "Pictures shouldn't be shipped abroad; they make foreigners think all Americans are gangsters." (The gangster cycle ended ten years ago, but that's what they still say on Park Avenue and Beacon Street and Massachusetts Avenue—yes, and Main Street, too.)

It's high time that our American dinner-table gossips should be set right by some one, not on the Hollywood payroll, who'll tell them the truth. Well, I'm not on a Hollywood payroll, and this is the truth: Hollywood is developing a medium for the communication of democratic ideals to the whole world. It's fostering a better method of international understanding than any League has yet produced. It's maturing an art form that will be taken as seriously, some day, as painting or sculpture or music. Hollywood is doing a job of which every American should be immensely proud. It's accomplishing something no other town has ever done in the history of the world. And it's all ours.

Ladies and gentlemen: Hollywood is colossal. Colossal? Hell, it's *good!*

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

THE UNINVITED *(Paramount)* *Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, Gail Russell*

MYSTERY fans can get set for a fine blood-curdling evening when The Uninvited materializes on their local theater screens.

It's a chiller, all right—a real old-fashioned ghost story complete with ectoplasm, cries in the night, flickering candles, and a ouija-board séance. And there isn't ever any logical explanation of the strange goings-on in the story either. They're not caused by a nasty villain with an overactive imagination or an old score to settle; they're caused by a real honest-to-gosh ghost. A few die-hard realists may be annoyed at this, but to most moviegoers it will be a refreshing relief.

Adapted from Dorothy Macardle's best selling novel, The Uninvited is the story of Pamela Fitzgerald (Ruth Hussey) and her brother Rod (Ray Milland) who run across a lovely old deserted house on the Dover cliffs and buy it on the spot. After they move in, they discover that the house has a reputation for being haunted. And when a wailing ghost begins to make their nights miserable, they start investigating. The previous owner of the place (Donald Crisp) not only won't give them any information but he refuses to let his granddaughter Stella (Gail Russell) go near the old house.

When Rod and Pamela find out that Stella's mother committed suicide there, they are on the track to a solution—and what with spooks and visions and noises your hair will probably stand on end until they reach it.

Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey give their usual competent performances and Cornelia Otis Skinner is a terrifying villainess. But there are two other performances that are really first-rate. Dorothy Stickney takes time out from playing Mother in the Broadway play Life with Father to do a choice bit as a pixyish pebble collector in Miss Skinner's mental hospital; and lovely eighteen-year-old Gail Russell, as Stella, starts her movie career off with a bang.

Miss Russell's is really a Cinderella story. A Santa Monica high-school student with every intention of becoming a commercial artist, she was called to the phone one day and asked to come to the Paramount studios for a screen test. A Paramount talent scout had given a couple of her classmates a lift a few days before, and they had told him Gail was the most beautiful girl in their class. Her tests were eminently successful, resulting in a bit part in Lady in the Dark (next to be released), a featured role in The Uninvited, and stardom in Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, which will be shown some time this summer.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners). Cary Grant, John Garfield. War Drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NO TIME FOR LOVE (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. Comedy.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
STANDING ROOM ONLY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard. Comedy.
THE LODGER (20th Cent.-Fox). Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar. Drama.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.

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NONE SHALL ESCAPE

POSTWAR problems haven't come up as cinematic subject matter until now, but None Shall Escape breaks the ice with sledge-hammer force. There's no shoddy begging the question in this carefully plotted exploratory probe into the problem of how to try Fascist criminals after the war. Your interest is not allowed to lag from the moment the camera pans around the faces of the international jury (white, black, Oriental, Occidental) sitting in judgment on one Wilhelm Grimm (Alexander Knox), German schoolteacher and later Nazi Gauleiter of a tiny Polish village. In dramatic flashbacks the witnesses (which include Marsha Hunt, his ex-sweetheart, and Henry Travers, the village priest) tell the brutal story of Grimm's development and career as a Nazi. None Shall Escape is an intelligent, uncompromising film—one of those rare pictures that manage to be engrossing entertainment and, at the same time, serve as a definite contribution to the war effort. (Columbia.)

VICTOR FLEMING'S
PRODUCTION OF
"A GUY NAMED JOE"

A GUY NAMED JOE is the latest entry in the field of metaphysical comedy, which originated so delightfully in Here Comes Mr. Jordan. And, amusing as it is, A Guy Named Joe naturally suffers slightly by comparison with its predecessor. It's a fairy tale about an Army pilot (Spencer Tracy) who crashes in battle and then wakes up in a sort of flyers' heaven. The General (Lionel Barrymore) makes him one of his lieutenants and sends him back to earth to help other young flyers sprout their wings. Tracy thinks the whole thing is a big joke—until he has to stand by and watch his ferry-pilot girl friend (Irene Dunne) fall in love with his student (Van Johnson). At first he is jealous, but finally he is the one who gets his girl to stop living in the past and marry the student. He has learned the aviator's code—that "no man is really dead unless he breaks faith with the future, and no man is really alive unless he accepts his responsibilities to it." Swell acting. (M-G-M.)

I HATE
GRAY HAIR!

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YOU
CAN BUY
THE THINGS YOU
WANT WHEN THE
WAR IS WON.....
IF YOU SAVE
NOW IN
WAR BONDS

PACKING THE YANKEE PUNCH

Continued from Page 27

them. Plasma and distilled water are separately bottled. The bottle of plasma is almost filled and then nitrogen is added to prevent oxidation. The two bottles are then packed in vacuum-tight metal containers and placed in a paper box with stoppers, needles, hose, flow valves, and other equipment necessary for transfusions at the front. Here is one big reason for the low mortality rate among our wounded men in this war.

The Red Cross war-prisoner box is a Luhrs-designed container. It is ultra water-resistant and will withstand the roughest handling. A variety of items such as chocolate, dehydrated food, chewing gum, vitamins, and cigarettes can be crowded into an eleven-pound maximum. Four of these eleven-pound boxes are then packed into a fiber box for shipment to Switzerland. There the individual boxes are specifically addressed and forwarded to Americans in Axis prison camps.

In his New York laboratory, Albert Luhrs has some strange testing equipment. His "jiggle test" is designed to simulate the jarring and vibration to which a container is subjected in actual transportation. A 100-pound cloth bag of flour, for instance, may weigh only 97 pounds at destination because of sifting loss en route. A new container was developed which survived the jiggle test. Paper-lined fine woven bags were chemically treated "to close the pores." Now flour, beans, sugar, and other basic foods travel to the ends of the earth and are not short weight upon arrival.

The jiggle test resulted in the development of new cushioning for delicate apparatus such as radio tubes, transmitters, neon lights, and X-ray equipment. Sawdust, spring suspensions, padding, or whatever protects best, is applied to the specific article tested.

Reducing shipment damages to a minimum is nothing new to Albert Luhrs. In the years before the war he slashed damage claims against American railroads from $120,000,000 to $34,000,000 a year by crusading for better containers for rail shipments—and designing them.

His prize tester is a mammoth revolving steel drum. Inside the drum are baffles which carry a package up, spill it out, and drop it precipitously to the bottom—just to see how much punishment it can take. Experiments with this tester have written new safety standards for more than 100,000,000 prize packages of war production.

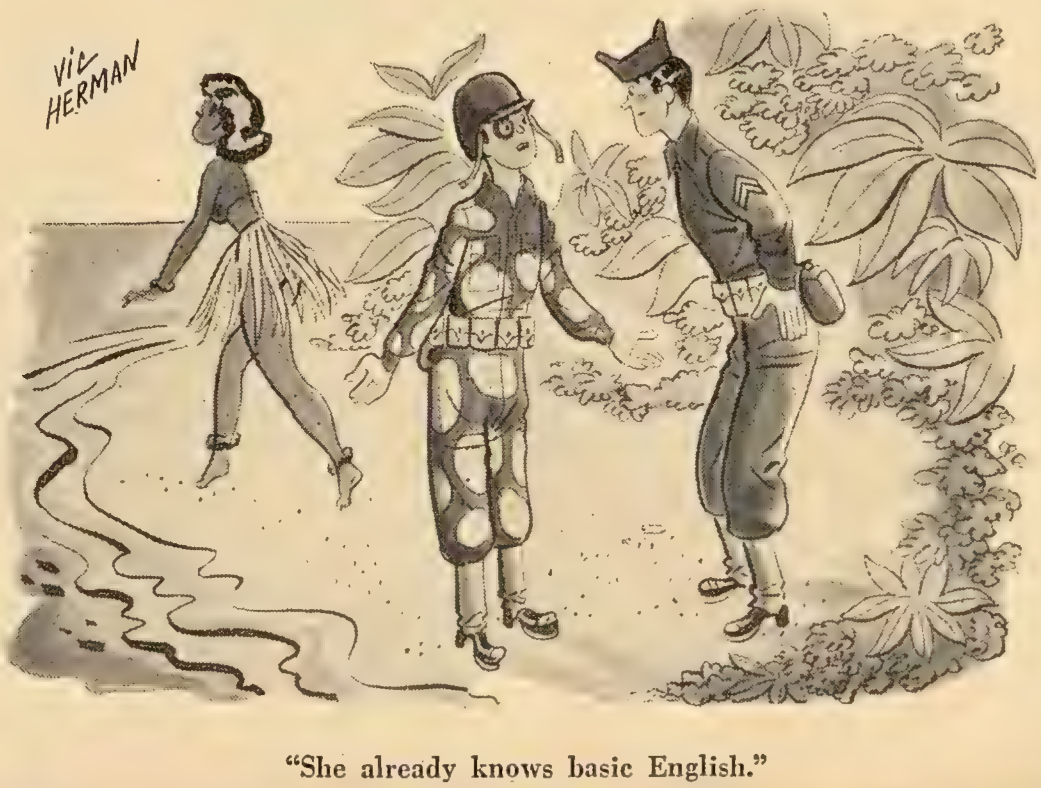
Tin is scarce. With the main sources of supply in Japanese hands since the fall of Malay and Sumatra, more than half of the remaining supply available to us is needed for containers. So beer went back into bottles and tobacco was packaged in cardboard—and Luhrs remembered that he was the fellow who had so much to do with educating the public to taking its beer in cans and its tobacco in the tin humidor pack.

Other home-front packaging changes came as a matter of course. Tooth paste found a new garment of plastic. Dehydrated soups arrived in new chemically treated paper packages. Tin foil disappeared from packs of cigarettes and chewing gum. We became package-conscious all of a sudden. And we're due to become more so.

IN the postwar world plastics are bound to revolutionize our packaging habits. Their strength against breakage, their light weight, their transparency, and the fact that an emptied plastic container can be kept for later use all would seem to promise much for plastics in packing and packaging. There will be many more neat and economical containers for dehydrated foods. Breakfast cereals will be served from their original containers—boxes with thermoplastic coatings, seal-dipped—into which you will need only to sprinkle your sugar and pour your cream and dip your spoon.

By the time the war is won Albert Luhrs and his committee may well have solved every packing and packaging problem in America—except one. That one involves perhaps the most space-wasting item in the domestic traffic of the nation. The commodity in question, because of its shape and fragility, is now shipped in a container of whose cubic area it occupies approximately only 10 per cent. But this problem is an old one, and perhaps Luhrs can solve it only by teaching the hen how to lay square eggs.

THE END



"She already knows basic English."

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	■
12				■	13							14
15			■	16			■	17				
18			19			■	20					
	■	21			■	22					■	
■	23				24					■	25	
26			■	27					■	28		
29		■	30					■	31			
	■	32					■	33			■	34
35	36					■	37				38	
39					■	40			■	41		
42					43			■	44			
■	45							■	46			

HORIZONTAL

1 What uncommon thing also means a "common thing"?
5 What's worth more than its weight in gold?
12 Name an astringent
13 "Let not - - - - - - - - mock their useful toil." (Gray's Elegy)
15 The golfer's dream
16 What the deuce is the coxa?
17 If born Moore in Eire, what'd you probably be nicknamed?
18 In the 3 Musketeers who is the Chevalier d'Herblay?
20 What's a ferocious-sounding masculine name?
21 Man's nickname
22 What social set would you say was the most stable?
23 Where would you look for Poland Chinas?
24 The ocean's been crossed in what odd craft?
25 Won the election
26 What's the perfect name for a lawyer's daughter?
27 What's a holy bread dish?
28 Kind of lettuce
29 The man in the hired man
30 Franco recently gave his son-in-law the gate. Name him
31 To neck is to pitch what?
32 Who's the Strong Woman of For Whom the Bell Tolls?
33 What may soon be worth more 2d hand than new?
35 What's an antonym of lavish?
37 What self-satisfied young egotist thumbed his way to eternal fame?
39 What're wild Scotch bodies of water?
40 Crunch the comestibles
41 Tanguay, LeGallienne, Little
42 The Japs took Malaya in shorts and whats (and will soon be used for quick retreat?)
44 1054
45 Who penalized a great man by clipping him?
46 In the last war Rumania was a what of ours?

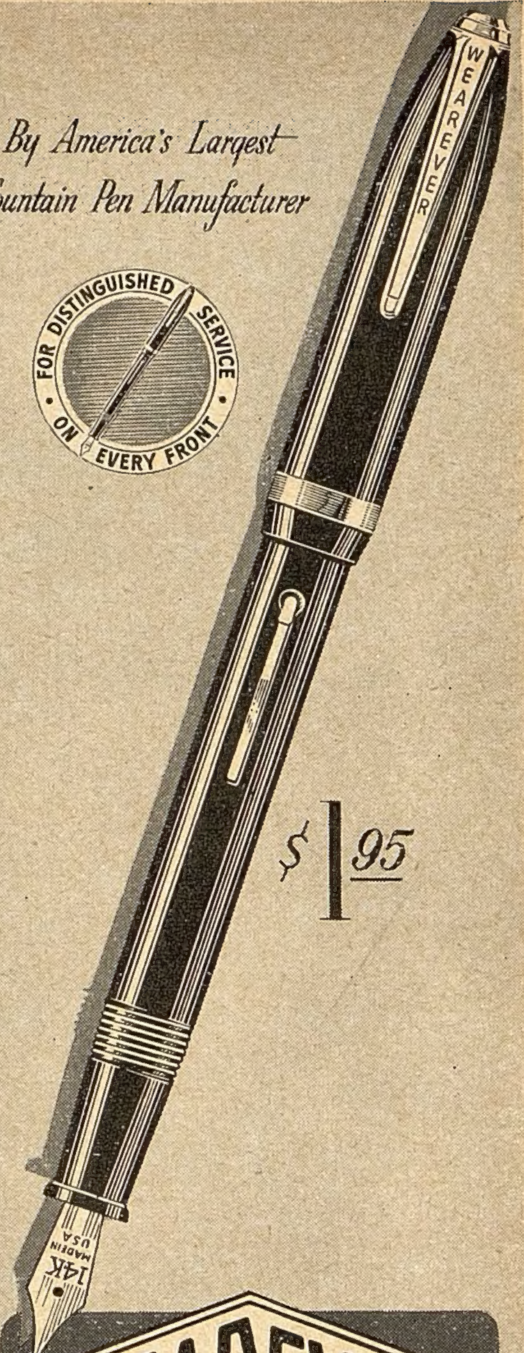
VERTICAL

1 Jimmu Tenno founded what gruesome theocracy?
2 Winglike
3 Who is known as the Man with the Horn?
4 Printers call this measure of space: a what?
5 What's a dangerous place to leave a windy orator?
6 To the oldfashioned a punk would be a what?
7 What rank can become a Q. M.? (abbr.)
8 What's the No. 5 golf club called?
9 What's a fancy word for unemployed?
10 What's a rubber-nipple-sucking sissy called?
11 Simply adore
14 For what lowdown things will women get in the scrap?
16 What parade plays music but nobody marches?
19 What quiet gal has become quite a hot thing?
20 Cowboys call a man who wants to be alone a what?
22 Hitler is the supreme what?
23 Complete: - - - generis; - - - juris
24 De Lesseps and what word are synonymous?
25 How many in an underworld "yard"?
26 Winchell refers to women's lovely understanding as whats?
27 What Revolutionary War Polish general has a New Jersey skyway named for him?
28 What's high above Cayuga's waters?
30 In what Army corps would you find movie cameramen?
31 What's man's most dismal pastime?
32 Soup with a thickener?
33 What's a rude recliner?
34 In the mess of the last war, what was so tough you could cut it with a knife?
36 Name a typewriter manufacturer
37 Chicken croquettes are called horizontal what?
38 What has no existence unless you nurture it?
40 You can mark time with a what?
43 When Grampaw spoke of the flying horse cars he meant the what?
44 What word is common to most languages?

■	F	A	T	H	E	R	■	A	L	W	A	Y	S	■
B	A	R	R	A	G	E	■	B	A	R	R	O	O	M
A	S	■	I	R	O	N	■	A	C	E	S	■	A	E
S	H	A	P	E	■	E	A	T	E	N	■	T	R	R
T	I	N	E	■	O	G	R	E	S	■	S	W	I	G
E	O	N	■	S	P	E	E	D	■	S	W	I	N	E
S	N	O	O	P	E	R	S	■	S	W	I	N	G	S
■	■	■	M	A	R	S	■	B	E	A	R	■	■	■
C	A	M	E	R	A	■	F	E	A	R	L	E	S	S
A	D	A	G	E	■	A	L	A	R	M	■	L	A	E
L	E	N	A	■	T	S	A	R	S	■	T	A	R	N
A	N	E	■	D	E	S	K	S	■	M	E	N	D	S
I	O	■	E	I	R	E	■	K	E	E	P	■	I	E
S	I	N	G	E	R	S	■	I	N	D	I	A	N	S
■	D	O	G	M	A	S	■	N	E	E	D	L	E	■

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



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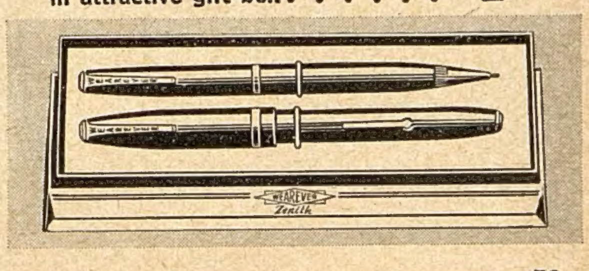

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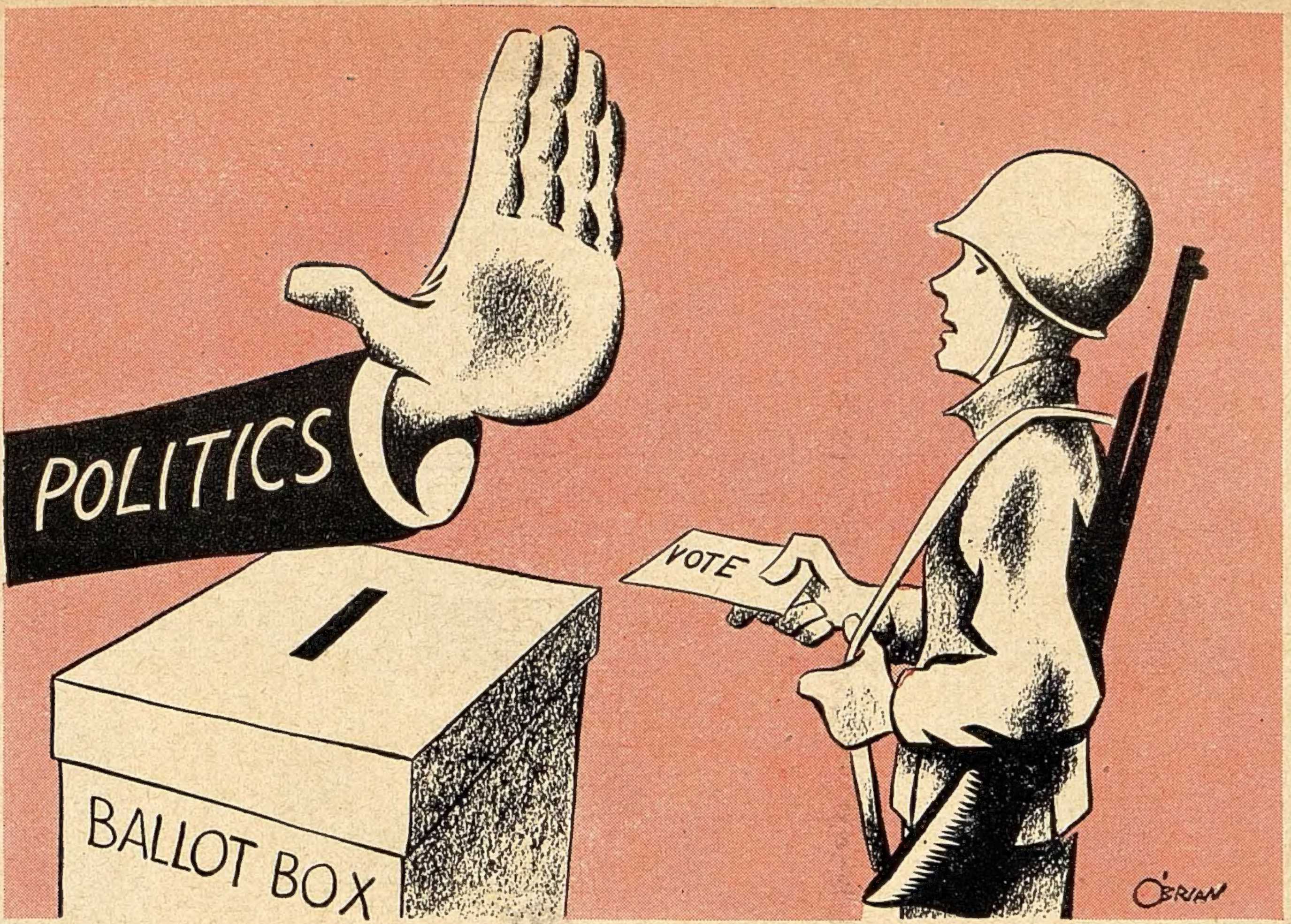
PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



YOU CAN'T KID THE G. I.s

LAST October we carried an editorial calling for the prompt working out of some arrangement to enable servicemen to vote in next fall's election.

We were glad to see action start in Congress and a bill introduced for this purpose. It was introduced all right, but all that resulted was an argument. It finally met defeat in the Senate.

Almost at the start the bill became a political football. The attitude of various members of Congress was dictated according to their conception of whether or not the votes of servicemen would constitute an asset or a liability to them or their party. Little thought was given to the basic purpose of the bill, which was to provide a means for our men who are fighting to exercise their undeniable right to participate in the government of their country.

It must be edifying indeed to the men in uniform to learn about such selfish maneuvers. It must help no end to foster the spirit of patriotism and sacrifice which our armed forces must have if they are to win. Constitutional lawyers may be able to follow legal hairsplitting by which opponents of the vote bill justified their actions, but it's a safe bet the servicemen won't see it that way.

They'll feel that, if the spirit were there, means could be found to carry out the intention without doing violence to important Constitutional provisions.

Neither party can take pride in the overall action of its membership on the soldier vote bill. The Republicans voted against it by a large majority. Now Chairman Spangler of the Republican National Committee has had taken for him a private poll of his own among servicemen. He finds, at least to his own satisfaction, that the majority will vote Republican. Therefore, at the meeting of the Republican National Committee in Chicago a pious resolution was adopted to the effect that the Republican Party wants the servicemen to vote.

Putting ourselves for a moment in the shoes of the average G. I., our reaction would be that the whole affair stinks. This backing and filling and jockeying for special advantage is certainly not the spirit that wins wars or procures a just and lasting peace.

Let's get down to brass tacks on this matter of the soldier vote. The Army is ready to carry out whatever method is laid down to enable the men to cast their ballots. The way to get the soldier vote registered is to forget partisan politics and provide the means right now for them to cast their ballots.

If a federal law is constitutionally impossible, let Congress adopt a model law for the various state legislatures to follow. Let the state legislatures take it up as their first order of business and each and every one of them pass it.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

From early American general store to

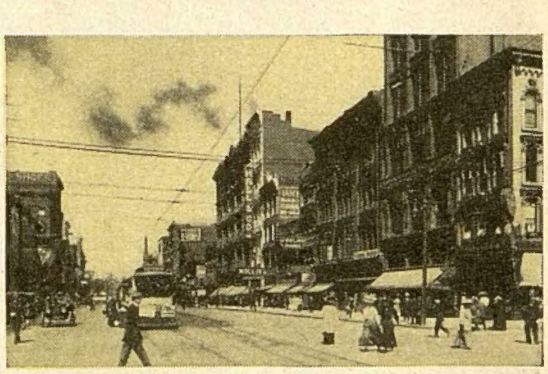
Glamorous Fashion Shop

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

ALLIGATOR BAG—A KORET ORIGINAL

1860 **While wives** selected yard goods up front, husbands sat around the old pot-bellied stove in the rear of the general store and exchanged news of the day. It was news 84 years ago that there was a great whiskey name in Canada . . . the name Corby's.



1910 **Stores featured** cash baskets shooting along overhead wires and elevators creeping fitfully up and down wrought-iron cages. Women's puff sleeves and button shoes were the rage. In this era, Corby's had been a respected whiskey name for 52 years.

1944 **Shopping can be thrilling** as beautifully decorated shops display the products of American styling and ingenuity under wartime conditions. Corby's, too, in the fourth great war of its 86-year history, carries on as a respected whiskey name.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Shopping for whiskey these days can be interesting. When your regular brand is out, it may be your chance to buy a "sample" pint of Corby's, the light, sociable blend. Our distilleries are on war work, but there is enough Corby's to enable you to "sample" this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name from time to time. *And an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*

Back the attack–
BUY WAR BONDS

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond
VSR
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
VSR
BOTTLED BY OLDETYME DISTILLERS INC
ALADDIN, PA.
V.S.R.
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

WE STOPPED MAKING WHISKEY OVER A YEAR AGO!

Consequently the whiskey you enjoy in Three Feathers today was drawn from our precious pre-war reserves. There is enough for the duration—if used in moderation.

MEANWHILE, ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE PRODUCING ALCOHOL FOR WAR USE BY THE GOVERNMENT

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.